

Can Marriage Build Brain Power?

National

Pictorial

Brain Power

September

Monthly

25 cents

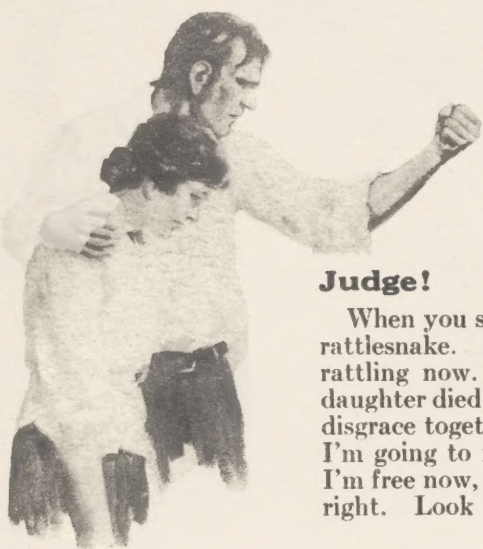


*Are Beauties
Necessarily
Brainless?*

*He Earns
\$150,000 a
Year With
a Fountain
Pen*

Beginning:

"T.R. - The Story of a Great Mind" by John J. Leary Jr.



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When you sent me up for four years you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

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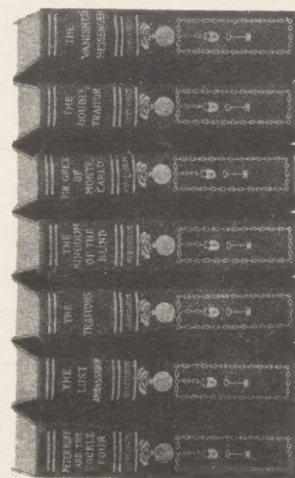
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Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

Just stop a moment and think over the successful men of your acquaintance. How many of them are connected with some form of selling? If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who sell, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn big pay?

The man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for \$25.00 a week, never increases his value to the firm. Any advance in pay is merely a reward for length of service. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant, routine jobs. Once established in the rut, he becomes a cog in the machine—when he is worn out, he can be easily and cheaply replaced.

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Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and the others whose letters you see on this page are all successful salesmen. They realized their ambitions by landing \$10,000 jobs in an amazingly simple way, with the help and guidance of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Sometime—somewhere back in the past, each one of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship training and Employment Service just as you are reading of it to-day. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity—as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. To-day they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions,

for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. trained salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon.

We Train You and Help You Land a Job

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers formed for the express purpose of training men in the science of successful selling. You do not need to know the first thing about selling—for the N. S. T. A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods—in your spare time without making it necessary

to give up your present position until you are ready to begin actual selling.

In addition to this remarkably efficient course of training, the N. S. T. A. maintains a Free Employment Service to help its Members to jobs in the lines for which they are best suited. This in itself is of incalculable value for it allows the prospective salesman to make a complete survey of the selling field and to select the work which most appeals to him.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now!

Get out of that rut! Work for yourself! Salesmanship is the biggest paid of all professions. Just because you have never sold anything is no sign that you can't. We have made Star Salesmen of men from all walks of life, with no previous selling experience. These men have jumped from small pay jobs to big selling positions and handsome incomes. The same training on which they founded their success is open to you. You can follow in their footsteps. Why don't you get in a class with men who make real money? Never before have the opportunities been greater. At least you cannot afford not to investigate the great field of selling and see what it offers you. It will only cost you a 2 cent stamp and the facts and proof you will receive will surprise you.

Free Book on Salesmanship

Just mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Star Salesman. Let us show you how you too can step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off until to-morrow—write us to-day. Every hour lost keeps you that much farther from success. Mail the coupon at once.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 13-M Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 13-M, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name

Street

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Earned \$524 in Two Weeks

I have never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$306 and this week \$218. You have done wonders for me.—Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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I took your course two years ago. Was earning \$16 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than \$100 in a day. You secured me my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours.—J. L. DeBonis, 4615 Warwick, Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Earns \$1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562, and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month.—C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned \$1,800 in Six Weeks

As soon as I received a letter from you and your literature, I knew that I was on the right track and very soon after I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms whom you informed me were in need of a Salesman and to whom you had recommended me. As soon as they received my application, which was by mail, they wired me to come for an appointment which I did, with the result being that I sold my service to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

National Pictorial Brain Power Monthly

Volume I

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 1

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Application for Entry as Second Class Matter is Pending

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How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY! Without Drugs or Medicines of Any Kind
Tonsils and Adenoids Cured Without Operation

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

IN children catarrh is often accompanied by sore, enlarged tonsils and adenoids. When this occurs the child becomes a "mouth-breather," the palate is often pushed upward, and the teeth thrown out of line. Mouth breathing is often the cause of laryngitis, bronchitis and asthma.

Dr. Alsaker was consulted by the parents of a little boy named Jimmy. Other physicians and the school nurse said that Jimmy's tonsils must be removed. He had been sensitive and nervous since infancy, he had indigestion and catarrh, and was a confirmed "mouth-breather." Night sweats occurred at times and sore throats were common.

Jimmy was too slender and too pale. His tonsils were so large that they almost met when examined. Of course he had adenoids too. He had profuse nasal discharge, and was fidgety and capricious, and had already become somewhat deaf.

The parents feared to have Jimmy's tonsils removed, for they had heard of a child who had bled to death after this operation.

Dr. Alsaker applied his simple methods for the cure of catarrh to Jimmy's case with marvelous results. In a few weeks the catarrh had vanished, the tonsils had shrunk back toward normal, the adenoids disappeared, and Jimmy became a healthy little animal, breathing as freely as any child.

Removal of the tonsils by the knife is not a very safe operation. Death occasionally results; often the sore throat persists. Removing the tonsils is merely cutting out a symptom. Enlarged tonsils and adenoids are both merely effects of wrong living. Dr. Alsaker's common-sense, proved-out plan removes the cause of these dangerous conditions.

* * * * *

The majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration.

When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a victim to pneumonia or consumption.

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

Catarrh Causes Serious Disease

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold, are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which in turn will give rise to some other serious disease—as if

catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-bye and those

creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, catarrh, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds, swollen tonsils and adenoids. This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a common-sense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to get well and how to keep well. The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home and without the expenditure of an additional penny. There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so easy to understand and so simple to follow that any one, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

Nature's Laws Alone Cure

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3, to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 625, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book.

Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best \$3 investment you ever made—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called

patent medicines that do not cure, soon eat a big hole in any man's income.

Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
 Founder of
 the Alsaker Way

EDITOR'S NOTE

If you have been puzzled about the cause of catarrh, adenoids, and enlarged tonsils, this article is going to open your eyes and make you think. Read what these people say about Dr. Alsaker's methods.

"Had catarrh since childhood. Doctors unable to cure me. Now entirely well, thanks to your treatment."—S. N. R., Canada.

"Bronchitis from which I suffered for five years is now a thing of the past."—J. F., Indiana.

"I was badly troubled with catarrh and colds. By following Dr. Alsaker's instructions the disease has disappeared."—H. M., Canada.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club, three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say, it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * *

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are thousands of men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus of the firm of Olcott, Bonyne, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction? The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I have already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up nearly any fact I want when I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has this kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* most everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear any one in *our* office say, "I guess" or "I think it was

about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer.

Have you heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, of John E. Price & Co., Seattle, Wash. Here is just a bit of a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy. Yet with one hour a day of practice, any one—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Special Summer Offer

REDUCED PRICE \$3

(REGULAR PRICE \$5.00)

Realizing the ever increasing need for such a system as Mr. Roth's Memory Course, for a short time we are making a special summer offer in order to put this amazing work in the hands of a still greater number of people. In order to hasten this movement we are reducing the price from \$5.00 to only \$3.00 for the summer months.

You should not miss this splendid opportunity. Our five day FREE trial offer still holds good—simply fill in and clip the coupon. Then, after you have seen the course, send only \$3 in complete payment.

But you must act quickly—we can only hold this price open for the summer months.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that you will find the Course indispensable that they are willing to send it on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once, so that you may take advantage of the special price and save \$2. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$3 in full payment.

You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Gentlemen:—Please mail me The Roth Memory Course for 5 days' free trial. If I decide to keep it I will remit \$3, the Special Summer Price. Otherwise I will return it to you. It is understood that this coupon puts me under no obligation whatsoever.

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New Easy Way to Become An Artist

This wonderful new method makes it possible for *any one* to learn illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And many of them never *touched* a drawing pencil before they studied with us. If you have ever had the desire to be an artist—here is your opportunity! Our vitally interesting free book explains our wonderful new method in detail. Send for it NOW before you do another thing!

THE simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive personal instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists—Will H. Chandlee. Get into this fascinating game NOW! You can easily qualify. A few minutes study each day is all that is needed.

Crying Demand for Trained Artists

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. There are hundreds of vacancies right this minute! A trained commercial artist can command almost any salary he wants. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning. YOU—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

No Talent Needed

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art. Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put

them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from \$50 to \$500 or more! Many artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing!

Read what Frank Godwin, well-known magazine cover artist, says about our course. And this high salaried artist's letter is typical of the dozens of letters we receive every week from our students.

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon now for this interesting free book, "How to Become an Artist." Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Also tells of our free artist's outfit and special low offer to a limited number

of new students. Mail coupon NOW!

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1666 Marden Building

Washington, D. C.

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What a Prominent Illustrator Says:

"I shall never cease to be grateful for the foundation you and your school gave me. I have all the work I can handle and more, and I feel that my present success is due largely to your course and your wonderfully efficient method of instruction.

Frank Godwin
Philadelphia."

New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn

Learn to Play or Sing in Spare Time at Home.
Every Step Made Simple as A B C by Print-
and-Picture Lessons That You
Can't Go Wrong On.

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson.

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, someone is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my



fied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I say myself. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it

shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.

Learn to Play by Note For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

Piano	Harmony and
Organ	Composition
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Drums and Traps	Guitar
Banjo	Ukulele
Tenor-Banjo	Hawaiian
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Flute	Cornet
Saxophone	Piccolo
Cello	Trombone
Voice and Speech Culture	



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"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

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(Please print name)

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City..... State.....

"Live and Grow Young AND Realize Your Ambitions"

How many times have you asked yourself "How can I realize my Ambitions—how can I make life bigger, fuller, more successful and happier?"

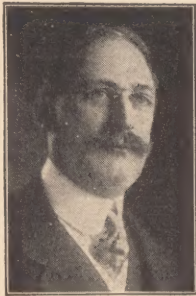
The most romantic—the most fascinating thing in the world is the realization of **YOUR OWN** ambitions—making your own dreams come true.

Stop a moment and think—

How do people get what they want?

How can you train yourself to get what **YOU** want?

How can you make the most of yourself?



Arthur Edward Stilwell is a living exemplification of the teachings contained in his book, "Live and Grow Young." He has built more miles of railroads and founded more towns and cities than any man now living. Throughout his entire life he has practiced successfully what his book teaches. He has truly obeyed the injunction "Physician heal thyself." He is qualified to show the

way to a higher, bigger life for he himself has learned the way. His success is a measure of his ability.

Think of those rare moments in life when the breath of inspiration comes to you—when you see yourself as you **KNOW YOU WANT TO BE**, when you see the things you can do; when forces too deep for expression take possession of you—and you glimpse the glorious future that is rightly yours.

Do you want more happiness—a broader success—better health—longer life? It is within **YOUR** power to have all of these things. And if you will to have them—intelligently and constructively—no power can keep them from you. The things you desire will be attracted by this power within you.

This power is not a thing to be acquired. You already have it. But you must understand it. You must control it. You must use it. Develop this power. Go *forward* and carry the world before you.

And what is **YOUR** world that

you are to conquer? Whether it be a world filled with success, of happiness, or of longer life, it is a **LIVING** world. It is made up of living elements. It will respond to your desires as you use the marvelous power within you.

"Live and Grow Young is A Plan of Living"

There is a plan of living by which you can develop and direct this power; generate courage, confidence, enthusiasm, initiative, poise, vitality and wisdom. The plan reveals to you the fundamental laws of nature. By this plan you can control for yourself, Health, Confidence, Individuality and your own constructive growth.

The plan destroys melancholy, distrust, depression and weakness. In place of these it develops radiant happiness, confidence, optimism and strength. By following this wonderful man you increase your capacity, strengthen your will power and enable yourself to realize your ambitions.

This plan is contained in a new book

Live and Grow Young BY

Arthur Edward Stilwell

This book has attracted wide spread attention among the scientists, religious leaders and the general reading public. It is not

merely the exposition of a theory. It contains a concrete plan. It teaches how to understand and control the inner mental and spiritual forces which are ever at work supporting and rebuilding the body and mind. It is practical and fascinating. It is at once reverent, forceful and persuasive and the logic in its pages will aid all who read it to lure from each day and year greater peace, health and happiness.

If you are seeking a higher life—a broader outlook—you may find the way in this book. It will furnish inspiration which will put you in harmony with the best in life and enable you to make it your own.

The book will be sent to you at your request and you may pay the postman when it is delivered. The price is only \$2.00, but many who have read it say it is the most important thing that has come into their lives.

The plan is so simple that a child may put into practice its lessons. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Fill out the coupon and get it into the mail today.

YOUTH PUBLISHING CORPORATION

Dept. BP-9 576 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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Dept. BP-9, 576 Fifth Ave., New York

Kindly send me a copy of Mr. Stilwell's new book "Live and Grow Young." I will pay the postman \$2.00 when he delivers the book.

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Address.....

The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment



Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?



Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?



Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?



Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?



Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes—if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad. It is not a principle or theory or belief. It is meant not merely for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment, and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will find the doors of the most exclusive society opened to admit them. But the world is a harsh judge—and he who does not know what to do and say and wear on all occasions will find himself barred, ignored.

You have often wondered how to word invitations, how to acknowledge introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, how to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. Here is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every detail of everyday etiquette. It tells you how to act at the dinner table, how to

excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to accept and refuse a dance, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to wear to the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on week-end trips and on extended Summer trips.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressive and charming.

Send No Money Five-Day FREE Examination

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you FREE for 5 days. Glance through the books. Read a page here and there. See for yourself some of the blunders you have been making.

You will immediately realize that the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

Just mail the coupon below, filled in with your name and address. Don't send any money—just the coupon. The two-volume Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once—FREE to read, examine and study. After 5 days, you have the privilege of returning the books without obligation, or keeping them and sending \$3.50 in full payment.

Do It NOW!

Send off the coupon today—now—before you forget. You've often wondered what you would do or say in a certain embarrassing situation. You've often wished you had some authoritative information regarding right conduct.

Don't overlook this opportunity to examine for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Don't wait until some very embarrassing incident makes you regret that you never knew the right thing to do or say. Here's your opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette in your own home without cost. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 769, Oyster Bay, N. Y.



Do you know the embarrassing blunders to be avoided at the wedding?



Do you know the correct way to introduce people?



Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

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Send me, without money in advance, the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. After 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. This places me under no obligation.

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The beautiful leather binding is far more attractive and costs but little more. For a set in that binding change above price from \$3.50 to \$5.50.

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We teach you by mail to become a powerful and convincing speaker—to influence and dominate the decisions of one man or an audience of a thousand. We have trained hundreds and helped them to increase their earnings and their popularity. Learn in your spare time at home how to overcome "stage fright" and conquer fear of others; how to enlarge your vocabulary; how to develop self-confidence and the qualities of leadership; how to **RULE** others by the power of your speech alone; how to train your memory.

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perfected and taught only by Prof. R. E. Pattison Kline, former dean of the Public Speaking Department of the Columbia College of Expression, can be learned in 15 minutes a day. Prof. Kline is one of the foremost authorities in the country on public speaking and mental development. Do not let this chance escape you.

What the Course Teaches You

- How to talk before your club or lodge.
- How to address board meetings.
- How to propose and respond to toasts.
- How to make a political speech.
- How to tell entertaining stories.
- How to make after-dinner speeches.
- How to converse interestingly.
- How to write better letters.
- How to sell more goods.
- How to train your memory.
- How to enlarge your vocabulary.
- How to develop self-confidence.
- How to acquire a winning personality.
- How to strengthen your will power and ambition.
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
- How to develop your power of concentration.
- How to be master of any situation.

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I am interested in your course in Effective Public Speaking and your offer of 10 lessons free. Please send full particulars. This request places me under no obligation of any kind.

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This Special Offer of TEN LESSONS FREE is made strictly for advertising purposes and will be withdrawn without notice. Write now, before it expires, and receive full particulars with enrollment blank by return mail. No obligations of any kind. Just tear off and mail this **free** coupon—or a postal will do.

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Fundamental Principles in Brain Development

Health and Brain Power

BRAIN POWER depends first and foremost upon HEALTH—PLUS.

Some try to separate the mind from the body, maintaining that there is a definite dividing line. If your mind can continue its activities after the heart has ceased to beat then it can become a separate entity. The mind and the body are one—you cannot divide them.

The energy required in mental activity is physical in nature. It comes from the blood that is distributed by the heart, arteries, veins, etc.

When you are keenly alive physically, the brain, if it has been developed, should be as clear as a bell—as sharp as a razor.

The imagination should be keen and vivid. In fact there are times in moments of physical exaltation when the brain seems so efficient that you can almost look into the future.

Brain energy is founded upon physical energy. The same nervous energy that is required in a complex reasoning process could be used in lifting a weight or running a race.

Physical power usually indicates a possession of great nervous force and with an impetus of this sort the brain is capable of working at high pressure with little or no effort.

Physical power gives you courage of the bulldog nature. It removes fear absolutely, the greatest of all human handicaps.

It gives you abounding enthusiasm and self-confidence.

It is the source of ambition; the very soul of all initiative efforts; the divine fire that lights the way to great human achievements.

Therefore if you desire brain power, do not fail to remember the necessity for building a superb human machine. You want a heart that is dependable. You want a stomach that is capable of digesting the elements that are essential to properly nourish your body. You want every organ throughout your physical system to be in perfect repair.

It is then that your brain works automatically. Abstruse problems are solved with little or no effort.

And with the solution of each problem your brain power increases. You become more capable in your field of endeavor.

And without this physical power as a foundation for brain activity, you are working under a great handicap. You are working against unnecessary difficulties.

BRAIN POWER will be devoted entirely to means and methods of developing mental attainments. Health problems are out of its sphere.

Though if you are not fully informed on this important theme your first duty points in that direction.

Great Influence of Normal Sex-Life

THE next great fundamental principle that has to do with the attainment of mental efficiency of a high order is associated with what one might term normal sex-life.

The strongest factor in all human life next to the desire for food is found in what might be termed sex attraction.

Our life, our very existence as a race, depends upon this force. Its importance therefore can be readily realized.

Prudery has barred the way for those who search for this knowledge. Sex is the source of the most divine of all human emotions. Prudery cries out "vulgar, indecent," and this mental degeneracy has prevented the race from studying the physical phases of sex, the most important of all subjects.

Superior mental attainments depend absolutely upon close adherence to the laws of sex. Select any man who is noted for his achievements and if you have means of learning the inside secrets of his life, you will find, in practically every instance, that he adheres to the physiological laws of sex—that he is living a normal sex-life. To be sure the right way to adhere to these important laws is through the realm of marriage. Marriage, in order to bring you this superior mental development referred to, must again harmonize with the laws that demand a proper mating.

Marriage is not always followed by a proper mating. This "explains" the divorce courts and the tragedies that are presented therein by victims of mismatched marriages. The lack of this sex knowledge is the direct cause of many failures. People who have been properly mated—who live a normal sex-life, are usually energetic, ambitious and reasonably contented.

They are usually physically fit. Even if you fail to observe closely the rules requiring exercise, wholesome diet, etc., if you are properly mated you are likely to be an example of health.

Sex is the most abstruse of all important themes. The squeamishness of people in general has so wrapped its laws in mystery that it sometimes borders on obscenity. You cannot learn about a subject unless you are capable of dissecting it in minute detail.

But because of conventional pruriency one is often compelled to learn by experience important facts that ought to be taught in primary school. And the cost of this experience in human suffering—through weakness, disease and premature death—is appalling.

BRAIN POWER will attempt, through articles, stories, etc., to set our readers right on the sex question. Is your own sex-life as it should be? If you are married, do you understand the laws of proper mating?

And you can define your status even if you possess but little knowledge on the subject. If you are adhering to these laws you should feel alive and awake, ambitious and energetic at all times.

If your mind and body are half alive; if you feel as though you were doped half the time; if every step is an effort, you can rest assured that something is wrong.

And if you are a married man, it is ten to one due partly, if not wholly, to the fact that you are married but not mated.

And then the one paramount object in your life should be to ascertain the cause of your difficulty. The solution of this problem will not be easy by any means. It will probably require careful study on your part and you should solve it yourself. If you take the personal efforts essential to learn the cause of your difficulties, you then should be able to avoid future mistakes.

Therefore, whether you are married or single, man or woman, matters but little. The sex problem in your life is most important. It stands out in importance almost as emphatically as the desire and need for food.

But if you want brain power of a super sort you must acquire the knowledge which is basic—and therefore essential to the discovery of the solution of problems as they appertain to your life.

The Power of Mental Attitude

THE mind makes the man, and the woman, too. You can think yourself sick until you are actually suffering with a severe illness. You can reverse the process and cure yourself of a really serious illness through right thinking. This simply illustrates, in a very emphatic manner, the power of the mind over the body, or the power of mind over mind.

Your mental attitude will make you or break you. It will assist in building up your physical, mental and moral forces or it will tear them down.

BRAIN POWER will try, in every possible way, to instill its readers with what one might call up-building mental environments.

The difference between man and the lower animals is entirely due to mind power.

Man is what he is because of his mind.

You are what you are because of your mind.

I care not whether you are sitting in the President's chair or what position you occupy. You are there because of mind.

Your mind power has taken you there.

You are cast down, broken-hearted, hopeless and helpless, largely or entirely because of your mind.

Your mental attitude tells the story.

It will take you up to heights supreme.

Or it will cast you down into a sea of unutterable despair.

Whatever you do, fight for the proper mental attitude.

Eliminate destructive thoughts.

Cultivate thoughts that have an up-building influence.

A hearty laugh, a smile, is contagious—more so than disease.

A good joke is sometimes appreciated even at tragical moments. And if you can not find humour in life you are doomed to mediocrity or worse. Wholesome fun, even when it becomes uproarious, is a factor of great value to mental and physical development.

If you are going to be a real disciple of BRAIN POWER, you must learn to master your mind. You must learn to smile at difficulties. You must learn to fight with might and main against every influence that tends towards hopelessness.

The future is bright. Life is beautiful. Everything is coming my way.

That's the attitude. Stick to it day after day, and if you fall by the wayside at times, rise and gird up your loins and enter anew the fight for life's most glorious rewards.

George William Wilder

One Thousand Dollars in Prizes

IN this first issue of BRAIN POWER will be found three articles which particularly reflect the purpose of the magazine. We commend them to all readers who may have stories of their own to tell as representative of the kind of material we want. They are "\$150,000 a Year with a Fountain Pen" (page 18), "Can Marriage Build Brain Power?" (page 22) and "From Wrestler to Master Builder" (page 36).

For such stories as these, pulsing with the spirit of achievement, inspiring to any one who reads them, BRAIN POWER will pay well.

(1) We are offering \$1,000 in prizes for the best stories modeled after these or on any of the subjects mentioned below.

\$500 will be given to the winner of the best article.

Five \$100 prizes will be given to the writers of the five next best articles.

(2) Any articles which we wish to use, and which do not win prizes, will be paid for at space rates. Writers who desire to put a price on their manuscripts when submitting them to us are privileged to do so.

The opportunities for finding material of this kind are unlimited. There are no limitations as to type, except that we wish to emphasize our desire for articles which will bring out what we may term *the turning point that leads to success* or articles which deal with problems of marriage as they stimulate or stifle the powers of achievement. Every successful

man can usually look back and pick out some particular environment or influence that turned him in the direction of achievement and the realization of his ambitions. Marriage may have been the turning point either to success or failure, and here, in their own personal experiences or in the experiences of those with whom they have come in contact, writers will find a rich field.

Here are some other possible articles along similar lines:

Frequently we hear of a man who is the dominating spirit of his town. There is a big man in every small town, and it often happens that he is the man who has put the town on the map. He will make good copy.

Over and over again we have heard the expression, "If only I had my life to live over again!" What would you do if you had your life to live over again? What opportunities have you overlooked that make you wish to live it over again? What turning points have you overlooked on the road to success?

There are many failures due to education—not the lack of it, but too much of it. Some men go to school too long. They have too much philosophy and not enough practical business training.

Then there is the case of the man who has been a success and who suddenly has his business swept away. At middle-age or beyond he faces the world without a dollar—and makes a fresh start.

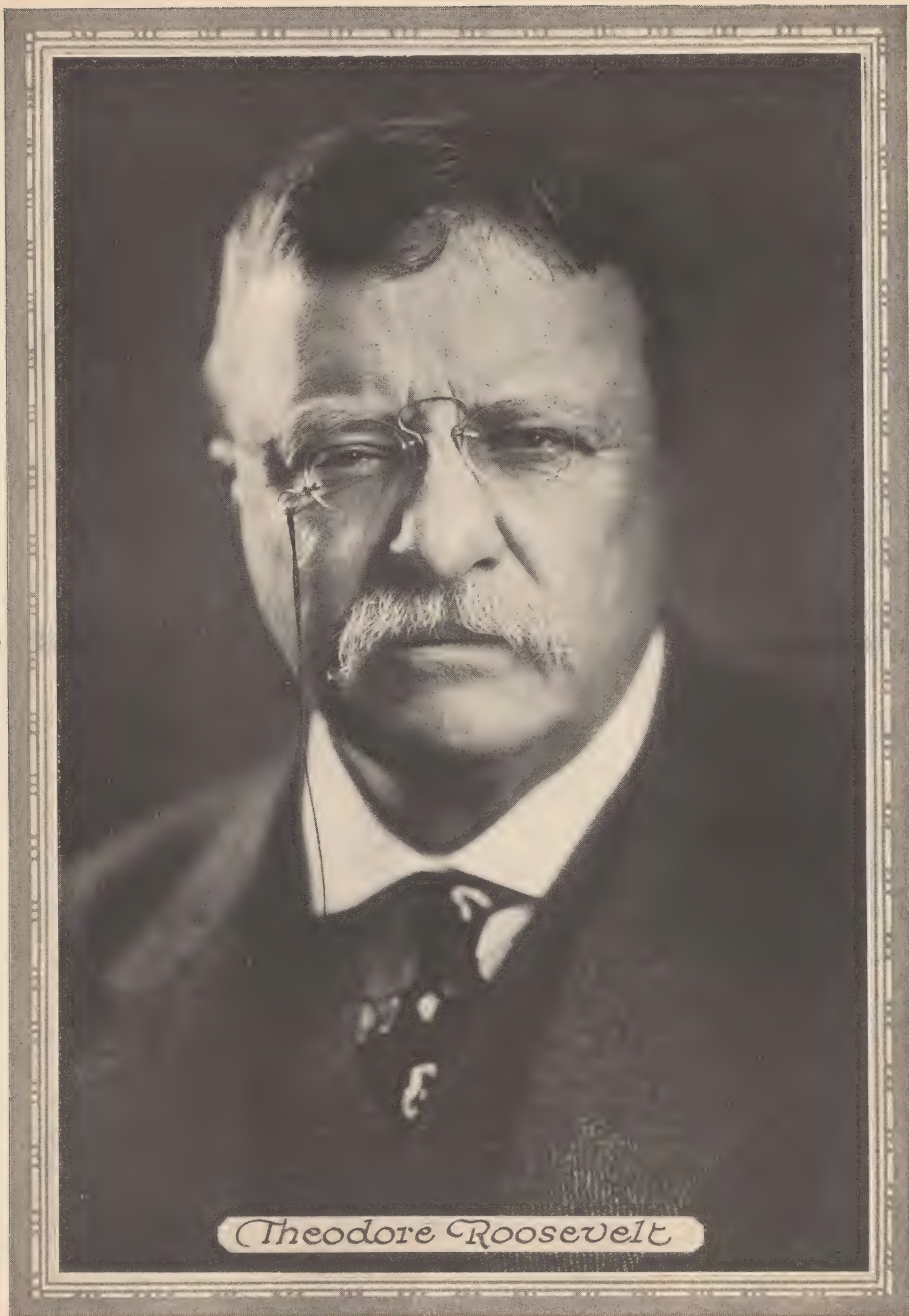
Conditions to remember: Prizes amounting to \$1,000 will be divided as follows: \$500 for the best article; five \$100 prizes for the five next best articles.

The contest will close on March 1st, 1922, and all articles must be mailed on or before that date. Some articles may be published before the closing date, but this will not in any way interfere with the final decision.

Manuscripts will be returned, if requested, though we will assume no responsibility in connection therewith.

The decision of our editors in the contest must be final.

Manuscripts to be eligible for the contest must be considered acceptable for publication purposes by the editors.



Theodore Roosevelt

T. R.—The Story of a Great Mind

By John J. Leary, Jr.

Author of "Talks with T. R."

The Theme and the Writer

IN his book, *Talks with T. R.*, John J. Leary, Jr., explains in part the relations between Colonel Roosevelt and himself. As a member of the "Newspaper Cabinet," Mr. Leary was privileged to call upon Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay at times when other newspapermen were barred. Here, and on trips about the country with Roosevelt, he acted as an unofficial secretary and kept the notebooks in which he jotted down the "Talks" and collected the material from which the present story was written.

"T. R.—The Story of a Great Mind," is an appreciation of the side of Roosevelt which never has been touched upon fully by other biographers. New facts are added to the story, new light is thrown on old incidents. Necessarily the opening installment is a twice told tale in some respects, but in it the author goes back to the beginning of the growth of that vigorous mind which was to challenge the imagination of the American public and compel the respect and admiration of all peoples.

New facts augment old biographies until a bibliography becomes a necessity. Every little habit of a man, every mannerism, every word that has been uttered, proved authoritatively, is eagerly seized upon and reported. But with all that has been written

about Roosevelt there is still ample room for speculation and discussion. The exponent of the strenuous life possessed a rare vigor of mind; reflected though not matched by the vigor of his physical being.

William Roscoe Thayer, who has written one of the best biographies of Roosevelt, says that the perfect biography would show definitely the interaction between the mind and the body, but goes on to say that with our present limited knowledge we can only guess what that interaction may be. It is exactly with that in mind that Mr. Leary has written the story. Few men have been so versatile in the choice of their mental and physical pursuits as Roosevelt, but that versatility would have been wholly on the mental side had it not been for the influence of the mind upon the body. Without the mind with its strong will he could not have developed the body. Without the physical perfection which he attained early in life the mind would have been stifled and limited to the narrow channel of the purely academic life. By the development of a vigorous physique Roosevelt escaped being a professor of natural history. The interaction between mind and body is therefore the theme of this story, though it will not be treated from the scientific standpoint of the psychologist.

OCTOBER 26, 1858, a male child was born in the house then standing at 28 East 20th Street, New York City. January 6, 1919, that child, long since grown to man's estate, died in his sleep at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

The child was Theodore Roosevelt, 26th president of the United States.

The sixty years elapsing between these two dates were crowded years. In them Theodore Roosevelt touched life at many points, accomplished a half score of things, each in itself important enough to win fame for any man. Through them Theodore Roosevelt passed, a child in many things; simple and unassuming; untouched by breath of scandal in public or private life; unsoured by disappointments; unembittered by disloyalties;

in the end, as in the beginning ever with the will to do.

Few of those who thought they knew Theodore Roosevelt ever appreciated what, in him, this will to do really meant, to what extent it was Theodore Roosevelt. True all recognized him as a man of strong will. His enemies thought it too strong, called him (among other things) self-willed, imperious. His warmest admirers, perhaps more often than not, thought likewise and loved him the more for it. Few in either group, however, realized or tried to realize, that this strength of spirit was the only real equipment Theodore Roosevelt brought into the world.

History, particularly American history, and the histories of English speaking peoples, abounds in the names of boys born into poverty and all that poverty or

worse implies, who rose to power and fame, who did things. Likewise this is true of Wall Street and Lombard Street just as it is true of industrial life and in a large measure of the professions. But we will search, almost, if not quite in vain for one who, starting with a broken body, was able not only to win fame, but actually to will himself health to the extent that his name became the symbol of strenuous things; his fame in part that of the mighty hunter; and the incident (for it was as such that he regarded it) of early ill health almost if not quite forgotten.

Fame as the mighty hunter and exponent of the life strenuous has in the popular tradition obscured the truth that in Theodore Roosevelt was one of the great minds of all time, admiration for physical power clouding and preventing proper popular appraisal of the mental side of the man. This mental side, like the diamond, had many facets. Like the diamond it was absorbent, resilient. Its qualities, including an apparently limitless ability to expand, are testified to in many and diverse fields of endeavor.

Thus as a naturalist, Roosevelt was the peer, and accepted as such, by men holding chairs in the great universities of this and other lands. As a historian, his works rank high—those on the early West being storehouses on which historians of the future will have to draw; that on the naval war of 1812 is a classic. As an explorer, his name must be linked with Stanley and Livingston in Africa, and Humboldt in South America. As an administrator, Panama, Cuba and the Philippines and great conservation works at home stand as monuments. As a patriot, his name links with Washington and Lincoln. Those who in the perspective of the years write the story of 1914-1919 cannot but give him a prominent niche in fame's temple as the evangelist of liberty, far seeing and courageous in a time when vision and courage were lacking in high places.

Physical vigor made possible but does not explain these works. They were the product of the mental giant whose brain, like a dynamo, radiated activity, ever driving the physical giant on and on.

That the popular tradition in large measure ignores this side of him is explained in his own words on the occasion of a visit to the Harvard Club of John Ireland and John L. Sullivan, when the patriot prelate attracted less attention than the pugilist.

"There is," he then said—by way of half apology for "the young barbarians, fresh from the refining influences of my beloved Alma Mater"—"much of the primitive man in all of us."

Poverty of health, however, was not the only handicap under which Theodore Roosevelt started. When to it one adds the additional handicaps of wealth and high social standing, the exception to the general rule becomes more marked. Given ill health and more than sufficient wealth to provide for creature wants, and your health bankrupt as a rule is satisfied to be such, to spend his time at this or that health resort, and accept as his right the sympathy, more or less genuine, of friends, servants, and acquaintances. It is the easier way, the natural way, perhaps the only way for most so handicapped.

Theodore Roosevelt might have been one of these

had it not been for his father, Theodore Roosevelt, the first. Of him, his distinguished son proudly wrote: "My father was the best man I have ever known." And if one is to understand the son, and more completely grasp what Charles C. Washburn, his lifelong friend, once described as "the logic of his career," he must know something of the father, and the unusual home of which he was the dominating genius. Knowing him, even superficially, makes it easier to understand the son.

Theodore Roosevelt, the first, was the son of Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, New York merchant, and the descendant of Claes Martensen Van Roosevelt, a Hollander who came to New York in 1644, when Nieuw Amsterdam was a Dutch possession. His mother was

Martha Bulloch, of Georgia. The union of the two represented the joining of the cavalier strain of the South with the trading strain of the North. The joint strain represented the merging of Irish and Dutch, French Huguenot and Scotch, so that in later life, more particularly in the troubled days of 1917-1918, Theodore Roosevelt was proud to describe himself as a "child of the melting pot."

"It would," he used to say, "require seven hyphens to describe me if I would stand for the use of any, but I am an American without prefix or qualification, and nothing else."

Theodore Roosevelt, the first, like his father, was a merchant, later a banker, and, as wealth counted in pre-civil war days, a wealthy man. Socially, the Roosevelts were of the elect, the real elect, when New York had a real Society Set. Pork, oil and soap had yet to produce groups whose members were anxious to set up social and family dynasties of their own. The Pittsburgh millionaire with his crudities and his

noisy dollars was in the future. Yellow journalism, as we now know it, was yet to be born and exploit so-called "four hundreds," their vulgarities and their divorces. This old social set remains, its members revolving quietly in their own spheres, disturbed only occasionally when some scapegrace lad or, even more rarely, some matron develops more speed than sense. Save as it may venture into publicity in this or that public service, little printer's ink is spent in describing its affairs. Some whose names almost constantly recur, have vast wealth. Others have little. Wealth, *per se*, does not matter.

Into this set, Theodore Roosevelt, the first, introduced as his wife, Martha Bulloch, of Georgia. Traditionally the women of the South are all beautiful. Actually the percentage of female pulchritude is probably no greater in Georgia than in Kansas. Martha Bulloch was one of those on whom the tradition of the South was built. As Mrs. Roosevelt she became the acknowledged beauty of New York at a time when, judging from portraits of the period, good looks were more plentiful in New York society than is the case to-day.

As a site for the family fire Theodore Roosevelt selected the house at 28 East 20th Street, then well uptown. The neighborhood, about which still clings more than a trace of its former dignity, was highly select and but a scant half mile from the home he was leaving in 14th Street. This house, torn down but a few years ago, is now being restored by the patriotic women



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Roosevelt's Birthplace, 28 East 20th Street

of America as a shrine for Americans of the future, which will radiate that Americanism of which Theodore Roosevelt is at once the symbol and delight.

Into this home there came four children, Anna, the eldest, later the wife of Rear Admiral W. S. Cowles, Theodore, Corinne, only less gifted than her distinguished brother, whose work she is carrying on, and Elliott, who died in early life. These with Miss Anna Bulloch, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt, afterward Mrs. Gracie, with the parents, made up the household.

In the best sense of a much abused term, it was a typical American home, the home, to use the words of a cynical New Yorker, of "people used to having money." Simplicity and the good taste born of good breeding ruled. Its occupants were more than members of one family: they were chums, the elders, perhaps with foresight as much as affection, taking the juniors into partnership that became more general as the children grew up.

"My father," Colonel Roosevelt once remarked to the writer, "was boss in our home, but he was an easy boss who seldom, very seldom had to exercise his authority. When I wrote my autobiography some years ago I described him as the best man I ever knew. I am older now, I have met a great many men since, but I have seen no occasion, found no reason to modify that judgment. Making all due allowance for affection, and one should, he was the best man I ever knew."

The elder Roosevelt was a many-sided man. As a merchant, he ranked with the elect. As a banker men called him sound. Either is a man's job. To both he added many civic duties, found time to do his full share of society, to care for his family as few men do, and to shine as the best whip in New York when ability to handle horses rated as a real accomplishment. His horses and his traps have long since gone the way of all such things, but the Children's Aid Society of which he was a founder stands as a real monument. So does also the Orthopaedic Hospital, first of its kind in America and first in rank. Something of the son's almost uncanny foresight (another way of saying preparedness) is to be seen in the fact that at a time when the medical profession was unawake to the needs and possibilities of crippled and ailing children, the elder Roosevelt saw, and staging a clinic in his home not only made others see, but made them aid in raising the necessary funds and providing the necessary equipment.

The possibilities of mechanical aid to little invalids was revealed to Mr. Roosevelt through the illness of his little daughter Anna. If she, with wealth, could be relieved, others without wealth must be. Behind the idea was no thought of charity or personal glorification. It was the right thing to do. Therefore it was done.

New York, alone of the world's great cities, then lacked a real art center. Neither had it a focal point for naturalists. The elder Roosevelt helped provide both, so that as a founder, New York's great Metropolitan Art Museum and its almost as famous Museum of Natural History are to be remembered as among his memorials. So also is the Newsboys' Home, of which he was a benefactor and in which he was an active worker up to the

time of his death. The spiritual as well as the merely animal needs of his fellow men appealed to him as they did later to the son.

The Civil War, coming so soon after the birth of Theodore, Jr., brought new work, as well as great sorrow to the father. Devoted to the Union, he was devoted to his Southern born wife. She, in turn, was devoted to the South, as she was to her husband and children. In the armies of the Confederacy were many of her kinsmen. In the Confederate navy were her two brothers, "Jimmie" Bulloch, the admiral who made possible the Alabama and other raiders, and Irvine who fought on the most noted of these. It is noted that this divergence of feeling brought no dissension into the family. The husband appreciated the naturally uncomfortable position

of his wife, who remained an unreconstructed rebel all her life, and, appreciating, respected it. On the other hand, the wife appreciated the husband's sense of duty, and threw no obstacle in his way when it led him into Southern camps to assist in bettering the lot of the soldier, to recruiting negro troops, into working at Albany and Washington for laws for the benefit of soldiers and sailors and their dependants, and after peace came, for protecting them against swindlers more often than not from their own ranks.

Colonel Roosevelt in later life was wont to tell an amusing story of the one time he tried to introduce a warring note into this period of the life of the family. He had received maternal punishment for some fault of omission or commission and at evening prayer sought revenge by interpolating a loudly earnest prayer for Divine wrath upon the Confederacy. As he told it, his mother heard him through with a smile and then warned him that a repetition of

the offense would be reported to his father. It was not repeated.

As an infant, Theodore was sickly. A poor little body was in season and out racked with asthma. This meant sleepless nights, sometimes in the arms of a floor-walking parent, and countless nights in broken slumber on a chair. Again it meant frequent trips here and there where higher altitude and drier air might spell relief for the invalid. At most times it meant restriction of childhood activities.

Mrs. Robinson, whose "Recollections of My Brother" is a classic, is living witness to the fact that the invalid boy was patient to the point of stoicism. He never complained, but tried to put on the best face possible. With it all, however, he managed to get a fair share of enjoyment.

The end of the war, and release from self assigned duties, left the elder Roosevelt more time for his family. The first summer thereafter found the family at Madison, N. J., in a great, rambling place remote from crowds and all appertaining thereto. There came the pony, "General Grant," immortalized in Colonel Roosevelt's autobiography. There in addition to being taught to ride, the boy was taught to swim by his father. To the day of his death, he was fond of swimming and his saddle horse.

Madison, as later on the Hudson, and still later Oyster Bay, was an ideal place for children. There was the isolation that made it possible, (Continued on page 82)



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Theodore Roosevelt at Eight Years of Age



FRANK IRVING FLETCHER

Frank Irving Fletcher is reported to be the highest paid advertising copy man in the world. He writes the copy that sells the goods. Other men write copy that sells the goods but they differ from Mr. Fletcher in that they work on salaries, and his copy differs from theirs in the amount of imagination that goes into it. He has that instinct for the right word, for the rhythms of the language and above all for metaphor and for thinking in terms of pictures which is the hall mark of the master craftsman

\$150,000 a Year With a Fountain Pen

By Wainwright Evans

THIS is a story about the highest paid advertising man in the world.

Frank Irving Fletcher makes \$150,000 a year writing advertisements; and his income is still growing. He is an advertising free lance. His work is done, not for an employer who pays him a liberal salary, but for clients who pay him liberal fees—and consider the service cheap at the price. His shop is under his hat. He has a fountain pen and a colored pad for a show-window. For working capital he has a phenomenal ability to sell whatever he undertakes to sell. He can sell himself to his clients because he knows his own mind and can express it; he can sell his clients to their customers for the same reason. He has a magical gift for the right word. His touch on the sensibilities of a customer is as delicate, self-conscious, and sure as the touch of a billiard champion on the cue. He can, like Willie Hoppe in balk-line, make a ball move a fraction of an inch, hit another ball, and return to him, all without perceptibly disturbing the other ball. Or he can drive the cue home with such force and accuracy that he can make a seven cushion shot and still attain his object. Just the right speed, just the right drive, just the right English on the ball—it's all there.

By a genius for these things, and by unlimited hard work—which is of course a necessary part of it—he has within five years made of himself a going concern, and built up a career which, for sheer commercial success, and for excellence in its peculiar field, is apparently without a parallel in the annals of journalism.

Ten years ago Fletcher was a \$25 a week secretary in the employ of the president of a big construction company. That is, he was a \$1300 a year man. The other day he produced within seven hours a set of 25 advertisements for one client; and the fee was \$1200—almost what he used to get for a year of service. The advertisements averaged forty or fifty pungent, driving words apiece.

Remember, please, that these are simple facts. They don't have to be dressed up in flamboyant language. It is enough to state them. Here is a man who is doing something which nobody ever found a way to do on the same scale and with the same rewards before. Quite

possibly somebody may come along, now that Fletcher has shown how the egg may be made to stand on end, and duplicate the performance; but Fletcher was the first to find the path, the first with the peculiar qualities of vision and ability that are always necessary if one would look through the grindstone when there isn't a hole in it. For that reason he is worth writing about.

Fletcher wrote the advertising campaign that preceded the construction of the Equitable Life Building in New York, the largest building in the world. He has written many other campaigns of equal importance. During the war he wrote some of the most notable of the appeals put forth during the Red Cross and the United War Work Campaigns. One of the most famous of his Red Cross appeals for money was the one that began "For Once the Sign of the Dollar Has Become the Sign of the Cross." Fletcher doesn't turn out a phrase like that just now and then; he does it all the time. Among his more important clients are such firms as

Franklin Simon of New York, Gorham, Tecla, Willys-Overland, and Harrod's of London. Advertising men, and merchants, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, know him.

I was talking with the head of a very big advertising firm, when he brought up the subject of Fletcher's work. "I first became aware of Fletcher," he said, "through the quality of the advertising of a certain New York department store. Those advertisements were the most extraordinary things of their kind I had ever read. We had nobody on our staff who could do anything like it; and I made it my business to find out who was doing the work. The next thing I knew, Fletcher had severed his connec-

FRANK IRVING FLETCHER is essentially a salesman. Technically he might be called a copy man; actually he is as much a salesman as the man on the road. As he himself says, when you sell you either talk it or write it. Mr. Fletcher earns \$150,000 a year by writing it. He works six or eight hours a night, seven nights in the week. He doesn't restrict himself to the eight-hour night, either. He has so much copy to grind out and he just sits down and grinds until it is all ground.

"The secret of sticking to the grind is the same old secret that it always has been," says Mr. Fletcher. "Partly it consists in having in mind an object you want to attain and in keeping your attention on it. Partly it consists in habit, partly it is having the courage to begin whether you have an idea in your head or not.

"When I sit down to my desk it is with the definite intention of not stopping till I'm through. Not stopping till I'm through is almost a part of my religion. It is one of the best possible insurances against producing a performance that falls short of my intention. The task must and can and shall be done. I must take no excuses from myself on that point."

tion with that firm, and was going it alone. The pace he set was a caution. If you want a good yarn, you'd better go around and see him."

Then he became reminiscent: "You know—Fletcher's an interesting personality. He has his own way of doing things. I think he's a bachelor. One of his peculiarities is that he writes at night—and *all* night. He gets to work about ten o'clock, works till the roosters begin to crow, and then turns in and sleeps till noon. He has an office down in Fifth Avenue near 34th Street; and he blows in there about half past five in the afternoon, when everybody else is quitting.

"When he shows up he's all there. He's as fresh as a daisy. If it's Thursday, his suit looks like a Thursday suit, or maybe a Thursday afternoon suit. His clothes are cut with a snap; they have the nap on, and there isn't a wrinkle anywhere. He looks as if somebody had left him a legacy during the day; and so far as that goes, somebody might as well have.

"He reads his mail, dictates some letters, talks with any one who wants to see him, and goes back home to dinner, laden probably with some books he's bought during the afternoon. Late in the evening he settles down to work at the most wonderful old Chippendale desk you ever saw. He writes on colored pads, one color for each client whose stuff he may be doing that night. All his work is done in batches of ten. He never writes just one thing. It's ten or nothing; and when he begins a series he never quits till he's through. In that way I suppose he avoids the effort of making continual fresh starts. You'd better look him up."

I followed that suggestion; and I found that first general description substantially accurate. I saw him first in his office and later in his home.

In his office I found him sitting behind a long table on which was a pile of papers evidently awaiting action. He was in a chair that invited lounging, but he sat with a peculiar easy straightness that impressed one instantly. He looks about thirty-five years old. His hair is black and straight. His eyes look black. His face is lean; the nose thin and aquiline, the mouth straight, the lips tight—almost too tight; the chin compact. His frame is lean and wiry. His is a markedly aggressive face and bearing—bespeaking energy, fighting power, and entire self-confidence.

Please let me explain, lest this sound like a eulogy, that I am not constructing a bouquet dedicated to Mr. Fletcher. This is an attempt to estimate the elements that enter into the marked success he has made as an advertising salesman. To offset any impression I may be giving of indulging in mere praise, I may frankly add that my first impression of Mr. Fletcher was not wholly a pleasant one. I admired that polished exterior, and all that poise and self-possession, but I thought the total effect one of perceptible hardness—a sort of a Fifth Avenue effect, you know. Later I modified that impression. The Fifth Avenue effect is there, but it has plenty of human leavening. I wasn't looking at a mere efficiency machine.

My own conclusions with regard to that immaculate appearance, that erect and easy posture in the chair, that general look of well-being, that air of dominating both himself and his job, is that it is a carefully calculated and deliberate thing. I don't mean that there is any sham or insincerity about it. I think it is a genuine and inevitable expression of the man's temperament and point of view—the outward and visible evidence of an ardent nature bent with entire concentration on attaining a given object. But the effect of his manner and, if I may use the term, his "make-up," is a sharply accentuated one; it brings out the full force of whatever habits and tendencies may be there.

A Few Remarks on Building a Home

BUILDING a home is quite different from building a house. A house is simply the outside of a home, home is the inside of a house. In a few months a house can be built complete, but the charm of a fine home is that it is always building, growing gradually as good libraries do, and forever finding and fulfilling artistic opportunities, as books close up their ranks to accommodate new arrivals.

Room is not a matter of space but of arrangement; and so, too, good taste is not a matter of expense, but may be economically expressed. One should observe, however, close regard for the basic outlines of those period designs, which constitute the grammar of taste in furniture, and which may be judiciously mixed but not indiscriminately chosen. Above all, insist on quality, which is the only economy that involves no sacrifice.

Period furniture at reasonable prices
Domestic and Imported Carpets
Oriental Rugs and Linooleums



& J. SLOANE

COVERINGS ▾ FABRICS ▾ FURNITURE

The Christmas Gift of a Lifetime—a Necklace of Tecla Pearls

THE gift of a necklace of Tecla Pearls is more than a gift for one Christmas—it is literally a garland of gifts, counting the rosary of sentiment, pearl by pearl, December by December, tying many Valentines together in a Necklace of Christmases, as intriguing as mistletoe, and as perennial as holly!

Tecla Pearl Necklaces
with Genuine Diamond Clasp
\$100 to \$350

Tecla

308 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
10 Rue de la Paix, Paris
7 Old Bond Street, London
CHARLES J. MAXWELL & CO.
Sole Philadelphia Agents—Walnut St. at 16th St.

In facsimile, we reproduce here several advertisements which indicate the character of Mr. Fletcher's clientele and the quality of his workmanship

HERE AND THERE AT HARRODS

HERE, an American woman trying on an English motor coat—there, her daughter gossiping on what's what in gloves—brother deserting the girls for the golf department—father picking Partagas from the Harrods humidors—luncheon in the Georgian, and then severally, father looking over Chesterton's latest, mother going into raptures over Chippendale's earliest, daughter sampling sweetmeats or the bouquet of a new perfume, and son—alone and acting suspiciously—in the flower shop.

HARRODS LTD
WOODMAN BURKIDGE, Managing Director

London
(BY VENUS AIRS)

NEW YORK OFFICE
415 FIFTH AVENUE

Quality

Quality is that element in merchandise and in men which endures.

It is the heart element which underlies the tinsel and the trappings.

It is the element which makes a great oil painting more wonderful as it gets older, a violin sweeter for the melodies it has sung, man greater for the adventures he has passed through, and a hand-tailored garment hang better the longer you wear it.

You can wear a Franklin Simon Hand-tailored garment till it is thread-bare, but the integral grace and beauty of its lines, growing closer into the intimacies of the figure, will endure till the nap is off the fabric and the shine is on the wool.

The wool will eventually wear out, but the workmanship won't!

Hand-Tailored at the price of those that are not.

\$25 to \$60

Franklin Simon & Co

Clothing Furnishings Shoes

Men's Clothing Shop—8 West 34th Street

He has studied his problem.

He puts art into the part he plays, even though it may be his natural part. He goes through his lines with a finish, a flair, a gusto, that is as marked in its way as the work of Douglas Fairbanks on the screen. Fairbanks is always himself—to the limit. His clothes, the way he slicks his hair, his smile—its all Fairbanks. Fletcher produces on you something of that same effect; and whether it pleases your taste or not, there it is. When a man with that makeup wants to sell you something, you buy—and you pay.

Fletcher cracks a whip with every least thing he does or says. He does it in his actions, his talks, his advertisements. In my judgment that is the key to him. And what it opens up for any man who can turn it in the lock is \$150,000 order of income.

I don't think he has any delusions about himself. My first impression was that he was egotistical. Later I found that his interest lay less in himself than in the thing he is doing. No man can work so hard as he does, and subject himself to the discipline of such a daily

grind, and have any very great regard either for himself or his own comfort. I don't think interest in one's objective can fairly be called egotism.

"I want to write you up," I told him.

"All right," he said. "But for the love of Mike don't set me up and throw a lot of posies at me. It's cheap. Someone called here a while ago to write me up, and produced a regular necklace of devout thoughts on the fact that I've managed to plough a deep furrow in the advertising field. It made me tired. I don't mean that I object to having the facts told. I am not a hypocrite; I admit I've done an unusual thing; and that I'm tickled to death to have been able to do it. If other people want to know about it, all right. Barkis is willin'—to bark. But no 'soft sweetnin'! . . . What do you want to know?"

"The usual things: How you did it; why you did it; how long it took. Do you think any one else might duplicate the performance? In short, explain yourself."

"The explanation is—*selling*," he answered.

"And writing?" I suggested.

"Yes—but it comes to the same thing. When you sell, either you *talk* it, or you *write* it, or you do both. Talking, writing, selling—whatever you choose to call it, it is an art, a conscious and deliberate art. In every case it amounts to putting your idea over with the greatest directness, the flattest trajectory, the utmost economy of means. That is art. Some persons might call it a mere vulgar pursuit of the dollar; I call it art. So far as the dollar is concerned, I don't care a whoop about it except for what I can do with it. If you have enough dollars you can do things that you could not do without them. Therefore I want enough of them. That is why I am grinding away from six to eight hours a night right through the year."

"And when you get enough dollars?"

"I'll write. I want to do some plays and things. . . . You see, it is merely that I have my own notion about how a man should put himself in a position to write. The tradition is that when you want to write a play or a satire, or a novel, or a poem, you should make tracks for a garret, preferably in Greenwich Village, wear your hair long if you are a man, or short if you are a woman, and live there on dry crusts and cold water. That is not my idea of it. I want to have enough so that I can live as I like. My muse is sure to ask me if I can give her the comforts to which she has been accustomed. . . . Yes, the garret has its uses. I believe that works of genius have to be produced, as a rule, under adversity; but I am not planning anything so pretentious. I am primarily a salesman; I write with the purpose of selling what I write."

"The trouble with most men," I suggested, "is that when they have enough in the bank they lose their drive. They stop producing. They quit."

He smiled. "I shan't do that. This grind I am now going through is teaching me, I can assure you, about all there is to work. Lord how I hate it sometimes!"

"But what's the secret of sticking to the grind?" I asked.

"The same old secret that it has always been," he answered. "Partly it consists in having in mind an object you want to attain, and in keeping your attention on it. Partly it consists in habit. Partly it is having the courage to begin, whether you have an idea in your head or not. When I sit down to my desk it is with the definite intention of not stopping till I am through. That is one reason I find it necessary to work at night. In the day you get interrupted and have to break your rule. Not stopping till I am through is almost a part of my religion. It is one of the best possible insurances against producing a performance that falls short of your intention. If I am through my work by four A. M. I have some tea. As I am of English birth, four o'clock tea is one of my habits. If I am not through, I don't get any tea. I keep right

on. I keep on if it carries me through the whole of the next day. The point is that the thing must and can and shall be done; and that I must take no excuses from myself on that point. A number of times I have found it necessary to work the round of the clock; but I have always turned in the copy.

"I produce very slowly. The reason I can turn out a large quantity of copy is that I put in such long hours. Naturally I have learned facility in all the years I have been at this work; but I still find that the processes of cerebration take just about so long; and that my part is simply to hang on and keep the pick going steadily till I uncover the nugget I'm looking for. I have faith in that method because I have never yet known it to fail in my case. Another man might have to do the thing differently."

"How did you get started on this thing?"

He laughed. "Well, that is a curious tale. It involves the same remarkable combinations of chance that go into most men's lives. It all hangs on the fact that I picked up one day, in England, a fragment of a New York newspaper.

"I was born and brought up in England. I am from Yorkshire. Most of my education I've collected for myself. My first notion of being a man of destiny was to get on the stage. As a youngster I conducted amateur theatricals; and specialized in scenes from Shakespeare. I learned Shakespeare by the page—which isn't a bad way to become educated; and I became an excellent reader as well, with a skill in enunciation, expression, and the right use of voice and gesture that stands me in good stead now. A man would have to be a good deal of a dunce if he didn't get something vital out of such a training as that.

"But I didn't fly toward the stars very fast on those wings; and presently I found myself occupying a clerical position in Birmingham on the equivalent of about seven dollars a week—very discontented, and eager for something better.

"One day as I was going into Birmingham I picked up on the car track a bit of paper. I don't know why I did it. It was just a whim I guess. It was from the 'Want' section of a New York newspaper; and it contained among other things an advertisement offering a job to the right person at \$18 a week. That looked to me like riches. I made up my mind I would go after that job, and in five days I was on the Atlantic, bound for New York.

"When I arrived I was pained and surprised to find that that job was not waiting for me. It had long since been filled. I took the cheapest room I could find, lived on next to nothing, and began a search for work. The first job I landed I lost almost at once because I tried to hold off on taking it in order to see if another that I had in mind wouldn't pay a little better. I lost both of them. But it wasn't long before I found another. In fact, it would have been hard for me to miss it; for I adopted the method of taking the want ad. columns and going right through the whole business, one job after another, and leaving no stone unturned. My notion was that if you put out enough lines you just have to catch something.

"I found something at ten dollars a week. Within a month I had dropped that for one that paid twelve. A few weeks of that and I was onto something that paid fifteen. And from that it was just a step to the eighteen-dollar income that I had dreamed of as wealth when I left England.

"The eighteen-dollar job contented me for a while. But one day I saw an advertisement which said that the president of a certain important company wanted a private secretary. He must be an expert shorthand man, a university graduate, and a lot more. So I went around and bluffed it through. (Continued on page 85)

Can Marriage Build Brain Power?

By the Happiest Married Man in the World

(Censored by His Wife)

Illustrations by F. A. Hamilton

I CONSIDER myself the happiest married man in the world. I am no boaster about anything else, but to the hills and the sea I brag about my wife. And because, from a spineless idiot I have become a man, thanks to her; because from an unschooled yokel I have evolved into an educated man, earning what was a respectable salary for a bank president back home, and my thirtieth birthday still well ahead of me; because marriage was the gasoline that set my brain motor buzzing, I am going to set down on paper my experiences as a happy husband, and try to point out the philosophy, or more properly, the common sense they have taught me.

I set out to do this with certain definite convictions which are not the results of theory, but of actual experience. I believe that marriage is the only condition in which the normal man can attain anything that approximates either efficiency or happiness. I believe it is the normal human relationship and that those outside the golden wedding ring are either sub or super normal. I believe that marriage is a factor that is to be reckoned with physically, mentally and spiritually—that it can develop or destroy the body; that it can nourish or blight the intellect; that it can save or ruin the soul.

It is the biggest problem of youth, yet one upon which all our educational systems are silent. Marriage remains an abstruse mystery until the pilgrim finds out its inner implications for himself. Of course, there is a large part of humanity which couldn't be taught anything about it from sheer incapacity to understand. To them the state of matrimony must remain an animal pastime, penalized with bawling infants. To them I am not addressing myself; I am talking to thinking individuals, and I am ready to show that marriage charged my brain cells with power, gave me a new body and aroused my sleeping spirit.

Above all things I want to emphasize the spiritual

relationship. Without that, nothing else can mean anything at all. There must be a mating of souls. The trouble with the world to-day is that it marries as often as sparrows, but it seldom mates. Between the truly mated man and woman there exists a silver cord of spiritual attachment which neither time, nor space, nor even death, I believe, can annihilate. All the unfaithfulness, all the divorces, all the blot and sin and shame comes from lack of it.

I say this, prefatory to talking about mental power exclusively, because the subject is broader than a mere demonstration that marriage can make a man think success, instead of failure; can sharpen his intellect and drive him to achieve results of which he never dreamed himself capable.

Marriage is a fundamental requisite for human happiness and as such should be studied carefully; it should be considered with as much conscience as to-day our engineers consider steam heating and bridge building. If half the attention were devoted to the subject as went into the construction of the Woolworth Building, the divorce statistics might have dropped off in a surprising percentage. As a race we cannot be happy without marriage. No cenobite, pondering in his cave; no eremite, walking in the solitudes of dunes and moorlands; no dervish whirling in the streets of Bagdad; no santon, worshipping God amid the golden silence of the desert; no celibate priest at his mass or eucharist will ever touch

heaven so nearly, so warmly, in such divine intimacy as may some bourgeoisie hardware clerk, at evensong, with his wife and babies at the fireside.

All right! What I have said has no actual relationship to the question this article propounds—Can Marriage Build Brain Power? But let it stand. Marriage does build brain power and I can prove it.

Mine is the story of a very ordinary man, from the flush of his very early boyhood, spent in the environment

FOR months the writer of this article read novels in a law office. His salary was three dollars a week and he was fairly contented with that amount. Sometimes he thought of getting a better job but always connected with the thought was the fear that he couldn't read any more novels.

His brain was as stone cold as a dead motor, so far as developing power was concerned, until falling in love provided the incentive which drove him out to look for a better job. Since that time he has been constantly growing mentally.

"I believe," he says, "that marriage is the only condition in which the normal man can attain anything that approximates either efficiency or happiness. I believe that marriage is a factor that is to be reckoned with physically, mentally and spiritually—that it can develop or destroy the body, that it can nourish or blight the intellect, that it can save or ruin the soul."

It might be expected that the point of the story is that he is now making twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars a year, but that is neither the point nor the truth. The important thing is that he is representative of the average man and the average man's ability to develop through marriage his power of accomplishment.



They called me "Old Monday, Wednesday and Friday." Eventually, on a Friday, I came in when there was a fresh vacancy and my persistency got me the job

of a very ordinary home. My father was a street car motorman and a gentleman. With but two years of schooling to his credit, he fought life's battle and rose until he was general superintendent of a street car system. In his long scrap with life he realized the hampering effect of his bookish ignorance—no man knew the human heart better than he—and he tried to send me through school. Illness overtook him however; there was a long struggle in our home and I had to quit my class-room before I had finished the seventh grade.

I did all sorts of things. I carried water for a sweating gang of Italian laborers; I office-boyed in a painless dentist's suite until the yells of the patients got too much on my nerves; and at last I landed a real job in a law office. I was then sixteen years old; my father ardently desired me to study law, and I intended to do it. My salary was three dollars a week.

The fact I want to emphasize here is that with all the opportunity in the world I did not study law. I was too lazy; too indolent; too lacking in ambition. There was plenty of leisure; I think I picked out the poorest lawyers in town to work for. They each gave me a dollar and a half on Saturday mornings, and my salary was complete. For weeks on end I had nothing whatever to do. I could have started myself on a legal career right there, but I wouldn't. I read stories instead; novels by the hundreds I gulped, slouching in the arm-chair with the faded cushions that disgraced the front part of the office, and groaning whenever I had to get up to answer a solitary phone call—occasions of extreme rarity at that. In a rather bovine way, as I recall it, I tried to think of getting a better job, but always connected with the thought was the fear that I couldn't read novels any more. So I didn't think too hard about it.

This *dolce far niente* period of my career endured for many months and was interrupted only by the events that followed a chance invitation of a former schoolmate to call at his home. Though I did not realize it at the

time, that little incident was destined to shape my entire career. Very vividly I recall the night I set out to call on that old friend. A girl was with me, walking to the carline, and she wanted me to go to a dance with her. I stood on the street corner, debating whether to go thither or thence. If I had gone with her, I might still be reading novels in that law office.

Some one remarked that a woman loves most in a man the qualities his mother detests. I have frequently looked back on that night and wondered what it was in me that attracted the girl who was to become my life partner. I simply can't understand to this day how she ever looked at me at all—a supercilious, hair-plastered, gangling kid not quite seventeen. The only explanation I ever thought reasonable was that she believed I was a magician. And the way of that was this.

In those days I was an amateur sleight-of-hand performer and my real ambition was to succeed Kellar and Thurston. When I called on my friend, we talked for a while, when I suddenly heard the slapper of moving feet in the corridor outside. I asked what the noise was. He said it was his sister, emerging from the bath. He was a dull sort, anyhow, and I pleaded with him to drag the sister into the party. He interviewed sister, and she sent back word that if I would show her some card tricks—her brother had probably lied about my skill—she would dress up and join us.

I did a card trick that she still talks about and got an invitation to call again. That's how that started. At the beginning, naturally, my parents did not take the matter at all seriously, supposing it was another adolescent amourette of which I had had many since I teethed and weaned. They did not know that the three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos were already knitting me a pair of wedding pajamas. But I knew it. I knew it, because I had fallen in love at first sight with the young lady of the bath tub. You can say what you like about my being sixteen years old and not having a proper

perspective for selection. I selected right, and I selected right away. I knew that young lady was going to be mine.

In February, with stumbling, halting tongue I proposed. I was just turned seventeen then, and I was still making three dollars a week. The young lady did not know my age or my salary. I looked five years older and when I came to call on her I looked like the Corn Exchange Bank on pay day.

I was accepted all right and hurried home to inform the folks, expecting a stormy scene. Instead, I was received with patronizing smiles, a sort of "he'll get over it" attitude. One old aunt of mine told me gravely that I didn't know how to wipe my nose straight yet. My father patiently inquired about the young lady, and I gave him a glowing account of how she had been educated in the best convent schools and how her father had a family connection with ready money. My father then asked me if I thought I could support her in the style to which she had been accustomed on my three dollars a week, and, vastly tickled, went to bed.

But in the heart of the seventeen-year old boy that went to bed that night there was billowing the true kind of love. I knew it then, as I know it to-day. Before the untaught spring, wise in cowslips and anemones, had come around, I had saved enough money to plank down the first five dollar instalment on a twenty-five dollar diamond ring. And then, unknown to myself, the change began to work in me.

At first I hadn't really changed my outlook on life very much; I had merely changed my diet of reading from detective stories to slushy romance. My fiancée, however, was a most practical little girl who didn't believe in long engagements. She used to talk to me about law and she found out, what I myself had never discovered, that I detested the entire system of jurisprudence. Under her advice, I began to think about my future, and to look for another job.

That, in itself, was a revelation to me, and was my first real acquaintance with the homely virtue of persistence. I decided to be a newspaper man, and to that end got a letter to William B. Kines, city editor of the Baltimore American. He read it, said he would put my name on file, and bade me good-day. That was on Monday. On Wednesday I went to see him again. He had forgotten me, and we went through the same preliminaries as before, minus the letter. Again he bade me good-day with a promise. On Friday I went back and repeated the performance, the curtain falling on the city editor wishing me good-day. I went away convinced that at least he wanted my days to be good. On the following Monday I went back, and I went again on the succeeding Wednesday and Friday, and I kept on doing that for several months. It never failed that I had to introduce myself all over again and state my business, a proceeding which convinced me that either I couldn't make a dent on that fellow's memory, or else that he hadn't any memory to make a dent on. Not until years later did I learn that he was having fun at my expense; that before the month was out he and his assistants had begun to expect me on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. and that they had dubbed me "old Monday, Wednesday and Friday." In that period they had hired and fired many a man; the editor simply thought I wouldn't do, by the looks of me. But eventually, on a Friday, I came in when there was a fresh vacancy, and my persistence got me the job. The editor said he would give me a chance.

That was a great day in my life. I was to get ten dollars a week, and I hastened jubilantly to my little girl's apartment to tell her about it.

From this point forward I could tell you wonderful things about our courtship, but there isn't time or space in eternity to encompass that wonderful year.

I had changed my work and got tremendously interested in it, though I didn't get much money. A year rolled around, and one year and a day from the night we were engaged we eloped and were married. In the meantime my salary had been raised one dollar; I was making just eleven dollars a week.

That was what my brains were paying me when I was married. Now eleven dollars a week was never much money, and it may seem strange that my little girl was willing to marry me on such a sum. We had to elope because neither her parents nor mine would have permitted it, and we were both under age. What I want to emphasize with all force was that my little girl permitted it, and she was the only one that counted. We had talked it over for months before we did it. She declared that I needed responsibility; that I would never do anything very much until I had to. So, on our eleven dollars we were married.

I brought my bride home and got the parental forgiveness business over and the first week I was married I opened a bank account, depositing ten dollars in our joint names. It was the first cash I ever had had in a bank in my life.

Saving ten dollars out of eleven may sound preposterous, and it is. The point is that I earned more than eleven dollars the week I was married. I earned twenty-five dollars. I had a wife, and I had to get the money. I scratched my head, which did no good at all, and then I talked with my wife, which did a lot of good, and we found some outside work that I could do and I more than doubled my income as a result.

That's how it started. We stayed at our house for only two weeks and then went to a boarding house where we could be independent. We have never lived with relatives since. We have never accepted money from any of our relatives. We have fought it out alone.

It was hard, rough sledding. I lived in a town which is grudging in its opportunities to the young men of no family connections who want to get along—dear dull old Baltimore, where they squeeze the nickels so hard that the alloy runs down the wrist. I worked at night and my wife had lonely evenings. But we took constant counsel together, trying to see how to better our situation.

In six months I was a changed man. From an indifferent youngster, unfired with any reasonable ambitions whatever, I was determined to make a place in the world for my wife and myself. I made up my mind that she should wear clothes just as svelte as the flapper that sat across from us at the boarding house table. I was determined that she should go to the matinees as often as the others; treat her friends to sodas and have a real summer vacation. Tawdry little ideas, perhaps, but they represented luxuries beyond our purse. I had to get the money for them. Below my collar I wasn't worth five dollars a week; I had to do it all with my brains, and until now my brains had been atrophying, or more probably ossifying, from sheer inanition.

We held long counsels on ways and means. We discussed what I liked to do, for my wife argued that what I liked to do I would do to the best advantage. We sought outside opportunities, and while here my wife stood back and let me do the thinking, she made me think. I thought hard. I racked my brains for one suggestion after another, and I found them. I found plenty of them. They were there, waiting to be found.

At the end of our first year, we were in an apartment, prettily furnished with furniture I paid for. We had a baby girl, who looked just like her mother, and an old colored mammy to do our cooking. A second year passed and we had a little brother to play with the little girl, and we had a white nurse and a colored maid to mind them. We also had a prettier apartment. The third year we owned our own home. The fourth year

we had a bigger home—fourteen rooms and a yard as big as a church lawn. I didn't do it all on my salary. I did a lot of outside writing, particularly for a Middle-West publishing house that put out a string of children's papers.

But still my wife was unsatisfied. I was not realizing my own possibilities, she insisted. She had searched and found my most fatal characteristic—an inborn tendency to do something and then rest; to lag, to sag, to hold back, to stop. She said I had gone as far as I could go in Baltimore; we ought to get out; we ought to find a larger arena. She said we ought to go to New York.

Actually there were three jobs available, which I might secure, when I finally went to New York on a scouting expedition. All were more important than the job I then held. I was afraid I could not impress New Yorkers and did not believe I would get any of the three jobs. To my surprise I was offered all three and was able to pick the best.

When I got home I was astounded to find that my wife had started to pack the dishes. I had been doubtful—but that was how firmly she believed in me. We came to New York, and I have been going ahead for the three years I have been here, but she is still not satisfied. I am certain, if they elected me to succeed President Harding, she would not be satisfied. She would urge me to run for the presidency of the forthcoming association of free peoples.

Now all this growing came from brain power. My physical strength improved from marriage; I weighed less than a hundred when I promised all those things before the minister and to-day I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, but my bodily strength would never make me a riveter. I had to depend on my brains and I was naturally too slothful to have exercised them very much, if it had not been for marriage. The process was two-fold.

First, the increased, responsibility of a wife and then children, coupled with a strong sense of native personal pride, goaded me to efforts I would otherwise have been too lazy to exert.

Second, the steady counsel and the watchful faith of a wonderful woman were a constant summons to renewed enterprise.

The first is sufficiently obvious. The second needs explanation. I want to say that I would not dare to fail in life's race, for I wouldn't have the heart to disappoint my wife. She believes in me so implicitly; she

has such high hopes of me that I would be ashamed to confront my own soul in eternity if I betrayed her trust. No man could be a man and do that. I am forced to get the last ounce of brain power out of my cells to avoid disillusioning my wife. So it must be perfectly plain that marriage and marriage alone built the brain power that earns me salt and sugar.

If there were anything needed to strengthen that fact, I have only to recall the sacrifices she has made in support of that trust in me, to give me added zeal. Can

I ever forget that when she found out I could write stories she went downtown and sold her best diamond ring to a swindler to buy me a second-hand typewriter. How proud she was at my surprise! There she banked on what I could do; banked on it with the cold cash of her own sacrifice. I couldn't fail her then. I had to show her what I could do with that funny old double-barrelled Smith Premier boat that her diamond ring paid for. And I did it, thank God. I sold a story to *The Black Cat* the first week; I earned two hundred dollars out of that old cart wheel in less than two months and I began my literary career on its wheezy keys. As usual, my wife was right. Nor can I forget the words of comfort and cheer she spoke to me when later efforts came swooping back to me, rejected by all the editors in captivity. She never faltered once. She never let me pity myself too much. She asked me if I thought myself licked and I couldn't say yes, and that was all there was to it.

When one considers the fact that I never finished the elementary schooling; that I came of a family unlettered and unambitious; that there has never, to my knowledge, been a professional man in the line for two hundred years; that all my energies were needed to scrape together the bare wherewithal of existence, the wonder of our achievement to me shines brightly. I do not wish to appear egotistic. I am not. I have not gone one quarter of the way I shall go and humility is in me as I say it. But I submit it is a wonderful tribute to the power of the marriage contract that under its regenerative influence a sow's ear like myself can be fashioned into a purse, even if it isn't silk. Nothing else but marriage did it—mating! It stirred up my

brains and sizzled them on the hot pan of vicissitude and pride. I would be ashamed to have my wife wearing last year's hat, for her relatives and mine to talk about. I had to get the money. And because I didn't have brawn, I had to employ brains.

Now I insist that I am the happiest married man in the world. I know it because I have never seen or heard of any other living man who was as content with his wife as I am. True, I have (Continued on page 88)



Marriage stirred up my brains and sizzled them on the hot pan of vicissitude and pride

Bliss, Incorporated

By Francis James

Illustrated by Harold Denison

CLEO BASCOMBE, the pretty bookkeeper, came up and paused at Pritchard's elbow. It was the slack hour when half the bank's force had gone to early luncheon and those waiting for their return found little to do. The long bony figure of the assistant teller lolled back in his swivel chair, feet cocked to the desk before him. He was absorbed in the big volume across his knees.

In no place but an easy-going small town bank like the Farmers National, possibly, would you have discovered an official in this pose in business hours. But Pritchard, as had often been observed by his superiors, had a way of doing things that no one else would think of, and of getting away with them. He would probably have duplicated the stunt in the Corn Exchange if he had been there and felt like it.

Cleo sniffed contemptuously.

"Huh!" she said, "I don't believe it!"

The sandy-haired young fellow twisted round in his chair and looked up at her inquiringly.

"You don't believe what?" he said.

Cleo thrust a chiffon arm over his shoulder and indicated her disparagement of a certain paragraph. Her method of doing this was to rub a very pink finger-tip criss-cross over the type.

ALL is fair in love and corporation law. A country bank clerk, with a city banker's aptitude for juggling corporations, interferes in the unscrupulous dealings of a predatory old restaurant keeper. An old feud, growing out of the bitterness of disappointed love, is stimulated to fresh activity and interrupts the progress of a new romance.

"What it says about—"
"Oh!" Pritchard laughed.
"That's easy. You mean about individual non-responsibility in corporate obligations?"

The girl eyed him witheringly.

"How can a lot of men be the same as one man, and then one man turn around and make himself a whole crowd? There's no sense to that."

"Incorporated?" asked Pritchard.

"Sure. I guess so. What it says there. What's it all about anyway? I think it's crazy." The girl scrambled up on to the desk and smoothed her skirt over her knees. "Whad'ya read that stuff for, anyhow?"

Pritchard laughed again and clasped his hands back of his head.

"In other words, Cleo, when is Smith not Smith?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

"A corporation," began Pritchard gravely, "is an artificial creature established by law for the purpose of protecting a few honest men and shielding a lot of dishonest ones from their just deserts. It——"

The bookkeeper shook out her skirt and slid down to the floor.

"If you can't give me an answer I can understand, I'm goin' to beat it," she declared tartly. "I just asked you a simple question——"

Pritchard put out his hand.

"Wait. I'll try to make it plain," he said. "Suppose



"Can Smith incorporated smoke a cigarette or kiss his wife?"

three men want to go into business together. In the old days they formed a partnership. Now if two of them proved crooks and made off with the treasury, the third had to stand the whole gaff, even if it took his cellar floor from under him. Same with honest debts: each partner was liable, up to everything he had, for the obligations of the firm.

"But nowadays, those three men form a corporation. Each puts in what he wants, and no matter what happens, he can't be called on for any more. That is, his private property is altogether separate from the property of the corporation. But the corporation can own property, and pay wages, and carry on business, and has a name just like a person, so in the eyes of the law, it is a person, though it hasn't any—"

"That is, these three guys get together and make a deal, and that's a corporation, and it is a person, but it can't walk or breathe, and none of the guys are it?"

"Exactly," nodded Pritchard, gravely.

Cleo Bascome sniffed.

"Well, go ahead. How about the rest of it? Suppose one guy goes and incorporates himself, like it says there. Does he stop living, or is he two?"

"Both."

"Say—"

"Like this: John Smith starts the grocery business with a thousand dollars, and incorporates it. Then he is John Smith, Inc. As far as his business goes, that is, but not otherwise. He'd have two bank accounts, one John Smith, the other John Smith, Inc. If the grocery store fails for ten thousand, that's Smith, Inc., and all the creditors can grab the thousand he put in plus whatever goods are on the shelves. Smith himself may have a million in the bank and they can't touch it. See?"

Cleo Bascome nodded disdainfully.

"Sure. I get you, but I think it's foolishness just the same. What's the sense in it anyhow? If I meet Smith on the street is it him or his incorporated? Can Smith incorporated smoke a cigarette or kiss his wife? I sh'd think he'd have to shake hands with himself mornings to keep track—"

Pritchard wagged his head solemnly.

"It's the law, Cleo, and the law is a great and wonderful—"

Cleo had disappeared. Someone had entered the bank and she went out to Pritchard's window. The only other man out front was Charlie Coombs, the bookkeeper, substituting in the paying teller's cage.

Cleo paused and peered doubtfully through the bars at the little group of men beyond the wicket.

"Well, Mr. Scott and Mr. Preble are out to lunch," she informed them in answer to the inquiry of the foremost, "and there's no one you could see but Mr. Pritchard. Will I call him?"

"Any one'll be good enough t' take service of this, I guess," chuckled the man, shaking out a legal looking paper. He was tall and stoop shouldered, with glossy red hair of a peculiar tint, a creased mouth and flabby cheeks deeply grooved with lines. "'Twon't take a minute—"

The bookkeeper turned away and disappeared behind the filing cabinets, her French heels making crisp clup-cluppings on the tiled floor. Otherwise it was very still within the bank. None of the three waiting men spoke to one another.

In a moment the tall figure of Pritchard appeared at the window, and nodded with some surprise to the third member of the group.

"Hello, sheriff. Don't often have the pleasure of a call these days. What can I do for you?"

Sheriff Fairfax, a short, thickset man with a pleasant face and bright brown eyes, cleared his throat.

"It's not exactly a pleasure, Mr. Pritchard, I can tell

you," he replied in a forced tone. "I've got some papers here, in behalf of Mr. Jopp on Mr. Dale, that duty requires me to serve." He passed them through the bars. "You can see for yourself what they call for, without my—"

"Dishonor of promissory note," interrupted the red-haired man in a high, thin voice. "Three thousand an' two hundred dollars, due yesterday, not paid by close of business and gone to protest accordin' to law. I hereby attach all property of the maker, both real an' personal—"

Pritchard laid down the papers. More than ever, as he stood there thoughtfully, was he a peculiar looking youth. His figure was grotesquely angular, his neck long and bony as a chicken's, his hair and eyebrows sandy yellow. Meeting him on the street, in his worn baggy clothes and serious expression, you would have ticketed him a farmer's gawk.

Yet there was something in the direct gleam of his gray eyes that Fairview business men were beginning to respect. With the possible exception perhaps of Jopp, who respected nothing.

"A check to your order in payment of that note was certified here yesterday, Mr. Jopp," he replied slowly. "Didn't you receive it?"

"Receive it?" snapped the thin man testily. "Who d'ye think you're talking to, young feller? I know my business, don't I? I ain't here to answer questions. I'm here to tie up this man's money, every cent of it. I demand you accept service of them papers. There's the affidavit and the protested note."

Pritchard took up the papers, read them again, whistled softly, drummed his fingers on the desk, and beckoned to the small man with a white face who was hovering nervously behind the other two.

"What's your side of this, Mr. Dale?" he asked. "I remember seeing your check for three thousand. I certified it—"

"I sent it," interrupted the druggist eagerly, "day before yesterday so as to be sure. I'm sure he got it. I mailed it in the morning. I don't see how it could have missed him—"

"H'm," murmured Pritchard. He picked up the dishonored note and scanned it carefully. Then, still holding it in his hand, he called to the bookkeeper.

Miss Bascome, please bring me the list of certifications—yesterday's and the day before." He turned to the sheriff. "We keep record of all those things, so in a case like this—"

The book, a ponderous volume, came, and he riffled the pages rapidly. In a moment he found an entry and compared it with the note. He beckoned to the druggist.

"I have the record of your check, Mr. Dale," he said. "To confirm our entry, I want you to try to remember just how you made it out—just how you wrote Mr. Jopp's name, I mean—"

Jopp shouldered up.

"What's that got to do with it," he demanded, "how he says he spelled my name? I claim I ain't got my pay. It's up to him to show 't I have."

"If Mr. Dale sent you a check, and you received it and failed to use it so as to have an excuse to bring this action, you know what the courts would do to you, don't you?" said Pritchard sternly. He whispered a few words to the druggist, who nodded eagerly: "Now as a matter of fact, you *did* receive a check from Mr. Dale, didn't you?"

Jopp shot him a suspicious glance.

"Look here, who you think you're talkin' to?" he demanded again. "What if I did get a check; it ain't no good for that." He gestured at the note.

"Why not?"

Jopp pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and pushed it through the grille.



"I'll swear out a warrant for ye!" he wheezed. "Assault an' battery. I'll see ye in jail!"

"Look at 'em," he snapped. "Dale here agreed to pay the money to one man and wrote the check out to another."

Pritchard read, nodded and looked up.

"Thought so. That is, because the note reads Luther W. Jopp, Incorporated, and the check plain Luther W. Jopp, you claim you haven't got your money, do you?"

The red-haired man chuckled, making the loose skin fall into pouchy folds about his mouth.

"If you're half as brainy as you claim, young feller," he derided shrilly, "you oughta know that before the law a corp'ration is a person havin' rights an' li'bilities entirely sep'rate from its individual members. Payin' a debt to me don't pay it to my corp'ration. I'm tyin' Dale here up. I tied up his store, an' I nailed down his house, an' now I got his money. He ain't incorporated. Grab them papers, young feller, and enter 'em up quick. After that you better git your boss here t' learn ye a few little things so's ye c'n understand ord'nary business conversation when ye hear it. I told Preble t'other day it was a mystery to me why he kep' on foolin' with that corn-colored scarecrow—"

Pritchard took the papers and turned away. He disappeared behind the filing cabinets, and the cashier and president came in from luncheon and glanced curiously at the silent little group in the window. The news had already spread around town that there were yellow stickers on the old druggist's windows and one on each of the trees in the yard of his pretty house on Elm Street.

Pritchard was away some time, and when he came back he was wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. The bank's telephone booths were insulated against fresh air as well as noise. Pritchard slapped the papers down on the desk and smiled peculiarly at Jopp.

"Mr. Jopp," he began abruptly, "you're incorporated in this state, are you not?" The tall man scowled and did not reply, and the clerk went on. "Don't bother to say

yes, because I know. I just telephoned to the secretary of state's office at the capital. Your charter is on file there. As you know, it contains according to law, a list of the different kinds of business that Luther W. Jopp, Incorporated, can legally do. The secretary's clerk read it to me. I heard about furniture, both wholesale and retail, and some other things, but"—he bent closer to the wicket and his eyes narrowed—"but not a word as to the business of lending money. Yet that is what you, as a corporation, did, Mr. Jopp, by your own statement. You loaned cash to George Dale and received a promissory note. Now that is absolutely illegal and *ultra vires*; that is, beyond your powers. The penalty for this, as you know, is forfeiture of charter, with or without fine—"

Jopp's rasping voice broke in furiously.

"You fool!" he yelled. "You meddlin' saphead! What call 've you got t' telephone t' the secretary of state and be a readin' my charter? Exceeded my powers, hev I? Well, I'll show you how you've exceeded yourn. I'll—"

"Moreover," broke in Pritchard icily, "inasmuch as this note was drawn contrary to law, it is null and void."

"You mean—"

"I mean Mr. Dale owes you technically no money whatsoever. There is no one he can pay any to. You deny that you personally lent him any, and you as a corporation could not legally do so. Therefore, no one did and the whole transaction—"

Purple faced, Jopp beat his clenched fist against the wicket bars.

"I'll look this up," he screamed. "I'll hev the best lawyer in the state an' I'll learn ye, too, ye meddlin' squirt—"

Pritchard smiled.

"See Mr. Preble any time you wish," he said. "Personally, I should advise you to accept Mr. Dale's check

here, and keep very quiet, because—this is for Mr. Dale—inasmuch as Mr. Jopp's actions have all been illegal and obviously malicious, you can sue him for damages on a dozen or two counts, with every chance of recovery, and I advise that you do it. Get a good lawyer, and—"

Dale and Sheriff Fairbanks had already stepped outside the door of the bank and Jopp, with an exclamation, had whirled his back on Pritchard midway of the latter's sentence, when there was an interruption. The screen door to the street again opened and a young girl crossed the threshold. At sight of Jopp she paused uncertainly, with her fingers behind her, still holding the door partly open. Then, seeing Pritchard, she let it close and started forward.

Her trim, slender figure was clothed in a simple white frock. Her hair was gold-bronze, her skin wonderfully white—the uncosmeticed, pearly white of outdoors, exercise and radiant health. Her eyes, sooty yellow-gray, had flamed suddenly into glowing pools of fire at the unexpected apparition of the old man; her eager smile froze and her chin lifted.

To Pritchard, sunshine and the scent of flowers had suddenly illumined the little sombre room.

Jopp was directly in the girl's way as she advanced, but instead of moving to one side, he stood still, staring, so that in order to avoid him she had to make a detour of a complete half circle.

A mincing grin stole over his face as he observed her act.

"Hello, Mary Bliss," he cackled. "How's your pa and ma to-day?"

"Good morning, Mr. Jopp," said Mary Bliss distinctly. She did not reply to his other question, and color was flushing her cheeks painfully as she went up to Pritchard.

Pritchard unlatched the grilled door and came outside the partition to meet her. She gave him both hands and looked up gratefully at his quick understanding smile. But she said nothing until she saw over her shoulder that Jopp had reluctantly taken himself off.

She looked up with a doubtful little laugh.

"Was I horrid, Nollman? I suppose I shouldn't have done that, but he—he just gives me the creeps!"

"I was glad you did," laughed Pritchard. "You needn't worry about his feelings, either. He hasn't any to hurt. It will only make him mad. He knows what folks think of him. Why, he tried the slickest game just now—"

A shadow crossed Mary Bliss's face.

"Angry? Oh, then I oughtn't—"

"Why?" laughed Pritchard. "What can Jopp do to you?"

"Not to me, but—"

Pritchard sobered.

"Oh! You mean he would take it out on your—he might make it unpleasant for—"

Mary Bliss nodded. "I ought to have been careful. Looking down she realized that Pritchard still held her fingers and withdrew them with a quick little flush of consciousness. Pritchard gravely recaptured one and folded it between both of his. "I—sometimes I think I

fairly hate him, he's so mean!" went on the girl, glancing over her shoulder. "Father—"

Pritchard nodded thoughtfully. "I know, I know, Mary," he murmured comfortingly. "The only thing that makes that man happy is to see somebody else miserable, I guess. But I don't believe this will amount to anything, because he's got other things to think about just now." Pritchard chuckled. "If he's going after anybody it will prob'ly be me. So don't worry." He looked at her admiringly. That's a mighty pretty dress, Mary. Come in to show it to me?"

Mary Bliss threw him a look.

"The idea! Of course I didn't! It's just an old thing, anyway. Mother sent me. To-day's your birthday, isn't it?"

Pritchard grinned. "Believe it is, come to think of it. Why?"

"Mother wants you to come to supper. So do I. Come early and stay in the evening. I'm going to make a cake, and there'll be biscuits and jam—"

There was no one in the bank. Back among the files, Cleo Bascome, sitting on the edge of a table, her chic patent leather slippers tapping a querulous little tune against the post, was struggling, with indifferent success, against the temptation to look and perchance listen.

Judge Bolton entered the bank and paused, wheezing asthmatically. The tableau broke up, and Cleo had lost an opportunity.

Pritchard's smile faded, but the tender look in his eyes still lingered as Mary Bliss disappeared.

Cleo Bascome was standing near his desk when he went in. "Nollman—"

Pritchard stopped. "What?"

"About Jopp," began Cleo awkwardly. She had wanted an excuse to talk to (Continued on page 66)



She obeyed willingly, yielding to his touch without hesitation as though she were doing exactly what she had been waiting to do all her life

The Rag-Bag Mind

Mr. Edison's Hunt for Embryo Edisons

By Wainwright Evans

THE tumult and the shouting occasioned by Mr. Edison's justly famous, generally execrated, and universally bedeviled Questionnaire For Showing Up the Ignorance of the Educated and the Incompetence of the Educators is gradually dying out, with other lingering echoes of yesterday. The Educators still froth at the mouth when Mr. Edison is mentioned, but they froth less abundantly. Editors are no longer making the Wizard of Orange a target for half-column broadsides. Prominent citizens, self-made and college-made, have ceased to inquire how Mr. Edison's friend, Henry Ford, would survive such a test if he were seeking a job at the foot of the Edisonian ladder. Disappointed XYZ candidates are no longer granting interviews in which they challenge Mr. Edison to answer a list of questions which *they* could prepare for *him* off-hand.

In short, we seem to have settled Mr. Edison—to our own satisfaction at least. The verdict of Public Opinion has gone unqualifiedly against him. We agree on a number of obvious things, such as that a college education does not consist in the collection and digestion of large gobs of useless information, and that straight thinking rather than a capacious and largely stocked memory is the true test of an educated man; and on that basis we have turned to with a will and snowed Mr. Edison under.

I do not recall that a single voice from any person qualified to speak from direct knowledge of educational problems has been raised in Mr. Edison's defense. Even the great army of self-made men, who have never seen the inside of a college themselves, have taken their swat at the famous inventor, and avowed both their faith in the colleges and their preference for employing college trained men. When a question is decided with such acclaim there remains nobody to fight. We have dropped the matter, therefore; and now are looking around for some fresh excitement.

It would seem, therefore, that this is just the time for some brave and hardy person to come along and give this expiring issue just one more poke—immolate himself, so to speak, on the altar of the Edisonian Heresy. What the public verdict against Mr. Edison boils down to is the apparently self-evident dogma that Useless Information is Useless. I hereby avow my disagreement with that declaration. I maintain that it should be reconsidered. I have long been of the opinion that

Useless Information is Useful; and since Mr. Edison's Questionnaire demands of the candidate for employment Useless Information only, I hereby and herewith venture on its defense.

First let me say that concerning colleges and college students I have no delusions, having been in my day a college student, and later a "college professor." The college student I held under my professorial microscope for a term of years. I had ample opportunity to measure the cubic capacity of his forgettery, and the cubic lack of capacity called his memory. I became familiar with every gait of his mind from the Mathematical Limp to the Football Gallop. I learned at first hand how true

it is that a camel can more readily enter the eye of a needle than a fact into the ear of an incurious youth. I learned too that the youth who is born with the divine gift of curiosity has a mind like plastic wax, whereon the whole world of books, men, and experience may write in terms that will never be forgotten.

With this college background in my mind as a point of reference, I have come, regarding the value of Mr. Edison's test, to certain conclusions which are at variance with the popular verdict. To me the most obvious thing about this row has been that Mr. Edison and his critics have misunderstood each other because they have not been talking or thinking in the same language.

Mr. Edison, for example, told the world that he was looking for college graduates of the best sort, whereas he was seeking nothing of the sort; he was, in reality, looking for young men who, regardless of their academic training, could demonstrate to him that they possessed a certain type of mind. His requirement was that they have minds like his own, minds that were bonfires of curiosity, heaps of question marks, and—in consequence—storehouses of incidentally collected knowledge.

Where Mr. Edison let himself in for a fight was in his notion that a college training is calculated to impart that kind of thing. As a matter of fact it is calculated to do just the opposite—its purpose being to impart, not bodies of unrelated fact, but bodies of related, systematized, co-ordinated fact. Mr. Edison's critics are right in their contention that it is not the purpose of a college training to give a man a rag-bag of the memory, filled with odds and ends of uselessness; but on the other hand, Mr. Edison is right in his instinctive realization that if a man's mind does not contain a well stocked rag-bag, overflow-

What Was the Idea?

WAS Mr. Edison's recent questionnaire for measuring the mentality of college graduates a fair one? Whether fair to the candidates or not, did it suit Mr. Edison's particular purpose?

A good encyclopedia would contain the answers to all the questions. The average encyclopedia is supposed to, but doesn't. Did Mr. Edison expect to find the college graduate better than the average encyclopedia?

Mr. Edison's questions have been unanimously condemned as irrelevant and unfair. But isn't it possible that his critics may have missed the point?

What was the idea? We believe that the writer of this article has solved the problem of Mr. Edison's intentions.

ing with unassorted uselessness, he probably is not worth his salt as an active, inquiring personality. This is true, regardless of how brilliant a student the boy may have been. If he hasn't got an extensive and bulging rag-bag, he simply has not paid attention to the world around him; he has taken an interest only in what he *had* to observe. A part of every man's mind ought to be like Grandmother's garret—for, as every one knows, Grandmother's garret contains *everything*, and is one of the most interesting places in the world.

What it amounts to is that there are two classes of competent college students just as there are two classes of competent men. There is, on the one hand, the class which possesses a fairly efficient average mentality, and on the other hand, that upper one or two per cent. who are the *cream*. To illustrate what I mean, let me mention, as a conspicuous example of that upper one or two per cent., Theodore Roosevelt. Suppose that when Theodore Roosevelt graduated from Harvard he had had occasion to take Mr. Edison's test, in competition with his classmates. Among his competitors would be men, probably, who had taken high honors in their studies. Others of them would be good average students. A few might be in a class with young Roosevelt for energy of mind, and for constant and unceasing curiosity about everything. The others would not be in his class at all. What would have been the result of the test? Is there any doubt about what it would have been? Roosevelt and men of the same mental grade, in consequence of their omnivorous reading in fields not prescribed for the class room, and often foreign to it, would have answered, *not all* the questions, but a large number of them. On the other hand, those men who had used their minds on the things they had been told to use them on, and as much as they had been told to use them, and who had then *quit*, would have been utterly at sea. In other words, the type of man who, whatever he is doing, quits when the whistle blows—the type of man who lacks the restless initiative and unruliness of genius, would have been weeded out by such a test. Roosevelt and his fellows of the intellectual upper crust would have passed. It is true that Mr. Edison might, by some unfortunate chance have hit on the precise things they did not happen to know; but such a chance is remote. Relatively, they would have shown up head and shoulders above the crowd. All of which, you will perceive has nothing to do with their college education as such, but has everything to do with their individual mentalities. On the one hand, you have the Theodore Roosevelt type of mind and personality; on the other you have the plain, everyday, ordinary John Jones type of mind and personality; and if you want to separate them, Mr. Edison's Questionnaire might be the very thing for the purpose. Combine it with a personal interview with the candidate, and you would have a very satisfactory index indeed.

It means nothing in particular that a man should know what city is the fur center of the United States, who invented printing, who composed Il Trovatore, and so on, unless you give him enough of such questions to get his average. Theodore Roosevelt, taking such a test when he was fresh from college, would have passed it, not because of the college courses he had had, but because the Roosevelt type of mind is *always* collecting such information. The possession of miscellaneous information is *indicative*; it demonstrates that the possessor, in some degree at least, has the Roosevelt sort of mentality, the Roosevelt curiosity about life, the Roosevelt zest for existence, the Roosevelt instinct for reading as one runs. More than that, it demonstrates that he would probably be of great value to anybody who employed him.

What Mr. Edison was seeking, whether he realized it or not, was the exceptional man. But to demand, as he did, that the colleges produce a large number of exceptional men was as preposterous as to demand that the

birth rate should produce them. The exceptional man in college is precisely as rare as the exceptional man anywhere. He is not made by his schooling. You can't define him, except to say that his mind is such that it reaches out in all directions, and refuses to confine itself to any path prescribed by any curriculum. His mind would have had that trait whether he had gone to college or not. It is a quality which has nothing to do with education, except as education can permit it the freedom and the range it needs. It is inborn.

The man with that kind of mind is a reader; he is eternally on the *que vive*; he is always thinking; to the limit of his time and strength he is continually reaching out and getting a fresh grip on life. Generally, but not always, he makes a first rate student; and always he makes an unusual man among men. And it is not the fact that he is an honor man in college that turns the trick—for many a stoop-shouldered, near-sighted, bespectacled, psychologically stunted grind is that. What makes him different is that he is already living a life which is wider than the life of the campus; that he sees further than his near-sighted fellows; that he is a free spirit, ranging pastures often forbidden, many times neglecting the college requirements, on which Mr. Edison has mistakenly laid such stress, to do it. At a time when his fellows are contenting themselves with the exercises of immaturity, he is dreaming a dream; at a time when others are merely acquiring and storing *useful* and *organized* information, with the thought of putting it to use in future years, he is collecting *useless* and *unorganized* information just because he likes the taste of it, and with no notion of putting it to any practical use at all. He is the energetic small boy in the pantry, smearing his face with jam, while his good little brother is missing the spankings and the joys of life. There is all the difference in the world between the two processes, and in the two types of men that result. I do not mean by this of course that the adventurous student I have been describing neglects his prescribed studies. Sometimes he does, but generally he does not; for he has common sense, among his other attributes. The point I wish to make quite clear is that the two things are not necessarily related, and that Mr. Edison made a mistake in thinking that they were. Nor would I seem to undervalue the prescribed work of the colleges to which the average college student confines his mental activities so exclusively. That prescribed work is a necessary thing; and in the mind of a man of the Roosevelt type, it plays as indispensable a part as does his informational rag-bag. What distinguishes the Roosevelt type of man is that he generally has both.

My experience with college students has led me to the conclusion that although their general intellectual rating is higher than that of the general run of people, they are, after all, like people everywhere. Most persons are mentally lazy; most persons are comparatively unintelligent and incurious. It has been my observation that few college students read a newspaper regularly, that most of their book reading is done in a rush just before examinations, that they have no particular interest in intellectual matters; that they look with suspicion on those who are too devoted to their books; and that their conversation touches neither on their studies nor on events that interest mature men. I do not put this down as a reproach. I realize that it is because they are immature—and *average*. I realize also that the type that can be selected with the help of Mr. Edison's Questionnaire is not.

In this connection a comment on Mr. Edison's own mental habits may be illuminating. I find the following passage in the *New York Times*, the statement being made by Mr. Edison's personal representative, Mr. W. H. Meadowcroft:

"Mr. Edison is a man of ex- (Continued on page 90)

Education and National Power

Educational Neglect the Most Dangerous of All Destructive Forces

IF one were to judge by the proportionate amounts expended by this Government for war purposes on one side and all the Government functions on the other, the inevitable conclusion would be that we are still in the dark ages and badly in need of a new Renaissance.

A scientific study of Government expenditures for 1920 reveals the fact that nearly ninety-three per cent. of the money raised by taxation was used to pay for past wars, interest on war debts, pensions, vocational and health rehabilitation for soldiers and sailors, and for the direct expenses of maintaining the army and navy. This leaves a little better than six per cent. for other Government expenses. The Federal Government raises by taxation an average of \$270 a year per family. All but \$18.70 is used for purposes of war. Sixteen dollars goes for salaries and public works, and \$2.70, or one per cent., is spent on health, education and agriculture.

When we consider the relative importance of war and education, viewed in the light of these figures, we can easily see that the best laid plans of leagues or associations of nations are going to be quite futile. The ratio of course would be different in normal times, but the fact remains that at all times we spend too much on the machinery of destruction and not enough for constructive purposes.

The disconcerting thing about it all is that we are going merrily on in the old way. Our appropriations for the army and navy for the year will be close to \$500,000,000.

Let X represent the appropriation for educational purposes. A Budget Director, who has the reputation of being able to swing a trenchant axe, has just taken office. In the interests of economy and national defense the educational budget will be cut to one half of one per cent.

There is a crumb of comfort in seeing \$90,000,000 lopped off the original estimate for the army and navy. But there would be more if we had some assurance that the revision of the appropriation would be accompanied by a revision of the naval program. Recent bombing experiments are only bearing out the conclusions, long since arrived at by some naval authorities, that the capital ship is obsolete.

No one wishes to see disarmament unless there is an agreement in favor of armament reduction among all the great naval powers. But so long as this indiscriminate armament competition continues, ordinary Government functions will be hampered. The bulk of our brains and energy will continue to go for destructive purposes instead of being directed into cultural channels and the promotion of trade and industry.

Our profits instead of being turned back into business

will be turned over to the war department. We shall be forever turning our plowshares into swords instead of our swords into plowshares.

THE same brains, the same energy, the same money directed into constructive channels will do away with all wars. Education, which now represents less than one per cent. of the purpose of our national existence, will take on a new importance.

The progress or retrogression of our school system depends more than anything else upon our generosity or lack of it in the matter of compensation for teachers.

Judging by what we pay teachers at the present time, it would seem to be our belief that teaching is a highly ethical calling which, like virtue, should be its own reward. Teaching should be a labor of love.

Mary Austin, the novelist, has put the matter succinctly when she says that the more you tell teachers theirs is a noble occupation, the more they suspect that something is the matter with it.

Teaching is a noble occupation, but whereas it should be

one of the best paid of professions, it is one of the worst.

The average salary in the United States last year was \$640. By states, the averages ranged in secondary schools from \$284 in North Carolina to \$1442 in Massachusetts. In most states the averages were considerably below \$600. For the whole country, the average salary in the country schools was \$544 and in the city schools \$1034.

There isn't much nourishment in a salary that doesn't rise above \$1442 in the most liberal state of the union, and not much incentive for anybody to go into the teaching profession.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to get competent teachers and to keep the competent ones we now have. It is estimated that 700,000 teachers are needed to conduct our schools, and this requires about 120,000 new teachers each year to keep the quota full. Our schools and colleges are turning out 24,000 each year, which means that nearly 100,000 must enter the profession inadequately prepared.

Not only are opportunities for preparation inadequate, but fewer persons are finding teaching an attraction. If the work is attractive the salary isn't. On the other hand with many deserting for more lucrative professions, it is fast becoming impossible to fill the ranks.

OF all the legislation that has been introduced for the betterment of our educational system, there is none so comprehensive in scope or so well designed to give education its rightful position of importance among governmental functions as the (Continued on page 87)

Are Beauties Necessarily Brainless?

By Albert Edward Wiggam

A common criticism of feminine beauty is that it is rarely associated with brains. To what degree the two are associated depends a great deal upon whether we consider beauty as meaning regularity of features only, or the combined excellence of character and good looks which makes positive personality. There is very little statistical data available, but the author has set down some conclusions drawn from the most recent scientific research on the subject

YOU will find two or three beautiful women riding in the Pullman cars over this country where you find one beauty in the day coaches. Since I have travelled as a lecturer for fifteen years from one end of America to the other on Pullmans, day coaches, box cars, on cross ties, hand cars, automobiles and several times in airplanes and all the time studying faces and races, physical and mental types, heredity of facial and bodily characters and what might be called physical anthropology generally, I believe my experience has some genuine value.

Much of this time my wife, who is also a student of such matters, has travelled with me. And for once in her life she has agreed with me. We have often counted the women we would consider good looking and the men we would call handsome, pleasing looking human types in the day coaches and then gone into the Pullmans and dining cars and found two to three times as many in the first class coaches. That does not mean that we have not found thousands of homely ones in the Pullmans dressed in silk and jewels, fine linens, feathers and furbelows. Indeed to use a popular Hoosier expression of my boyhood many of them are "as homely as a rail fence staked and ridered with tadpoles."

But a little practice will enable any observer to estimate genuine beauty of face and person aside from these extraneous adornments. Trust a woman at least to see through the deceitful wiles of rouge, paints, powders and the vast number of artifices which frail woman has called to her aid from fig-leaves to Pompeian Cream to deceive the æsthetic vision of mereman. Indeed we have grown so accustomed to a study of such things that Mrs. Wiggam believes, at least, that she can usually tell the brand of face powder, the name and address of the manufacturer whose compounds and preparations are being used by any particular woman to heighten the beauty of youth or conceal the lines of age. As nearly as I can estimate there must be some thousand millions of tons of facial "make up" and make down used by the American woman. But, with all that I am generous enough to believe



LOIS WEBER

writes, directs and produces her own photoplays. She was a movie star before she became a producer

with so sober a citizen as the inventor, Mr Edison, who is reported to have said: "If I were a woman and needed it I would use a little rouge." I think in many cases the artistic ensemble would have been heightened had the word "little" been given more emphasis in the mind of the woman behind the camouflage.

Again, if you will walk on the east side of State Street in Chicago you will find four or five times as many beautiful women as you will on the west side just two hundred feet away. I do not know of a street in any city of the world where separation of the different social classes and different races is so clearly marked. It is as clean cut and as easily discernible as the promised separation of the sheep from the goats at the "crack o' doom." There are whole centuries and aeons of human vicissitudes, thousands of years during which the four great factors of evolution,



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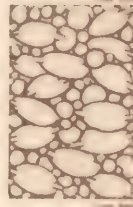
CLARE SHERIDAN, WITH HER LITTLE SON, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Mrs. Sheridan is a well known English sculptress and writer. She recently sculpted Lenine, Trotsky, Dzherzhinsky and other Bolshevik leaders while studying conditions in Russia and gathering material for a book

Variation, Adaptation, Selection and Heredity—have been ceaselessly, relentlessly playing upon these widely separated groups of humanity to make them the radically unlike specimens of the Homo Sapiens that they are today. It has taken all the countless agencies of climate, of economic conditions, ideals, religion and education; of marriage selection and death selection and birth selection; of war and famine and pestilence to change the head and face of one as Edwin Markham said in his "Man With The Hoe" into the appearance of being a "brother to the ox," "with the emptiness (and I might add the ugliness) of ages in his face," and to change the head of the other into lines of nobility, intelligence and distinction.

They are separated by but a few hundred feet in space but by centuries of time. Any one who believes he can change all this and make all classes equal, or change a square-head Armenian or Slav from the Caucasus into an Angle-Saxon and change his ideals and racial proclivities at the same time by some new "system" of education or economics or politics, or that he can Americanize them into the great old, beautiful American stock in one or two generations is exhibiting an ignorance of biology and history that in view of its practical consequences is nothing short of appalling. The reformer, guided only by sentiment, thinks he can do this in a day; the politician in a year; the sociologist in a decade; but the biologist knows it can be done only by the slower but surer processes of the centuries.

Try another experiment should you happen to have the privilege or misfortune to be in New York City. Start at the southeast corner of the Waldorf Astoria at 33rd Street and Fifth Avenue and walk north on the west side of Fifth Avenue. Keep count of the number of women you see whom you would call beautiful. Go as far as your legs will carry you. Then turn and walk back to the Waldorf Astoria and proceed on another trek to the southward. As you go past the Flatiron Building you will observe there is a *distinct lessening of the number of beautiful women*. True, you still see a goodly number of the fair sex that are really fair. As you go on down to Washington Square, which is a neighborhood still inhabited by some of New York's old aristocratic families intermixed with other and later immigrations of a distinctly lower type, you will find a strange mingling of the two types—beautiful women, evidently of the old noble families and women, largely workers in factories, of the later migrations. You cannot help out see whole aeons of evolution stretching between these two dis-



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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

America's most versatile woman writer



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MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE

"Michael Strange"

has been called, by the French artist, Helleu, "America's Most Beautiful Woman." She is the author of *Clair de Lune*, in which John and Ethel Barrymore recently co-starred



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HELEN MCCORMICK

is the first woman Assistant District Attorney in Kings County Brooklyn, N. Y. She is also vice-president of the newly organized Brooklyn Women's Bar Association

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EDITH WHARTON

is considered to be America's leading woman novelist. Her "The Age of Innocence" has just won the Pulitzer Prize for the best novel of the year



tinct varieties of women. But to make your experiment more convincing go either east or west of Fifth Avenue to First, Second and Third, or over to Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Avenues and you will see vast hordes of women, of whom hardly one out of hundreds has a face or figure that by any stretch of our ideals could be called beautiful. They would furnish perhaps interesting types for a painter, but in a beauty show they would hardly secure an entry let alone a prize.

You can continue these observations as I have done by going into the upper class hotels and then in the lower, second, third and fourth class hotels and boarding houses either in this country or Europe. You will find the same general rule holds. And, it is not necessary to assume that one race of people—the Nordic blond, the Alpine square-head, or the Mediterranean brunette—is any more beautiful than any other race. All you need to observe is that everywhere you turn the people of the abler and better economic classes in any race or in any country, and, I believe, in any



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**MRS. NORMAN DE R.
WHITEHOUSE**

Who was a leading factor in securing woman's suffrage for New York State in 1917 and was nationally prominent as a suffrage worker. In 1918 she was sent to Europe by the United States Government on a special mission to organize publicity to combat German propaganda and make plain the aims of the American people

period of human history, are more beautiful than those of the lower strata of human society.

But I perhaps strike the keynote of this discussion when I speak of the "upper classes" as the "abler classes." Personally I could never see why people debate this question. It seems so obvious to any one who has tried it and failed, as I have, that it takes brains to make money. And it takes

money to ride in Pullmans, and shop on Fifth Avenue, New York, or on the east side of State Street, Chicago, or live in the upper class hotels.

Of course I know it is commonly believed that if you want to find the "real beauties" you must go among the working girls of the nation. In the first place every popular impression about any fact of nature is always wrong. And, in the second place my own extensive observations have brought me to precisely the opposite view. There are certain classes of "work" of which this does not hold true and that is *those forms of work that take brains*. That is the key of the whole matter: Where you find any profession or line of work that takes brains you will find in it an increasing number of pretty and beautiful girls and women.

Especially is this true in the fields of stenographers, office girls and young women in the great stores. There are two reasons for this. We might as well state the facts baldly. Any man in his senses prefers a beautiful woman around his office to a homely one. Very often he keeps the homely one because she is efficient, but we cannot blink the

plain fact that it does take a good deal of efficiency to outweigh a small amount of beauty and where they go together, which I maintain is more often the case than not, the job is secure. Secondly, in the great shops and stores the girls are a highly selected class of young women—selected with a distinct view to attractiveness and capacity to sell things. And, there is not a merchant, traveling salesman or psychologist in the world but knows one of the highest orders of human ability is the ability to sell things. It takes nearly every human quality that we call desirable. And all tests performed upon saleswomen show they are above the average level of general womanhood. While there have been no extensive comparisons made by psychologists along this line, it seems inconceivable that the great merchants would place their fortunes in the hands of the incompetent, the unattractive and the stupid. No doubt we do find many a stupid salesgirl. And you find many stupid girls who are trying to be stenographers. But among the real saleswomen and real stenographers of the country you are bound to find a very excellent order of both beauty and brains.

And here we touch a point of great importance, the thing about beauty that might be called "class." There is a prettiness in every strata of society. But a student cannot help but see that the highest type has about it that indefinable thing we must call aristocracy. It is seen in the portraits of the beautiful women of England of the last two centuries. Most of these famous beauties were of the aristocratic so-called "idle rich," although they did more in their "idleness"—at least the men did—for England's glory and the world-wide sway of her institutions and progress of all ideals of social order than all the balance of the uncounted millions.

Nearly half of England's great names have

(Continued on p. 62)



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ALICE E. HOUSTON

Formerly a stenographer, now a partner in a flourishing advertising agency specializing in bank advertising



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MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

Who in addition to being active in national welfare movements, has become one of the leading sculptresses of the country

From Wrestler to Master Builder

*What essential difference is there between wrestling and building?
In both one has to struggle—and hold on*

By Charles Fulton Oursler

MANY men and one woman have informed me confidentially in the last few years that they intended to make a million dollars. I did not believe them. So far, not one of them has made a million cents.

But Oluf Nielsen told me he was going to make a million dollars in five years and I believed Oluf Nielsen.

These men and women in whom I had no faith told remarkable tales. They had infallible systems all worked out. Some of them had their pockets stuffed with red, blue, green, yellow, brown and rainbow-hued pamphlets, broadsides, streamers, charts, drawings, diagrams and what not of correspondence

school courses. All that was necessary was five dollars down and three dollars a month until the set of little books was paid for. Others had their eyes trained on the movies. One benignant and apparently intelligent old architect had actually invented a machine guaranteed to chart in advance the exact curves and corners of the stock market tee-totum.

Oluf Nielsen has never paid a dollar to a correspondence course for any kind of information. He has never read a single book on how to get along in the world. Of the stock market he is as ignorant as he is of the script of the Parsees. No glittering secret of how to make gold out of onions has ever been revealed to him; he has no occult sesame to the cave of prosperity. Indeed, he is not especially gifted. He is a plain man, almost too heavily endowed with ordinary common sense.

But Nielsen is going to get that million dollars!

I share his calm faith in that, not alone because I know the amazing story of what he has already done; not alone because I have heard from his own ordinarily taciturn lips the facts in the victory he won over stupendous odds; not alone by the glow of serene and inexorable purpose in the wintry blue of his eyes. I believe it because I know power when I am in the presence of power. Oluf Nielsen is alive with purpose; electric with power.

"I cannot help making a million dollars in five years," he told me soberly. "It is in me and it must come out."

But was he always aware that it was in him? Was that unshaken and indomitable self-assurance; that strong confidence that needs no argument to bolster it; that steady, certain prophecy of attainment—was it always recognized?

Assuredly it was not. Only a very little while ago

Oluf Nielsen was a most ordinary chap, earning a quite ordinary income, with no expectation of ever making a million dollars, or its equivalent in achievement.

He was like a giant, slumbering, unconscious of his own power. Not until force of circumstances roused him, forced him into the strife and conflict of commerce and industry, did he find himself.

He believes that all mankind is a slumbering giant; that we are a race of dozing supermen, most of whom never awake at all. What any ordinary human being can do once

BETWEEN quitting time and three o'clock in the afternoon of a Saturday, Oluf Nielsen resigned his job as construction boss and started in the contracting business on his own. His first job was like a wrestling match—brains, plus strength and endurance, plus reserve energy for the final struggle. It was a fight every step of the way. But because he had made his living for ten years as a professional wrestler and knew what it meant to keep on struggling, gripping, swaying, slipping and holding on, Nielsen had that job down with both its shoulders denting the mat by nine o'clock Monday morning.

the languor of half-contentment is shaken off, in his opinion, is illustrated by his own history. But we must wake up!

To be entirely fair to Nielsen at the start, however, it should be stated that he and avarice are strangers. He doesn't want to earn a million dollars because he is money mad. He has all the money now that any ordinary man can spend in a life-time, and he has earned it in less than a year. But for a penniless man to earn a million dollars in five years is an achievement; to earn it honestly is a phenomenon. What appeals to Nielsen is the lure of contest and struggle; the joy that comes of combat. It will keep him everlastingly at it until he wins. He will earn that million dollars honestly.

Moreover, to set clear one other point, he is an excessively modest fellow, and it has been one mischief of a job to get the facts from him so that I could tell his story accurately to the public. It was only when I emphasized to him his own assertion that what he had done, others could do; that he could actually serve as an illustration of what organized, energized brain power



In training for the big
the notorious

could accomplish for a man starting absolutely at the bottom, that he consented.

I was first introduced to Nielsen when he was one of a party of eleven men, practically every one strangers to all the rest. Among them were a sea-captain, just in from a cruise to the Malay Islands; an actor, a publisher, a fur trader, a Red Cross man—and Oluf Nielsen. Out of them all, Nielsen stood, as distinct physically as he was undoubtedly in mental force. Sturdy, thick-set, with striking muscular development about the shoulders, his head setting short upon his neck, repressed, intent, radiating a dynamic impression of withheld energy, he stood there like a sturdy oak in a clump of saplings. His hair was blonde, thin at the crown from the old days when he stood on his head as a wrestler—that, of course, I learned later—and his forehead was broad and lofty. His nose was long and sharp, with nostrils of extreme sensitiveness; his lips firm and inclined to severity; his chin prominent and his jaws massive and set. He had all the physical characteristics associated with dominance and victory, and as such, he caught my attention immediately.

But it was not until a while after that first meeting, and then

the human kind, he was fairly contented with his lot; during the slack season in wrestling he helped his

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Photo by Apeda

OLUF NIELSEN

brother who was in the building business, but he liked wrestling and he didn't like building well enough to go into it as a steady thing, though it offered more permanent advantages.

Out of wrestling he made a fairly decent living. He was something of a card; he was popular; the crowds liked particularly well a feat he had of throwing a man bodily over his head. He could accomplish it by an almost superhuman exertion of standing his antagonist unexpectedly upside down. The thrill of that spectacle never failed; time and again he had done it with men twice his size and weight and invariably it brought thunderclaps of applause. Somehow, the applause never mattered very much to Nielsen; I have spoken of his excessive modesty; but the grim satisfaction of doing that very difficult stunt filled him with never failing delight.

And then, one day, something happened that changed all the course of life for him. His brother the builder, who had employed him in the slack seasons, fell ill and in a short time died, and Nielsen found himself facing new responsibilities. He was rather heavily in debt.

It was the shock of that awakening; the knowledge of the financial conditions left him as a legacy that awakened in Nielsen the slumbering purpose and power of the giant in mankind. Very clearly it appeared that the responsibility had fallen entirely on his shoulders. He was not the kind of man to evade it.

A week after his brother's funeral, Nielsen had secured his first job. Never before had he and never since has he worked for another man. He did not relish the experience. But those debts must be paid. He got a job with a New York building (Continued on page 74)

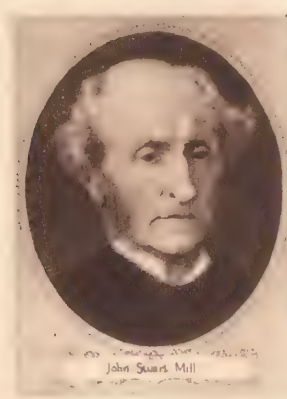


bout with construction problems, creditors and New York building ring

only bit by bit, that I learned his story. Two years before that, Oluf Nielsen had been a professional wrestler. He made his living by struggling with other men, grappling with them in open combat, matching his skill, his strength and his wits against theirs. Because he liked it, he stuck to it, and he was satisfied to stay on the mat until he would be no longer able to hold his position there. He had no other ambitions. Fans of wrestling will probably recall him, for he was a frequent contender in Madison Square Garden, Asbury Park, and, indeed, all over the United States. His most conspicuous success was the winning of the American light-heavy-weight championship in 1915. Making a million dollars was then as far from his purpose as becoming a professor in biology. Like most of

The Phenomenon of Child Prodigies

By Frank Blighton



Are prodigies born or made? The author of this article offers an explanation of the influences which enable some youngsters to exhibit almost miraculous powers and perform astonishing feats while most children of like age are commonplace

STEPPING out of the limitations of child life and shining with a brilliancy which gives them fame at home and abroad is this group of children of varying ages. Millions of older people never become so well known. Millions of other children are born, mature and live out their allotted span, and likewise remain forever in obscurity.

Wherein lies the difference between these children and children of other people?

We call them "child prodigies."

What do we mean by a prodigy?

The word signifies something extraordinary, that is, out of the ordinary. Anything out of the ordinary is either above or below the ordinary. Extraordinary thus implies above the ordinary. A child prodigy, therefore, in this sense is one possessing abilities so unusual and superior as to excite wonder or astonishment; in a word, a marvel.

Prodigy also has another meaning, signifying "a monster." This refers to the physical appearance, but the term in this sense is rare. The character of "Gwynplaine," in Victor Hugo's novel "The Laughing Man," was a child prodigy in the sense of a monster, because he had been purposely deformed at a very early age, to be exhibited for gain.

Strictly speaking, a prodigy differs from a genius, although the words are sometimes used interchangeably. A genius invariably possesses high and peculiar gifts of nature that are inherent in him from birth, impelling to certain favorite kinds of mental effort and producing new combinations of ideas, imagery and the like.

The distinction between a prodigy and a genius is sometimes very faint because a genius may also be a prodigy—and generally is. The distinc-

tion would seem to be that the genius possesses his extraordinary gift by inheritance and requires no special training to do prodigious things; a true mental prodigy, on the other hand, generally acquires the ability which brings him distinction through instruction.

It is this slight but vital difference which invests the topic of child prodigies with vastly more fascination than if every prodigy were also born with the uncommon traits

of a genius; for in that event all child prodigies would be merely freaks of fate, enviable and perhaps admirable, but would have little in common with countless other children.

The children whose pictures accompany this article, are by no means all that could be cited. But they are all children of this generation. Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and scores of other eminent men exhibited traits of prodigies in early life. Mill, in particular, was profoundly well educated before he was six years old. At three, in fact, he had started to study the Greek alphabet and vocabulary, just as the ordinary child starts to study the English alphabet. By his eighth year, he had read Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Herodotus and was acquainted with Lucian, Diogenes, Laertius, Isocrates and six dialogues of Plato. He had also read English, Roman and Ancient History, and had begun the study of Latin, Euclid and algebra.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart displayed his musical genius when he was three years old. At that age he was playing the harpsichord and at six he had toured the Continent and played before most of the sovereigns. In another year he had mastered the violin and organ and had composed two sets of sonatas for harpsichord and violin, and at eight he made his first attempt at the



Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., does not believe that the prodigy is a freak of Fate. She says, "The prodigy is a healthy individual given the right birthright of health and love and having every thought and action aimed toward some worthwhile goal. . . . Anything that I have been able to do I owe to my early training, and I firmly believe that in a few years from now the normal child will be expected to be ready for life's battle at eighteen. At the present time children do not have a chance to become individuals and to work for goals. They are put into machines and come out sausages instead of works of art. They suffer from repression and are not encouraged to express themselves as thinking beings. . . . The crying need of to-day is for schools for parents rather than schools for children."



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Pamela Bianco belongs in the creative class. She is a prodigy by virtue of parental training, or rather as the result of the policy of non-interference on the part of her parents. Freedom of expression is the secret of her "bringing up." From her early childhood she displayed an interest in brush and pen. She is allowed to paint as she pleases. She chooses her own subjects, her own style. She is never urged to take up the brush. She is allowed no special privilege because of her art. She is not unnatural or unchild-like, and, as one writer expressed it, her personality is not "uncomfortable" as is the case with many prodigies

composition of a symphony.

Both Mill and Mozart were geniuses as well as prodigies.

Professor Edward L. Thorndike, of Teachers College, Columbia University, divides the child prodigies into two classes—those who are creative and inventive and those who have exceptional memories and absorbing powers.

"The child of creative ability," he says, "is the real wonder child. There are many children who have exceptional memories and, while it is true that some of these children have greater capacity than others, the faculty is not indicative of as high development as the creative or inventive gift."

Dr. Maximilian P. E. Groszman, founder of the National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children, makes the following divisions: First, children with a good memory; second, those whose physical and mental growth is generally more rapid than that of the ordinary child, without pathological precocity; third, children of one-sided development, having one faculty or group of related faculties developed out of proportion to the other faculties; fourth, children in whom special or general excellency is associated with neuropathic and psychopathic tension.

Dr. Groszman makes two other groups outside these which he calls the "artistic type" and the "mathematical genius." These two are the most common types of



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Samuel Rzeszewski, the nine-year-old chess marvel, is in a class by himself. He is perhaps an example of the genius who is also a prodigy. Dr. Groszman would doubtless place him among those having one faculty developed out of proportion to other faculties. At West Point he played 20 games at one time, winning 19 and drawing 1. The man he did not defeat was a 62-year old Colonel and champion of the United States Military Academy



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William James Sidis, who became famous some years ago when, at the age of eleven, he delivered a lecture before Harvard professors on the Fourth Dimension, was a combination of parental trained prodigy and "mathematical genius"

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Edward Rochie Hardy belongs in the class of those who have exceptional memories. He has the "sponge" mind which William James said nearly every child has until he or she is twelve years old. At twelve years of age he had absorbed a dozen languages and had matriculated at Columbia University

child prodigies because, as Professor Thorndike says, neither music nor mathematics demands a knowledge of life for its expansion. If a child has any tendency along either of these lines it is not surprising that such tendency should show itself early in life. Wonder children of these types may be creative, and often are. In practically all cases they turn out as artists in later life. Mozart was a musical genius of this sort.

The case of William James Sidis is not only that of a typical child prodigy, in that his achievements were most extraordinary when he was eleven years of age, but it is one which admits of a very positive clue as to how and why a child may become a prodigy.

A significant thing happened in connection with his famous lecture on "The Fourth Dimension" before an audience of eminently learned professors and other intellectuals of Boston. It was nearly time for the scheduled lecture on the little understood topic and already a large audience of university professors from far and near and other intellectual people were assembling, when Boris Sidis, William's father and tutor, discovered that his son was nowhere in evidence.

Hestarted a search for him and eventually found him on a vacant lot playing "one old cat" baseball. He had "worked up from left field to first base," and was whooping things up like any of the non-prodigies when his father approached and said:

"William, have you forgotten you are to deliver a lecture to some people to-day?"

William looked very chagrined. Then, tossing off his baseball glove he

(Continued on p. 79)



Wigs, Wool, Sandwiches and Patch Posters.

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Cora Scovil, patch-poster artist, has started a new fad along Fifth Avenue. Until recently she did this work for her own amusement, but now she works for many large houses in the shopping district. Mrs. Scovil is here seen putting the finishing touches to a poster for woman's wear. Below is her patched portrait of a prominent citizen



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Miss Theresa Gilroy, of Boston, has invaded a field in which men formerly had a monopoly. She has the distinction of being the only woman wool broker in the world and is an expert in her line. The photo shows Miss Gilroy looking over samples of wool in her office



Opportunities for Women

Unlisted vocations are like unlisted securities. They are rich in opportunity when you begin to look into them. Catherine Filene, Director of the Intercollegiate Vocational Guidance Association, recently made a survey of "Careers for Women," and in the contents pages of her book of that title she has set down upwards of one hundred twenty-five ordinary occupations in addition to the dozen or so that would immediately suggest themselves to any one making a list. Here are four women who picked unusual vocations

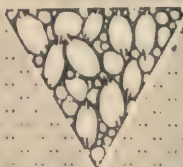
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Mrs. Helen R. Mascher has built up a fortune by selling sandwiches. There is nothing novel about sandwiches, as most of us are addicted to them; but there was novelty and money in her method of marketing them—via New York's soda fountains



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Mrs. Sophie Delevan owns and directs the largest wig-making establishment in America. Her wigs are for dolls, and as the dolls form a large part of our population, she finds wig making is a good business



THE STAGE

By Charles Fulton Oursler



The Tyranny of Love

Estelle Winwood, Charles Cherry and Brandon Tynan are the principals in a comedy which depicts the tyranny and blighting effects of the marriage relation upon the mind of a man who is more enamoured of the intellectual life than he is of an exacting wife. The plot is considerably thicker than water, for the playwright presents here a serious problem for which he has found no satisfactory solution at the final curtain.

IF a scholarly gentleman, a scientist of parts, marries a beautiful woman, considerably younger than himself, more than a trifle over-sexed and perhaps a bit under-brained, and the scholarly gentleman is harried so by his amorous spouse that he cannot concentrate on his intellectual pursuits—what is likely to happen?

From what I gathered, M. de Porto-Riche, through his play "*The Tyranny of Love*," seemed to reply, "Well, under those distressing circumstances we have a pretty kettle of fish!"

I am willing to concede that, thanks to M. de Porto-Riche, we have a kettle of fish, but I deny that it is a pretty kettle, and after the final curtain I came away satisfied that the fish were not very nice, either. Not all the art of such capable players as Estelle Winwood, Brandon Tynan and Charles Cherry, with minor support of excellent calibre, could make the mess more appetizing.

Perhaps I viewed the play more

seriously than most people, but I did so because the subject is serious, and I was hoping the playwright had some solution of the matter, particularly as the performance was announced a comedy.

Through a brilliantly written dialogue, I speedily found out that Dr. George Ferriaud, as played by Charles Cherry, was an ambitious savant, whose creative impulses were seeking expression through intellectual rather than physical processes. He was bordering on middle age, and was immersed so completely in his scientific pursuits as to be rather neglectful of Madame. By lines and

stage business that fairly clubbed one into understanding, I learned further that Madame needed not only normal attention, but something more than that, yet. The naive explanation of this trait of the lady, as presented by the author, is that she had been brought up like a good little girl, had never run around much, and consequently had never got over the first delight in the surprises of the honeymoon. Of course, this is ridiculous. It might convince a French audience, but not an American one, even in New York.

The complaint of the husband was that the extraordinary attention of his wife militated against his intellectual labors. From the cubicle he had turned to his laboratory, but his wife wouldn't let go of him. This was the situation when the curtain rose. Indeed, the doctor was getting ready

IT is not essentially the purpose of this department to criticise the plays of the moment, but rather to review those of the year which, in more or less serious fashion, deal with problems of human conduct in everyday life. Others not coming within this classification will receive as much attention as their merits and our space will permit.

to depart for a scientific congress in Rome, and his wife was attired, as he remarked, appallingly decolette, rather *in cuerpo*, if you get what I mean, trying to make him miss the train that was to carry him to the triumph of his career.

Her means of doing this were the methods of all Eve's daughters. She offered him a kiss, stipulating that it must be the kind of kiss that she desired. After witnessing the osculation, I was not unprepared for his surrender. The circumstances, together with the lady's clinging physique, were against him.

Having already become acquainted with a highly privileged friend of the family, a rejected suitor of Madame, a drawling, bon-motting artist, I was aware of the possibilities of the situation. I conjectured that perhaps after the quarrel I knew was inevitable between wife and husband, that he might find solace with another woman, built along more agreeable lines, while the artist would possibly prove the kind of man the lady needed. Other solutions, naturally, suggested themselves. But M. de Porto-Riche had the stage, and one naturally watched and waited.

Madame Ferriaud had a tearful premonition that the effect of her physical onslaught on her intellectual husband would fade out, even in the turbulent delight in which she hurried to her bedroom to change to something less formal. As she expected, in fact as all of us expected, the doctor, being left alone repented, and all the diaphanous appeal of her clinging negligee of pale lavender was insufficient to arouse his ardor again. The ensuing argument was as uncompromisingly frank as one would expect such an argument between man and his

wife to be, when no one else was present. The difficulty was that there was a packed audience present.

The doctor complained that he got up in the mornings with a headache and a grouch, and went to his work unfit. When Madame angrily reminded him that he seemed to enjoy his nights with her for all his headaches, I wondered how much further they would pursue the subject. They did not leave me long in doubt. The doctor frankly confessed that the nights would be much more enjoyable to him, if she were less eager. Here, in spite of the sordid dispute, I realized was the situation. How were they going to settle it?

The doctor's suggestion came immediately. It was

separate rooms. "Separate rooms are better for my brain!" he shouted.

Practical, but Madame would never stand for it, as she plainly demonstrated. The brattle and brangle of marital argument grew angrier, until the doctor, in a burst of resentful fury at his wife for having deliberately enticed him away from his great opportunity, started raging for the door. At this quite psychological moment, the privileged and handsome young family friend, who I remembered, had once been rejected by Madame, entered the room. The doctor, torn with angry passions, greeted him with a howl and bade him take the wife. "She wants a lover," he cried, in effect. "Why not you as well as anyone else?"

When I saw Madame gosobbing to her bedroom, uttering no protest as the artist followed her, I felt worried. I didn't want M. de Porto-Riche to shut that bedroom door on the two of them—for if he did, I knew the billboards had lied.

This was no fascinating comedy, then—it would be only sordid tragedy. For I knew that the wife really loved her husband, and if she capitulated, it would be out of temper—and nothing would be settled.

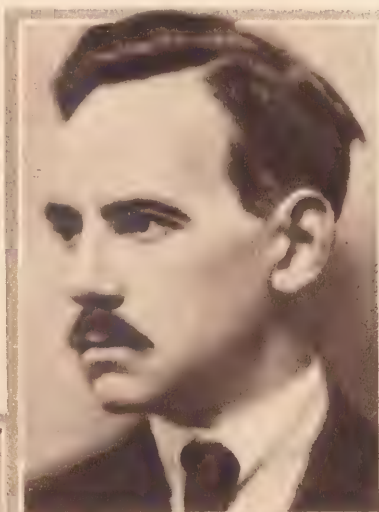
Which was precisely what transpired. Five days later, in the final act, they were a chap-fallen group of characters. The doctor was fitting up a separate room, but he knew he didn't like it. And then, in a mutually accusatory scene, the sordid facts were bared.

What followed only served to disclose Mr. Porto-Riche's ugly fish kettle. When his wife confessed, and the doctor threw her on the floor, and then called to her to come back to him, she predicted he would be unhappy ever after, and he remarked "What does that matter?" and the curtain sighed down to the footlights.

How can anything like that be called a comedy? How can it be called anything whatever except a frank but clumsy dodge?

Here was an important problem. There are many men like the doctor, many women like Madame, though

Eugene O'Neill, author of
"The Emperor Jones"



Carroll McCormack in "Miss Lulu Bett"



Charles Gilpin

Fear is one of the great antagonists of achievement. What it can do to a man, aided by racial superstition, is vividly portrayed by Charles Gilpin in "The Emperor Jones"

"Miss Lulu Bett" has been awarded the Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 as the American play of the year which best presents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners



Vivian Martin Lynne
Overman and Purnell
Pratt in "Just Married"

If any psychologist wants to know what will happen to a man when his furtive wish is realized, *Just Married* is the answer



few mean little creatures like the artist. Too often the boudoir is the tyrant of the study, the laboratory, the office. What is the answer? Why should the playwrights dodge the implications of the situations they construct?

BUT over-sexed marriage relations are not the only parasites which weaken our wills and destroy our intellectual effectiveness. Fear, the great Destroyer, is one of the great antagonists of achievement. The fear that slays initiative, that confuses calculation, that gathers the reins of the soul in his grisly hands and drives a hell-race to perdition—that is a germ not yet isolated in our laboratories. The psychology of fear is one of the great riddles of the human mind, and no more vivid representation of its disintegrating effects has ever been exhibited than in Eugene O'Neill's play, *The Emperor Jones*, which is now on its way home from London, to repeat in New York the success it achieved at the Princess Theater last season.

O'Neill has been called by sycophantic enthusiasts the American Ibsen. I prefer to regard him as the American O'Neill—an original genius, daring to do the unusual. He dared nobly in *The Emperor Jones*, and the famous Provincetown Players did their noblest to make his ideals real behind the footlights. In doing this they developed a dark star—Charles Gilpin, a negro player of extraordinary accomplishments, who infused a racial realism without which the play would inevitably have suffered.

The Emperor Jones is a buck "Nigger" from the states, whence he has fled, a fugitive from justice. Loaded dice turned up in a crap game and he razored the head of his antagonist from his body. Twenty years he got for that, but he resented the guard's cruelty at the penitentiary and bisected his skull with a shovel. He escaped, and got safely to a lonely Carib island where he found not only refuge but dominion. Over the native savages he established himself, a robber tyrant, holding despotic sway through the virtue of superior wits, trucking to the witch-doctors and bullets. There we find him at the rise of the curtain, gaping and demanding to know "Who dahs distuhb de sleep ob de Emprer?"

He finds out, quickly enough. An envious, nigger-hating white man has come to tell him that the natives have fled to the hills, where their witch-doctors, practicers

of the iniquitous *obi*, the odious West Indian necromancy, are thub-dubbing the tom-tom and brewing the passions of insurrection. Presently they will come down to the palace and kill the Emperor.

The Emperor hears the thub-dub—the monotonous thub-dub, thub-dub, borne to his ears by the winds from the hills. The audience hears it. And neither Emperor nor audience is free from that everlasting thub-dub until the last of the drama. Like the deadly dropping of water on the inquisition victim, it sounds with unending menace, until the spectators can well appreciate its effect on the fugitive.

For the boasting, arrogant Emperor is now a fugitive. It is interesting to watch the crafty, malicious insinuation of the white man who hates him, as he reminds the negro of the "hants" in the jungle through which he must escape, of the dank undergrowth through which he must crawl, the shadows and shapes of the night in the tropical forest. Whistling, but the white of his eyes prominent, the Emperor stalks away.

From this moment forward, the audience is privileged to behold the struggle of fear and conscience opposed against desire. The negro desires to escape from the savages who seek his death; he has made every preparation to expedite his passage through the jungle, but he cannot overcome the atavistic fears that are the heritage of his race, plus the demoniac images of his own conscience. At first he is not particularly frightened. It is dark in the forest, but not black. But the shadows are growing blacker, and the shapes of the trees assume fantastic proportions as the night looms nearer. With perfect understanding we see him gradually surrendering to overpowering terrors of the unknown, shrieking and trembling and gasping, and casting aside his garments to make flight easier. His mind is like an open window through which one may watch a soul in distress.

The presence of danger, the still insistent thub-dub of the tom-tom, cannot surpass the fright of less tangible terrors. The superstition inherited from jungle grandparents reasserts itself—and the low, click-click that suddenly comes to his ears sends him into a spasm of horror. It is the noise of shaken dice in the hands of an unheeding apparition—presently discerned by the Emperor. It is the ghost of the gambler he killed. With a



*Phyllis Povah in
"Mr. Pim Passes By"*

alone in the but half-civilized black man which Mr. Gilpin so compellingly portrays. It lurks in all our hearts. It crouches, ready to spring upon us as we contemplate the adventure which may bring us happiness. It lays its chilling hand on our throats when we would speak the truth that makes us free. It stays our hands when we would act to deliver us from the oppression of our weakness. It is a heritage not alone of the superstition ridden black race; it is the inheritance of all mankind. The figure of this wretched negro fugitive, meeting a just doom, attains a tragic dignity, because under the revealing brush of the dramatist he assumes the proportions of a natural symbol. Fear is the enemy of myself, as I write this; of you as you read. As we strike out through the jungle, if we succumb to its overmastering sway, it will whip us in a circle back to our meeting place with destruction. Mr. O'Neill serves us well, when, in so elemental a form, he can reveal the true nature of our great antagonist.

THE real conqueror of fear must be desire—worthy desire that warms our impulses to action. I thought of that as I went to see *Miss Lulu Bett*. Without disparaging the excellent work of Miss Zona Gale, who wrote both the book and the dramatic version, I wish that Booth Tarkington had written the play. For while I pitied Miss Lulu Bett, as portrayed by (Continued on page 72)



*Below—
Laura Hope Crews
and Kenneth Douglas*

"Mr. Pim, passing by for the last time, receives no attention"

The story of Mr. Pim carries with it a mild comment on a certain type of mind and the chains which hold it prisoner. To the student of the mind it shows how impossible it is for a middle-aged conventionalist to disregard the conventions, even though the dearest desires of his soul are at stake

loathing cry he plunges on deeper into the jungle, after dismissing the specter with a bullet. Other apparitions torment him, until his torn body is stripped of all clothing, his soul of all control. The arrogant buck negro Emperor, gold-braided and pistoled, has become an unclad wretch, grovelling before phantoms, moaning to the Jesus he boasted he had put on the shelf to please the witch-doctors, haunted by visions of the auction block, and the slave galley. All this passes before the eyes against a background of midnight jungle splendor—of reaching ghostly trees and shining green moon patches and empurpled lagoons. The effect on the imagination of the spectators is profound.

But with the coming of the aurora of West Indian dawn, these phantoms melt away and the creeping savages, led by the white man, come upon the Emperor and kill him at the point where he began his flight—for fear had led him in a wide, wild circle and brought him back to be delivered unto his enemies.

Here in primitive, stark simplicity Mr. O'Neill has shown us the great Destroyer of human hopes and desires, stalking nakedly and unhindered. The elemental fright that struck down the fugitive Emperor is latent, not



Principals in the Greenwich Village Follies.



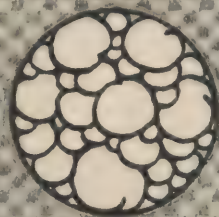
Trilby Clark,
adjudged the
most beautiful
of Australian
girls, is a newcomer
to the American
stage.



Billie Weston



James Watts



Corone Paynter

BEHIND the pro-
duction of the third
annual edition of the
Greenwich Village Follies
is a remarkable instance
of selective intuition based
on one man's judgment of
brains and personality.

John Murray Anderson,
the producer of the *Green-
wich Village Follies*, likes to
do things upside down. The
common or garden variety of
producer first has his play in
manuscript and then pro-
ceeds to engage artists to
play the various parts. Mr.
Anderson does just the oppo-
site. He goes out to find the
people who have the most
brains, the most beauty, and
the most personality, and
having secured a combination
which he considers a knock-
out, he then proceeds to have
a play written to bring out
the possibilities of the cast he
has selected. This plan has
again succeeded, for the lat-
est *Greenwich Village Follies*
is surpassing its two prede-
cessors.



Pollie Platt

The Will That Overcomes Physical Handicaps

By A. F. Harlow

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD once remarked, "We are very far from being acquainted with the whole of our will." In other words, we never realize how much more we could accomplish than we do if we would but set our will to it. We have heard much of the power of Mind over Matter. Consider Will alone—only one function of the Mind—and we must admit that Matter is its slave.

There are persons here and there who excuse their failure to achieve on the ground of physical weakness or ailment. This may be and is an adequate excuse in some cases, but there is not one person in a million, sick or well, who accomplishes as much as he could. It is true that one of the greatest handicaps to be overcome by many people in the battle of life is physical weakness or deformity; and one of the mightiest gladiators is he



Joe Sullivan wins all his battles one-handed

in a blizzard when he was a boy, yet went ahead and conquered fortune; of Joe Sullivan, who was born with shrivelled, useless legs, and yet is winning success; of ex-Senator Gore and Representative Schall, the blind men who have made their mark in Congress; of Helen Keller, the girl who, though deaf, dumb and blind, has become a remarkable thinker, speaker and writer, of a beautiful sweetness of character



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William David Upshaw, Member of Congress from the 5th Georgia District



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Thomas David Schall, Member of Congress from the 10th Minnesota District



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Thomas Pryor Gore, former United States Senator

who conquers such weakness, either by building up his body to the point of efficiency, or if that is not possible, by ignoring the handicap and going ahead with his work, just as if he were strong and normal. Some of the world's leading exemplars in all lines of work have done either the one or the other of these things.

Most of us have read in recent years of Henry Dowling, the Minnesota banker, who lost both feet and one arm



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Sir Arthur Pearson, himself blind, directs the work of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blind Soldiers and Sailors

Another courageous figure among the blind is Sir Arthur Pearson, who has been called "the sightless man of world-wide vision." For many years he was a power in London journalism, at one time owning eighteen newspapers and periodicals. Years of overwork impaired his vision and finally resulted, when he was forty-seven, in the total loss of his eyesight. Since that time he has displayed heroic qualities which have made him distinguished far more than his power as a journalist. He was the moving spirit in the campaign for the purpose of raising funds to build and equip the new buildings of the British National Institute for the Blind, and it was he who took the lead in organizing the work at St. Dunstan's Hostel for the relief of blind soldiers and sailors of the World War.

Here the blind are given thorough training in useful, practical work. They are equipped to become useful citizens instead of public charges and are able to earn as much as they earned before they became handicapped, and in many cases even more than they previously earned.

We know that Thomas A. Edison has been deaf for years, yet retains his balance and optimism and goes ahead with his work with almost his youthful efficiency, in spite of his advanced age. We know that Steinmetz, one of the greatest electrical geniuses of the age, has a tiny, crippled body and can work comfortably

only when he is standing; yet he, too, retains a brave and genial spirit, and does not let his weakness interfere with his toil and study.

Some of us have heard of William D. Upshaw, "the Georgia Cyclone," so called because of the dynamic power of his personality. Injured in his youth while working on the farm, he spent seven years of suffering in bed and finally arose, still a cripple, with a twisted, tortured body. While in bed he wrote a book to help pay his way through college, and completed the fund with the proceeds of a series of lectures which he delivered from a wheeled chair. Would you have had the grit to do as much? He has since become a power in politics and education in his native state and has represented it with conspicuous ability in Congress.

It is pretty well known to



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John Milton

Robert Louis Stevenson, at right, has left a literary legacy which makes him a universal favorite among story tellers

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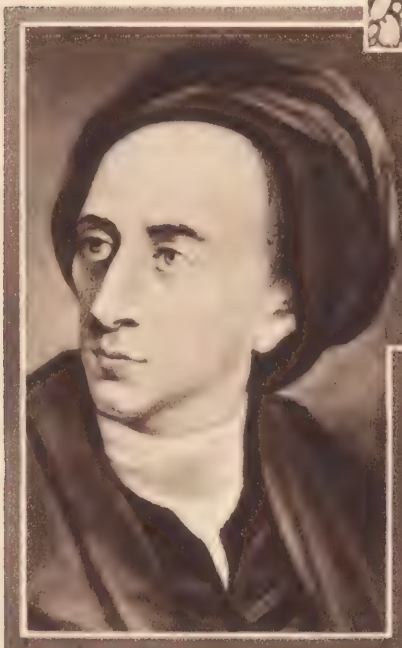
At left: Alexander Pope, who ranks as one of the most quoted poets

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acquired by using those weak eyes. There seemed nothing too difficult for him to learn or accomplish.

A remarkable example of a determined and long-sustained effort to overcome physical defects as well as other handicaps, and to make of oneself what one willed to be is furnished by Demosthenes, the Greek orator of ancient times and perhaps one of the greatest orators in history.

When Demosthenes was seven years old his father died, leaving him a large estate, consisting of a



most folks that Theodore Roosevelt was born with weak eyes and a weak heart, and had asthma pretty badly in his youth. We know how well he succeeded in building up a physique that had not been given him by Nature. Years afterward, when a crank fired a bullet into his body at Milwaukee during a Presidential campaign, the doctors who attended him said that he had one of the hardest and most muscular bodies they had ever seen. It was almost as if the ball had been fired into an oaken beam. And what marvelous knowledge of nature he



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William Cowper

manufactory of swords and another of upholstery, the total income from the two amounting to about \$3,000 per year. This was a handsome income for those days, and he could have lived upon it in ease, but his three guardians, two of whom were cousins, handed over to him only a fraction of his patrimony, the income from it amounting to less than \$300 per year. The youthful heir brought suit against them, but recovered nothing; and his relatives even managed, by a curious complication of technicalities possible in Athens at that period, to throw a public burden (the equipment of a ship of war) on him, by which his resources were still further pared away.

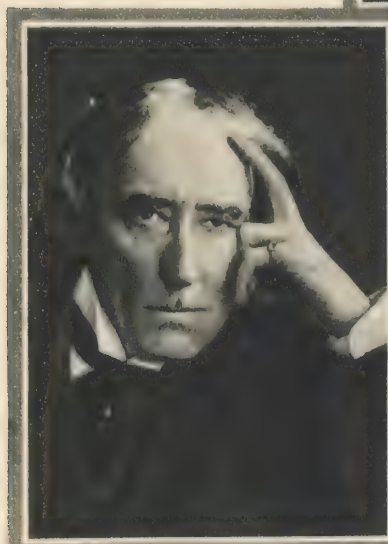
He had resolved from a very early age to go into the law himself and become a public speaker. He had apparently no qualifications for the latter line of work. From infancy he had been weak in body, and he suffered from a serious impediment of speech. With the

grimmet of determination, he set himself to work to surmount these handicaps. He would practice speaking for long periods with pebbles arranged in his mouth in some manner which he thought helped to overcome his impediment. We do not know just how this was done, but the process was evidently effective. To better his wind, he would declaim while running uphill. As a practice in overcoming the shouts and jeers of a more or less hostile assemblage, he would speak beside the sea, where waves were rolling in and dashing against the rocks.

He spent long hours at hard study in seclusion,



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Helen Keller



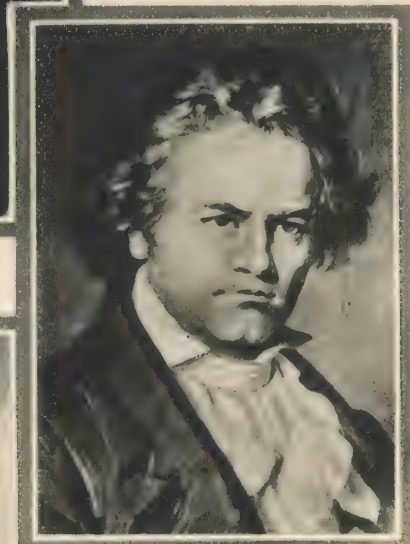
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Sir Henry Irving

having guarded himself against the temptation to forsake his work and seek society by shaving one side of his head. By way of studying both form and matter he wrote the whole of Thucydides eight times. And after all this preparation, when he first appeared before the Assembly, he was jeered! He suffered a few hours of intense dejection after that reverse, but was encouraged by an obscure actor who found him moping about the Piraeus, and next day he was as determined as ever to win in the contest he had set for himself. What a curiously anomalous incident that

was! A man of no particular ability, who could win neither fame nor fortune for himself, was the instrument chosen to drop into the ear of a genius the encouraging word that spurred him on to become the greatest man in Greece!

That Demosthenes realized his ambition is a matter of history. He, the tongue-tied weakling, became a magnetic orator with almost hypnotic power over an assemblage; and those of us who have read his great Philippics can have no doubt of the depth, force and clarity of his thought.

One of the most pathetic cases of physical affliction in all the history



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Beethoven

of genius is that of the composer, Beethoven. He suffered not only physical but financial and family troubles far greater than those of the average man, yet gave us some of the greatest and sweetest music that has ever been written.

His father was a tenor singer at the court of the archbishop-elect of Cologne. He was a hard drinker, rough, violent and selfish. He began giving little Ludwig music lessons when the boy was only five years old, and forced him along as rapidly as possible in his studies, hoping to make him a wage-earner at an



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Roland Farley

(Continued on page 92)

On the Laziness of Boys

By John Hayden

Illustrations by
R. A. Cameron



WHEN Father was a boy he liked to work. He loved it! He thrived on it! Oh yes! He split the kindling, drew water from the well with the old oaken bucket, milked the cow, hoed the corn, studied his lessons, liked arithmetic, washed behind his ears, and went whistling to school—neither absent nor tardy—with a shining morning face.

There you have it—the myth of the ages. Boys have been fed on it so long that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. Adam told it to Cain and Abel shortly after the Curse was laid on him; Cain, being a fearsome and vengeful person, passed it on; his descendants propagated it; and we have continued to nourish youngsters with the hoary old hypocrisy ever since. We've told it till we have come to believe it ourselves.

But has it changed the essential nature of the boy? Not a whit! After futile centuries of this ancient counter-blast the laziness of boys remains as universal as the Cosmic Urge.

I suppose any father who honestly searched his memory would be forced to the conclusion that for intelligent, crafty, far-seeing, Machiavellian, persistent, energetic laziness—for unlimited activity in devising ways to do what he wanted to do instead of what he didn't want to do, he personally broke all records.

Of course he worked. He probably had to. He mowed lawns for pocket money, he studied under pressure, he did the chores because they were a lion in the path that had somehow to be removed before one could pursue pleasure. All this he did; but as for doing it the way *his* father used to do it—why, perfection had vanished from the earth since his sire's Olympian youth. Ask Dad—he knows!

There's mighty little burlesque about this. It's the solemn truth—owlishly solemn. Some of the misconceptions that go with it would be funny if the consequences were not so often tragic. I have a very energetic and able friend, for whose keenness of judgment and knowledge of human nature I have the greatest respect. His record is of a kind that entitles him to hold very positive opinions about work. He once said to me when the subject of youngsters came up: "The boys of this generation are not learning to work. My boys are not; their companions are not. They are living too soft. I

THE lad whose æsthetic sensibilities do not find an uncut lawn intolerable, and who feels no urge to push a lawnmower because his soul revolts against a two weeks' stubble on the face of Mother Earth, may yet shave the old lady willingly because he feels the urge to earn a quarter.

don't know what to do about it. The conditions of living nowadays are such that one can't find much for a boy to do—particularly if one is living in a city. When I was a boy we all worked. Hard physical work was a part of our daily life. Nobody could take it easy. But now, instead of chores, it's tennis; instead of going to the store on foot to buy mother some groceries one hops onto a motor cycle or into a car.

"My youngest boy, now about thirteen, is becoming a fine golfer. He belongs to a golf club near our summer home. That's all very well, I suppose; but one day he had the nerve to complain to his mother that her requirements on his time were ruining his game. I tried to make him understand that when I was his age such a view of the matter would have been regarded as considerably worse than absurd. In those days, in fact, he would have gotten an old fashioned licking for daring to think such thoughts. But in these—why, I'd as soon think of beating my wife. Somehow it just doesn't go down any longer.

"But how to combat that boy's mental attitude! I confess I'm stumped. The circumstances that have combined to produce it are too strong for me. The list of things that have conspired to keep my boy from the discipline of work includes just about every convenience of modern life from the telephone to the steam-heated flat; and I don't see how I can well bury myself in the back-woods just for the sake of getting rid of them." And, anyhow; well—maybe it will turn out all right."

It was that discussion that set me to feeling around further into this more or less esoteric subject of what really makes up the internal cosmos of a normally lazy boy. It left me convinced that it is time somebody made a plea for the boy who shirks, the boy who hates to get up in the morning, who goes through arithmetic and Latin grammar on his wits, and who goes to school like a shirk and leaves it like a shot. It will turn out all right. That's my thesis.

Philosophers have a stock argument that since all men have the religious instinct, there must be something in religion. Not so bad! Religion is a universal instinct; ergo, there's something in it. All boys are lazy; ergo, there's something in it—and a probably good and sufficient reason for it. Logic's logic.

The first inference to be drawn from the proposition that all boys are lazy is, of course, that boys are not lazy at all—unless, indeed, they are sick or otherwise sub-normal. What is the trait in a boy by which he makes everyone in his neighborhood, except other boys, acutely uncomfortable? Why, his lack of laziness; his inability to loaf. He is a geyser of energy. He has more steam than he can use. He can't tire. He never stops. He has the energy of a Theodore Roosevelt, and then some. He puts into what he does—provided he wants to do it—a degree of drive and courage which, if it were possessed by his dad would make that probably mediocre person a captain of industry, or the owner of a Tin Lizzy, in no time at all.

In short, there are two qualities in the nature of every normal boy which are apparently in flat contradiction to each other. The one is his boundless capacity for effort; the other his total inertness when confronted by tasks he doesn't approve the purpose of. Boys naturally like effort; but like everyone else they object to useless effort, and there is no denying that when it comes to useless effort their black list is an extensive one. But isn't it so with most of us? Most of us require as a stimulus to effort the prospect of attaining, either at once or later, not merely a return, but a return which we desire and which we consider adequate. The lad whose æsthetic sensibilities do not find an uncut lawn unendurable, and who feels no urge to push a lawn-mower because his soul revolts against a two-weeks' stubble on the face of Mother Earth, may yet shave the old lady willingly because he feels the urge to earn a quarter. And of course everyone knows how Tom Sawyer supplied every other boy in the neighborhood but himself with an astonishingly spiritual motive for wanting to share in the white-washing of Aunt Polly's back fence. Tom Sawyer, possibly the laziest boy in fiction except Huck Finn, remains a standing refutation to all arguments that a healthy boy can be a loafer in any fundamental sense of the word.

I am well acquainted with one small boy who apparently hates work. Point out to him that if he studies hard now he will reap his reward after he grows up, and he can't see that reward with a telescope. It's too far off. But the privilege of attending a properly selected movie Saturday afternoon provided he gets a grade of 90 or more in all his studies—deportment included—during the week, turns the trick very nicely; and to those who pronounce such methods bribery, I say make the most of it. He ought to study from a sense of duty? He ought—enamored of the dulcet call of the Categorical Imperative? Yes, but he won't! He's a boy; and I protest that I didn't invent him.

That same youngster has for many moons now had his heart set on constructing a toy airplane that will fly. He has built a dozen or so. They hang in rows in the cellar, in all shapes and sizes, monoplanes, bi-planes, tri-planes. His mother has been kept busy supplying fragments of old sheets for wings till the rag-bag is empty. None of them have yet traversed the circumambient air; but the small builder keeps right on going in the face of discouragements that would stump an adult many times over. I don't know just how one ought to label the

reluctance of such a boy to do things that don't interest him; but I can't see the force of the argument that boys in this day don't know how to work—merely because they have not made the acquaintance of the buck-saw and other inconveniences of our youth.

The Germans had a theory that since American boys had not been trained from babyhood to fight they would not know how to fight. We all know what happened in the Argonne and elsewhere. Boys do know how to fight, and they also know how to work. They get such knowledge *a priori*. They never had to learn it; and all they need for a full exercise of their knowledge is elbow room, opportunity, and very little guidance.

What too many of us have forgotten is that boys—particularly small ones—have their own peculiar notion of what work is. The chief thing they know about it is that it is pleasant, lots of fun, and worth while. I don't know where on earth they ever got such a curious notion. Maybe they brought it from somewhere else; but there it is—and mighty heathenish it looks to a lot of good people. Apparently they are still trailing some remnant

of those clouds of glory, draped in which as naked babies they came among us—so that they are able, in their infinite wisdom, to deck Work with all the gay and gorgeous colors that make life lovely, and call it Play. But consider it! It's Work; it's Effort; it's Hope; it's Courage; it's a natural exercise and discipline of the whole man—an exquisite flowering of the joy in work which God must have put into the first act of creation. It's a bigger miracle than a sunrise; it is those same immortal clouds of glory flaunting like a divine challenge in our stupid faces. We square-jawed, grim-mouthed, sad-eyed adults are a sorry lot of

BOYS naturally like effort, but like everyone else they object to useless effort, and there is no denying that when it comes to useless effort their black list is an extensive one.

Old Mother Nature never did make boys lazy—loafers in flesh and laggards in spirit. She left that to the fools who can't get it through their heads that children are people.

pikers beside the boy who is attended by that vision.

It seems almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to point out the only conclusion which can well be drawn from such facts—namely, that to interfere, for disciplinary or other reasons, with the process of growth by which a child acquires, in his own fashion, a natural enjoyment for doing things that require effort, is a crime. It is a cropping up of the old notion that a thing can't be pleasant and right at the same time, and that discipline can't be pleasant and efficacious at the same time. In some cases the remorseless application of that view is nothing short of spiritual murder.

It is possible to rob a child of his natural liking for work by depriving him of those natural motives which alone can make him enjoy effort. That means substituting forced and unrequited labor for labor that brings an adequate return. When a boy once gets the notion that labor is a thing that yields no palatable and agreeable fruit, he falls into habits of mental and physical inactivity, just as his body would sink into an inert lump if it were without a spine. A part of him is paralysed—a part of his soul. Henceforth he is not just a "lazy" boy; he is a loafer.

A boy is a free spirit, and no slave. Slaves have to work for no return other than food and a bed. A slave is not shown the reasonableness or the advantage of the thing he is required to do—because for him it offers no reasonableness and no advantage. It is possible to treat a boy thus; and even though the unrequited tasks required of him be light ones, yet not all your force, not

all your discipline, can keep him from taking a loafer attitude toward the job. For him work becomes simply toil, to be gone through with unwillingly and without joy.

Of course all of us have to work under compulsion and often for an inadequate return—particularly as we grow older. The world seems to require that of everyone. We all get our stomachful of that. But why lay the inevitable burden on shoulders that need not yet bear it? The same fate awaits us all a bit further down the road. Let the boy tarry a little, so that when he finally does eat the soggy bread of forced toil his spirit may breathe strongly through that loaf and leaven it. But on the other hand, make him work, unrewarded and without some kindly stimulus; make him grind wearily simply because he is made to—and he will draw just one conclusion from your tyranny—that work is clearly a useless and cruel thing, and that he works, not for any sort of advantage to himself, but simply because he is small and helpless. And the clear inference for him to draw is that when he gets to be big and strong he won't work any more—unless he is still forced to it by some compulsion stronger than he. For him work has become synonymous with being put upon, taken advantage of, exploited, and required to put forth effort without a just return. Henceforth Society is his debtor, and owes him a living—the philosophy embraced by every loafer, every shirk, and every crook. Boys and men are pretty much alike. They refuse to produce a pound and receive a pittance.

This does not mean that work must necessarily be paid for with money or some other form of material reward.

Fundamentally work can be paid for only in the coin of a spiritual satisfac-

tion. Nothing short of a perversion in a man's nature can lead him to work wholly for a material reward. It is a mean spirited man and a mean spirited boy that will render service only for pay.

The boy who washes the dishes for his mother in order that she may rest after dinner may or may not be paid with money for his time; but the sense of having won gratitude and approval may be quite sufficient to supply him with sense of reaping a benefit from what he has done. Duty has a lovely face for him who obeys her because his heart consents. But a yielding to this gentle compulsion is as far as the poles from giving way to the black-browed coercion that says, not "I ought," but "You shall." Every child knows that the latter is of the Devil; but we adults are tough—we've forgotten it.

Turn to Franklin's Autobiography, and read there the story of the man who had an axe to grind. Benjamin Franklin was one of the most uncannily industrious men that ever lived. One feels that he loved work, if anything, too well—for most people's comfort at least. And whatever human limitation he had as a boy, he certainly was not lazy even in the sense in which the ordinary boy is lazy. But in the story of the man with an axe to grind, Franklin recorded for all time, in a form that has become classic, the conviction that it is not right to exploit children, nor to demand of them unrequited labor, either for the sake of discipline, or of teaching them to work, or for any other reason. All little Ben Franklin wanted after he had turned the grindstone for the suave stranger on that bitter winter morning was to be paid for his work—paid with the coin called Thanks. What he discovered was that he had been used.

There is a tradition that rich boys hate work. Very likely! The rich boy is peculiarly unfortunate in the fact that it is difficult to find for him, without some hunting for it at least, any kind of work—any means of rendering service with his hands and with his time.

He doesn't lack money; and nobody needs his help, apparently, because there are plenty of people around who are hired to do everything necessary or unnecessary. He is all too likely to belong to what economists like to call "the great army of the Unemployed." He is a millionaire hobo.

Mr. Kipling suggested an adequate cure for this condition in one of the best stories ever written—"Captains Courageous." Mr. Kipling's sample rich boy—and he is a vivid and complete specimen—gets washed by a big wave off the deck of a liner out into the Atlantic Ocean, where a fishing smack, bound for the Newfoundland Banks, picks him up. He doesn't fit conditions on that fishing smack. He has been taught all his life to discount service and to expect it rather than to render it. But there, among people who work, under the teaching of a skipper who treats him rough, and in close contact with a boy who has been very differently brought up, he

learns his lesson in the impersonal school of Necessity. And he finds his way out.

What the tale means, if it means anything at all, is that a boy will grow as healthily and vigorously as a weed if you just let him. Hothouses are bad for him. All he needs is plenty (Continued on page 94)



One day he had the nerve to complain to his mother that her requirements on his time were ruining his game

The Man with the Miracle Mind

The mystery of the seven golden skulls, and a vanishing beauty—and the adventures of a magician who turns detective

By Samri Frikell

The Valley of the Shadow

CHAPTER I

THE "Musical Blairs" were jazzing to a sensational get-away. On the stage of the Olympian Theater they were in the last throes of their raggy Madame Butterfly Blues.

In the orchestra, the boxes, the family circle and the top gallery a large audience tapped its toes, preparatory to a thunder gust of applause.

In the star's dressing room, just off the left entrance, stood Chatrand, the mystic, reader of men's minds and hearts, and beside him, eagerly looking over his shoulder, was Jerry Jones, his assistant. Presently the "Musical Blairs" would have taken their bows, and the astounding Chatrand demonstration of mind reading would engage the audience.

Yet Chatrand delayed. Close to the wire-caged electric bulb beside his make-up mirror he stood, reading a scribbled note for the second time.

"Keep away from the right aisle to-night," he read.

"When you give your mind-reading exhibition, remain in the aisles to the center and the left. For the next two hours, the right aisle of the Olympian Theater is the Valley of the Shadow. Be warned in time."

With an impatient exclamation, Chatrand dropped the note to the shelf, littered with make-up utensils, before the mirror.

"No name!" he exclaimed resentfully. "An anonymous crank who steals to the stage door, leaves that note, and sneaks away before he is caught. Probably the creature is out in front now waiting to gloat at my cowardice if I follow his advice."

"But suppose something should happen," protested Jerry Jones.

"Nothing will happen!" decided Chatrand. "There goes our waltz now. Let's hurry!"

A moment later the curtain soared to the flies, disclosing the full stage set of Chatrand, the mind-reader, headliner of the Olympian bill. The barest simplicity was revealed—a curving drape in the rear of rich green velour, and in the center a single gilded chair.

Emerging briskly from the leg drop at the right, Chatrand walked directly down to the footlights. He was a surprise to those expectant of some robed and bearded charlatan with a jewelled turban on his head. Here was a good-looking young American, only a bit silvered at the temples. His straight nose, firm jaw and chin and broad forehead marked him with manhood. His eyes were his most remarkable feature—set wide apart, large and piercing in the dark intensity of their gaze.

He began speaking in a quiet and most matter-of-fact tone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have no explanation to suggest regarding the source of the miracle I shall show you. Some persons say it is a trick. Others insist it is mental telepathy. Again, the spiritualists say it is accomplished by a supernatural agency. The newspapers have called me the 'Man With the Miracle Mind.' I prefer to leave it to your own judgment. You have eyes to see, you have ears to hear. Allow me to present my assistant—Monsieur Jerome!"

Smiling bashfully, Jerry Jones stepped out, bowed and sat in the gilded chair. Chatrand then explained that darkness was an aid to concentration and a confusion to skeptics, and proceeded to blindfold Jerry. Around his head he swathed a thick bandage of silk, knotting it securely and then inviting any doubting Thomas to step on the stage and be convinced that Jerome was safely hoodwinked. No one accepted the invitation.

With a smile that might have held its challenge to the writer of the anonymous note of warning, Chatrand then approached one of a set of three flights of wooden steps leading from the stage to the aisles. These steps were adjusted over the heads of the musicians, thus permitting easy access from the stage to the body of the house. It was Chatrand's invariable routine to begin at the left and work gradually over to the right aisle. But to-night he elected to reverse that process. He was beginning his presentation on the right aisle—in the forbidden "Valley of the Shadow!"

Descending the steps, as the house lights glowed into radiance, he paused at the "A" row of seats and requested a fat man on the end to lend him some object for the purpose of the exhibition. The fat man passed something into Chatrand's waiting hand, which closed immediately, concealing what it had received.

"Monsieur Jerome!" called the mystic. "What is this?"

There was a moment of brief pause, while the blindfolded psychic clasped his hands and appeared to be trying to receive an elusive impression. But this was quickly interrupted—his voice, high-pitched and droning, like that of a man speaking in his dreams, sounded sharply on the intent stillness:

"It is a watch. A gold watch. A hunting case. Initials on the front E. T. H. The number on the inside is 643,900. Inside the case there is the snapshot of a dark-haired girl, wearing a middy blouse. Her name was Anna. . . . Anna is dead!"

The droning voice of the hoodwinked youth died away on that final phrase with an effect at once eerie and

DETECTIVE brains are not limited to Scotland Yard, Centre Street, or the collected works of Arthur B. Reeves and A. Conan Doyle. Did you ever stop to consider that a headliner in vaudeville who puts over a mind-reading act has a power and capacity for observation which give him unlimited opportunities as a criminal investigator? It takes brains of a high order to master the memory codes and other methods used in vaudeville, and when this ability is combined with the intelligence of the first class criminal investigator, we have a new type of detective—a Magician Detective—and a story that is entirely out of the beaten track.

startling. Gasps of astonishment, little murmurs of excitement, arose in all parts of the theater. Even the wise-acres, who knew all about codes and signals conveyed in questions, were baffled. How could a code tell the name of that girl—or the fact that she was dead?

"Is that correct?" inquired Chatrand of the fat man.

"It sure is. That was my niece!" grunted the bewildered spectator, wiping his brow with one hand as he received the watch back with the other. Chatrand thanked him and passed on. Before a gray-haired, aged woman, dressed in black and sitting near the end of the "C" row, he came to a second halt.

"Would you like to have a question answered?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, indeed I would. Can you tell me if—"

"Just a moment, please," protested Chatrand smiling.

"Do not tell me your question. Just think about it. Concentrate on it. Think hard!"

The woman, with an unbelieving stare, put her hand over her eyes and bowed her head. She seemed lost in meditation.

Suddenly Jerry's sing-song whine broke upon the tense stillness.

"This lady—wants to know—if her married son—will be reconciled to his wife. They have been separated—since last April. They will be reconciled! A little baby—will soon be born to your daughter-in-law. That will reunite her—to your son. The lady herself—was responsible—for the separation!"

Like the rustling of the forest leaves were the whispers of the amazed audience, as Chatrand, leaning forward, asked kindly:

"Is any of that correct, madame?"

"All! All of it. I *was* to blame," she sobbed brokenly, and Chatrand stepped over to murmur some words rapidly in her ear. She seemed to brighten wonderfully at what he said. The mystic was smiling, as with the consciousness of a good deed done, as he stood erect again and moved on, farther up the forbidden aisle of the shadow.

By this time, he had completely forgotten the mysterious note of warning. His eyes were roaming, studying the nearby spectators for likely tests, denying imploring requests for demonstrations all around him, when suddenly he grew rigid, his eyes dilating, his fingers closing in a quick shock of unparalleled emotion.

Amid the familiar golden and pink brilliance of the theater, among the flushed, excited faces of marvelling spectators, in the very midst of his exhibition routine, what shock could thrill him and force him to such complete and immediate surrender? What could shake this wonder-striking Chatrand from the accustomed poise and dignity of his rôle and fill him with the dismaying conviction that this moment was the threshold of his destiny? What was it that had made him pause, that halted his tongue as it shaped a jest, that formed ice in his palms and fire in his heart?

Chatrand had looked into the eyes of a girl.

As his searching glance had fallen upon one face after another, he had seen her—a dainty wisp of womanhood, her oval face turned toward him, her red lips parted in a curve as if she would cry out to him, her cheeks crimson with the swift flush of some surging emotion, her candent eyes alight with actual pain and appeal.

All in a moment it came, but not in eternity was it to go. Chatrand knew then that he had beheld the one woman, and though now his flexed fingers were relaxed, though he forced his feet to carry him farther through the aisle, though he heard himself mechanically inviting other tests, he could not withdraw his eyes from her eyes, and he knew that never, until the last tick of time, could he forget her.

All in an instant, Chatrand had fallen in love.

He was about to receive a business card from a

visitor from Minneapolis, when something happened that brought him immediately to the seventh row in which the beautiful unknown was placed. It was to answer an unmistakable summons from her that Chatrand crushed the Minneapolitan's card back into his hand, and hurried to the "G" section. The glorious girl had beckoned to him—called him impetuously, with a tense earnestness in her gesture that would not be denied. Chatrand was accustomed to being importuned; every other spectator did that, but he knew that this girl needed him; that behind that urgent signal there was purpose and reason. He could not mistake the look in her dazzling eyes.

As he reached the "G" row, he saw for the first time that she was accompanied by a man who slouched beside her in the aisle seat. At the first sight of him, Chatrand experienced an immediate feeling of dislike. Cheapness, shrewdness and low cunning were proclaimed in his clothes as in his countenance. The mystic marvelled as he looked at him. How could such a glorious girl go to a show with such a creature as this man? He was well past middle-age, with sleek gray hair and narrow green eyes over which heavy, purple lids drooped broodingly. His nose was hawked, and beneath it sprawled heavy white mustaches. He was regarding Chatrand with a lazy kind of amused admiration.

Beside him, Chatrand paused, waiting to see what the girl who had summoned him would ask him to do. The audience, noticing the let-up in the brisk progress of the performance, craned necks to see what was happening. The next instant Chatrand witnessed an amazing thing.

He saw the girl reach over with a darting movement of her left hand and thrust her fingers into the inside coat pocket of the man beside her.

He saw the man turn with an infuriated growl and try to block her movement. But he was not quick enough. Before his restraining hand could seize her, she had withdrawn from his reach and something like gold glittered between her slender, jewelled fingers.

With an oath the man grabbed at her wrist, half rising in his seat, fierce growlings in his throat. But again she eluded him. Rising breathlessly she reached over his shoulder, holding out the object to Chatrand and panting:

"Take it! For God's sake, take it!"

Not a moment too soon did Chatrand seize it. The next moment the man whirled on him, his face wrinkled into purple ridges of fury, and caught his arm. Gratingly he demanded the return of his property.

Chatrand did not move. Grimly smiling he stood there, looking the man squarely in his pig-like little eyes. Then, with a broader smile, he returned the object to him. Sighing with relief, and giving the mind-reader a baleful look, the man sank back in the chair. He glared at the girl with the stare of a man who has seen something rise from a grave.

But Chatrand was not done.

"What was that, Monsieur Jerome?" he called.

For a long, suspended moment the blind-folded assistant remained rigid and dumb in his chair. The white-mustached man in the seat by the girl was trembling, and ready to shriek out and silence the psychic, if he dared. It seemed as if the hoodwinked medium would never open his lips; that his droning voice would never respond. The spectators sat forward in their chairs, clutching their programs, aware now that the performance had been interrupted by something unusual.

At last the young man on the stage recovered his voice.

"The object," he droned, "was a silver thread—on which were suspended—seven golden skulls!"

As his voice died away, there was a sudden commotion.

From the throat of the white-mustached man there came a gurgling cry of fear. At the same moment a shrivelled little man in a nearby box clambered to a chair, and howling imprecations, leaped over the rail and landed sprawling in the aisle.

Three rows beyond where Chatrand stood, rose a wild-eyed, white faced young man striving inarticulately to speak.

Across the theater, on the other side of the house, a portly man with an air of authority, was clambering over other spectators and shouting incoherently.

Farther down the aisle a girl began to scream.

Amid this sudden confusion there sounded a new cry—a long, high-pitched shriek, and simultaneously with that sound every light in the Olympian Theater went out.

It happened instantly. The soft lamps above the boxes, the glowing *girondelle* in the dome, the gay row of footlights, the red-globed exit lamps alike were blotted out, as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand.

"Lights!" shouted Chatrand, but his voice was drowned in the chorus of cries that now arose from all parts of the house. But in the gloom, he sensed there was something singular occurring; he heard the furtive scraping of a heel against the metal leg of the aisle seat; he heard the poignant out-cry of a frightened woman, he heard the rattle in the throat of a man.

"Lights!" yelled Chatrand.

This time there came a response. The red exit lamps blinked back into life, the box lights came out again and the entire theater glowed again into its accustomed soft illumination. But now its kindly radiance disclosed an appalling scene.

Sprawled in his seat, his white mustaches tipped with crimson blots, his arms outflung in a last gesture of terror, his glazed and staring eyes fixed on the everlasting, the girl's companion lay still. Above his heart there was a gash from which the oozing blood stained his clothing. No weapon was visible. But the man was dead.

No expert was needed to decide that. In those fifty seconds of shadow in the forbidden aisle, some one had slain him.

And the girl? Where was she? With despairing eyes Chatrand looked for her, but looked in vain.

Her seat was vacant. While murder had stalked in the gloom of the valley of shadow, the beautiful girl of mystery had disappeared.

CHAPTER II

The Man In "J—17, Right"

IT was a moment of supreme terror and confusion!

As Chatrand glanced quickly from the murdered figure across the brilliant auditorium, he saw in an instant that danger threatened from every aisle.

Nameless, unreasoning, bleary-eyed fear was flapping its wings above the heads of the audience. In the path of violence it had pursued and now its reaching claws were at the heart of the crowd.

From all sides came queer noises—the shuffle and scrape of feet, gasps and whimpers and whines of women ready to be frenzied, the hoarse guttural mutters of startled men. Death had stalked among them, invisible in the dark, and the horror of it froze their reason. At any moment there might be a rush for the red-lamped exits; an outburst of panic.

Chatrand raised his hand.

"There has been an accident!" he called in cool, sonorous tones. "Be calm and keep your seats; everything will be all right!"

And because they had seen this serene man do wonders and marvels, they heeded the bell-like command of his voice; the slowly gathering clamor was stilled—stilled,

except for one red-faced man rushing up the aisle on the other side of the house. He had reached the rear of the theater, and with an arrogant wave of his hand had summoned a policeman who trailed obsequiously behind him as he came stamping down toward Chatrand.

He brushed by the mind-reader as if he did not exist, and bent over the decumbent form of the dead man.

"Ace Thorne!" he ejaculated.

He reared upright—a bulking giant of a man, bald-headed and red-faced, with a reddish wart pimpling the end of his nose. His eyes snapped behind his glasses and his jaw was implacable.

"No one is to leave this place until I give permission," he roared, his voice orotund with importance. "This is an order from police headquarters."

He turned on the glum-faced janizary at his elbow.

"Merkle, go to the telephone and let the front office know that someone has done for Ace Thorne. Tell them to shoot some men up here. Make the ushers guard the exits until you get back."

Merkle departed importantly on his errand, and the other whirled suddenly on Chatrand.

"Who killed this man?" he demanded.

"I can't help you there," returned Chatrand with laconic courtesy.

His inquisitor folded his red hands across an expansive paunch.

"You stood there when this man was killed, and you don't know who did it?" he barked.

"Exactly!"

The red-faced man took a step nearer the mind-reader and thrust out a pudgy, accusing forefinger.

"But you did know he had the Patterson skulls!" he said, with withering emphasis.

"I did not know their family name," returned the mystic.

His easy assurance irritated the officer, who distrusted everything he could not understand. His pury truculence grew more evident, his face getting a darker shade of brick.

"Look here, you," he snarled. "My name is Winks. Inspector Winks. I get what I go after. Don't monkey with me. I always get what I go after. Remember that!"

"I remember you worked on the Elwell and Nicky Arnstein cases," returned Chatrand smiling amiably.

Inspector Winks gave him a rancid look.

"You remain where you are," he commanded. "I'll deal with you in a moment."

Again he bent over the body, beginning a systematic search of the clothing, while Chatrand turned to gaze on the garish scene of horror about him. What more *outré* setting for such an atrocious crime could have been devised? There was the audience, quieted now into strained curiosity, watching the proceedings as if this were the headline act of the vaudeville—blanched faces all turned toward the grim spectacle over which the Inspector worked. There was the stage, and in the center the solitary figure of the youthful Jerry on his gilded chair, still quiet as if in a trance, still hoodwinked. There, peering around the edges of the scenery were the grotesque faces of comedians in various stages of make-up, and grimy stage-hands in blazers of dirty purple and orange. It was appallingly unreal, like a picture from some disordered dream.

Inspector Winks had completed his examination.

In his hand was a small roll of bills, a silver pencil, a pair of dice and a memorandum book.

"The Patterson skulls are not here," he said with heavy emphasis.

It was plain that his mind was almost made up; he looked at Chatrand as if, in his mind, the telepatist were already tried, found guilty and condemned.

"I'm going to search you right now," he proclaimed,

and stuffing the contents of the dead man's pocket into his own, he started toward Chatrand. The complaisant mind-reader submitted with a quiet smile, which did not leave him until the examination was completed, and a silken handkerchief was the only trophy of the Inspector's quest.

"Satisfied?" he asked, as the detective paused to wipe a puffy hand across his brow.

"No! You were standing right beside that man when he was killed. You are under arrest!"

In the same instant, he had drawn a set of steel handcuffs from his pockets and grabbed the mind-reader's wrists. Before he could protest, Chatrand was manacled.

For a moment, the mind-reader glared at the detective with eyes that blazed fury. Then he raised his arms, gave them a peculiar twist and the steel bracelets fell ringingly to the floor. In that one moment, Chatrand had miraculously unlocked them and hurled them off.

Inspector Winks gave an inarticulate growl of rage and chagrin and stopped to seize them. Stupidly he gazed at the opened locks.

"Houdini stuff, eh?" he growled when he found his voice. "Resisting arrest, eh? Well, we'll see about you!"

A file of policemen had appeared in the rear of the theater and with a yell, he called two of them. At his command they seized Chatrand and held him firmly.

"I'll deal with you in a moment," he snarled. "I guess you are safe enough now."

But again Chatrand only smiled. He had not meant to resist arrest; he meant to resent the indignity of handcuffs. He was content to let Inspector Winks fribble away his time in useless questioning of those in the nearby seats, while he would use the resources of his brain to solve the problem.

For Chatrand was determined that he would do just that. Not for the glory, or for the protection of the law, which was the job of Inspector Winks and his men. Chatrand was thinking only of the glorious girl whose dazzling eyes had claimed his love in that one wonderful glance before the darkness.

Why had she called to him? Why had she been so frenziedly eager for him to have those mysterious golden skulls proclaimed aloud from the stage? Undoubtedly they had precipitated the crime. And where had she disappeared?

That last question to Chatrand was supremely important. That she was innocent his soul cried aloud, but that her disappearance would link her with the crime was certain, so soon as Winks discovered that she had been there and vanished. Then what would happen?

Chatrand shivered as he thought of it. That dear girl would be like a butterfly caught between the ham-like hands of this ruffian police inspector! He would crush her innocent young spirit. Yet how could that be prevented? Only by Chatrand reaching her, finding her, before Inspector Winks!

And how was he to do that if he were arrested? And even if he went free, where was he to look for her? That was why to Chatrand the most important question first was, where had she gone?

He looked at the seat she had occupied. It was but one removed from the aisle; on the end seat was the body of her slain companion. Chatrand himself had stood just beside him; it would have been impossible for her to pass without him being aware. She could not have gone that way.

To her right stretched away half a dozen or more seats, all occupied. She could not have scurried past all those people in that little space of time without them knowing. And if they had known they would have told the Inspector. No one had even mentioned her as yet.

Therefore, she could not have escaped to the right or to the left; of that Chatrand felt assured. Nor could she have gone forward, for six crowded rows intervened. Backward was equally impossible for the remainder of the orchestra rows were behind. And manifestly she could not have gone through the floor.

Where, then, could she possibly have gone?

Above?

Chatrand glanced upward. Sloping sharply forward was the curve of the balcony. The forefront of that gallery, he knew, was given over to loge boxes. From his present confined position, of course, he could not see into them. One would have to be farther down the aisle to do that.

Was it possible that the girl had been drawn up into that box? Could she be hiding there now?

Chatrand thrilled at the thought. That must be the explanation. However preposterous or bizarre it seemed, however impossible of accomplishment, it was the only logical answer. She must have gone above!

But how could he be sure? Here he was, helpless, fettered by two policemen who were ready to shoot if he tried to shake them off. What could he do?

Any other man in the world would have been helpless in that predicament. No other human being could have attempted what Chatrand, in that swift-thinking moment, determined to do. Literally he determined to see with another man's eyes!

Because he had at his fingertips a thousand and one secret devices by which a mind-reader is enabled to deceive and impress his audiences, he held a power unknown to others which he now decided to use for the first time in history in the detection of crime!

He would make Monsieur Jerome there on the stage look into the box for him.

Monsieur Jerome was blindfolded, but never mind. Monsieur Jerome was supposed to be in a trance, but be sure that Jerry was wide awake, intent, ready to obey the orders of his master. Of all those in the theater only Chatrand knew that Jerry's hoodwink was a delusion. Jerry could see through that blindfold much better than he could see when his eyes were free.

By a skillful turn at the last moment—after the invitation for inspection had been turned down—the bandage was made transparent. Moreover, concealed in the blindfold of sable silk were two powerful miniature lenses. Thus the boy's vision was intensified many times by the bandage. Chatrand knew that Jerry could see him, could watch his slightest move perfectly.

Knowing that, Chatrand knew that he could communicate with Jerry, could hold an entire silent conversation with him, could direct him to do what he wanted done, and not a soul in the entire theater, not even the brilliant Inspector Winks himself, would be the wiser.

Those two burly policemen who held him did not suspect, they did not so much as observe the swift motions of his fingers, writhing, twisting, closing and bending in clearly marked symbols against the black of his trousers!

Chatrand was talking with his fingers. By the famous silent hand code, the precious possession of the most enlightened mind-readers, he was transmitting secretly across the auditorium an entire sentence with a few casual gestures.

Swift as vision itself, the coded summons sped through the air by the magic wireless of the mind-reader's finger system. Three times he signalled the audacious recognition call; three times the old familiar hail flashed from his adroit fingertips. And then he saw, by the sudden startled movement of Jerry's body that the boy had seen the sign and was ready to answer.

A moment later a casual and slight movement of the youth's hand gave him the regular reply.

Fast as the lightning movements of the prestidigitateur's fingers moved Chatrand's hand, winging an entire sentence with incredible swiftness.

"Look—in—the—box—above—the—dead—man—what—is—there?"

Thus ran the message. There was agony in Chatrand's covert gaze as he watched the blindfolded boy wondering if he had understood. How would he reply? With a sudden leap of his heart, Chatrand realized he had not provided for that.

Jerry could not answer with the finger code, for Chatrand could not read the signals at that distance. If he blurted out the answer, the result would be disaster; Inspector Winks would rush up into the box and all would be lost.

Chatrand decided quickly. He saw that Jerry had obeyed his request; that he was ready with an answer; he must block any mistake quickly.

Again he signalled with his fingers:

"Answer—in—word—code."

It was a clumsy, desperate expedient, but there was no other way!

With a sigh of relief, Chatrand turned back, as Inspector Winks turned to interrogate an old lady with an ear trumpet.

"Did you hear anything when the lights were out?" he demanded.

Before the old lady could adjust her horn, Monsieur Jerome suddenly sat bolt upright in his gilded chair and yelled:

"Therese!"

"Therese!" echoed the Inspector. "Who the devil is Therese?"

But the unheeding Monsieur Jerome went on, in his droning tones:

"This is awful! What you looking for, old woman? Stop acting and playing like a tongue-tied paralytic! Put him in a cart wheel. Or high chair!"

The droning voice died away in a confused murmur. His face beefy with wrath, Inspector Winks turned to Chatrand.

"What does that monkey business mean?" he demanded.

Chatrand regarded him smilingly. He had no intention of telling the detective what it meant. He certainly would not disclose to him that "Therese" meant simply "threes," and was a signal to him to listen intently to every third word the psychic spoke. He had listened, intently, chalking off the words as they fell slowly, deliberately from Jerry's intoning lips. And what he had decoded was this:

"Awful looking woman and a paralytic in wheel chair!"

That was what Jerry had seen in the box. No beautiful girl at all! Chatrand felt wounded, shocked, disappointed. Yet—she *had* to go that way. There was no other. A beldame and a paralytic in the box, eh? That sounded queer. Since when did people bring paralytics to theater and take them into loge boxes, wheel chair and all? Accomplice, perhaps? Or—

"I want to know what this monkey business means?" thundered Inspector Winks.

"It means that my assistant, Monsieur Jerome, is still in a condition of trance from which only I can release him. He has already been too long under the influence. If you will allow me to return to the stage, I will restore him to consciousness!"

Now Inspector Winks did not believe in trances. But he didn't want his examination interrupted, and he had learned only a few moments back that a woman had disappeared from the vacant seat. He hoped to find out something about her from the old lady with the ear trumpet. It was a bad time to hold up the works.

"Take him up on the stage, then," ordered the Inspector.

And so Chatrand was led back down the aisle he had been warned not to enter; down the Valley of the Shadow he was taken to the little white flight of steps, and with one policeman ahead of him, another behind him, he was allowed to return to the stage. They brought him up in front of Jerry.

Now Chatrand's signalling fingers were working like mad!

"Monsieur Jerome!" he shouted. "Before I bring you from your trance, tell this audience who committed this crime?"

A hush of startled consternation fell over the theater. What was coming?

The blindfolded boy began moving back and forth in a rhythmic swaying, his head drooping to one side. All at once he stopped, rigid and sat erect.

He opened his mouth and shrieked:

"Right aisle! Row J. Seat No. 17! Make that man stand up! Make him stand up! Search him for a knife and skulls—search him— There! He's standing now. Look at him!"

Every head in the theater was turned in that direction. Inspector Winks himself rushed up the aisle, as a tall, erect, gray haired man stood up, with a strange glare in his eyes, from Seat No. 17. Even the two policemen holding Chatrand relaxed their grasp as they turned to look.

And that fatal glance was their undoing!

With appalling strength Chatrand whirled and sent the two of them spinning dizzily half way across the stage. One of them toppled backward and fell, his head smashing against the row of footlights with a report like a gun. The other tumbled sprawling into the musicians' pit.

A shot from Inspector Winks' revolver spattered against the proscenium arch as Chatrand bounded toward the wings.

Like mad he raced away, breaking the law though an innocent man, defiant and determined, fighting for a chance to find the beautiful unknown!

CHAPTER III

A Glimpse of "The Terror"

CHATRAND leaped into the crowd of oddly assorted actors, actresses and stage hands cluttering the side of the stage, like a shell shot from a cannon.

Before his wild onslaught they parted like water, too dazed to bar his passage, too startled to cry out. Only one lumbering comedian, a burlesque acrobat in pink tights and green bodice, was too awkward to get out of the way. Chatrand shot out his right arm and bowled him against a scenic framework of scantling and canvas, which crashed to the floor and buried him.

The next instant Chatrand was at the stage door.

As he seized the iron handle and shot back the ponderous steel gate upon its creaking chains, the storm behind him broke with shrieking fury.

The yells of Inspector Winks rose above the tumult of shouting and screaming in the audience, and the thudding of feet trampling up the steps to the stage told him that the pack was aroused, the law was at his heels.

Yet in that wild moment, Chatrand the mystic smiled. It was the inscrutable smile of the mental master who hears the clamor and is undismayed in the consciousness of superior will and power.

Chatrand smiled. With the utmost swiftness, yet without the frightened, unreasoning haste which defeats its own purpose, he forced open the cumbersome door, stepped out quietly and let it fall ponderously into place again.

(Continued on page 58)

How I Increased My Salary More Than 300%

By JOSEPH ANDERSON

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

The Story of a Man Just Like Myself

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like himself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare-time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

It Was All So Easy, Too!

I WAS surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training. Yes, a matter of training.



How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that will bring you advancement and more money?

Are You Earning Less Than \$75 a Week?

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2370 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Painting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Superintendent | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> BANKING <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |

Name

Street and No.

City State

Occupation

The Man with the Miracle Mind

(Continued from page 56)

Larry Shane, the stage door man, was quietly smoking his pipe in the alley. Larry was thinking of the Irish armistice. He knew absolutely nothing of what had occurred since he touched a match to the dying dottle of his briar.

"There's been a murder in front," said Chatrand. "Run like hell and get a policeman!"

Larry shot him a bewildered glance, gazed wildly around the alley for comprehension, then turned and raced away as if all the Black and Tans in the kingdom were behind him.

And still Chatrand smiled, as he darted off into a pool of shadow beneath the rearing brick wall of the stage and leaped three feet ahead. There above him gleamed a light and an open window.

As agile as a cat was Chatrand as he swung himself up, held suspended by knees and hands, regained his poise and clambered into the window. As he dropped to the floor, he heard the rusty creak of the stage door as it groaningly fell back; he heard the panting gasps of excited men and the shuffling of many feet upon the sidewalk of the alley; he heard a confused jargon of many voices.

"There he goes!"

"See him!"

"Catch him!"

"Stop him!"

Bellowing like wolves they streamed down the alley, the whole mad audience behind the witless, hapless Inspector Winks—all broken beyond bounds, all fear of police blown to the four winds of heaven, all in a mass, a yelling pack—racing after poor Larry Shane!

Chatrand was still smiling as he looked around him. He had merely climbed through the window of his own dressing room. The distant yells and shouts told him they were still in full pursuit of the wrong man. His quickly conceived ruse had worked; but there was no time to lose.

His fingers were not shaking, nor did his breath come a bit faster as he removed his evening dress coat, his high collar and black tie, and the remainder of his outer garments. If some eavesdropper had watched him, he would have said he was quite normal. But the eavesdropper would have been as deceived as the audiences who watched Chatrand's mind-reading. Inwardly he was seething like a maelstrom, but it was a psychic storm which his brain governed and controlled; there was no danger of its getting out of hand.

Into his street clothes he hurried, tying his silk four-in-hand with scrupulous care, and even snatching at brush and comb to straighten his tousled hair. Before adjusting his stickpin, he remembered that his face

still bore traces of streaked and melted make-up. This he carefully removed with perfect coolness. All was done without a single moment of lost motion; all was instant and efficient and yet thorough.

Yet three minutes after Chatrand had climbed through that window, he was arrayed in street garments, ready to carry on!

Carefully he raised the window of frosted and wired glass and peered around the edge of the casement, down the dimly lit alley. Apparently it was deserted; the noise of the crowd had died off into distance, but around the mouth of the alley were clustered chattering groups of excited men and women, too lazy to join in the chase.

For a long moment, Chatrand considered what he should do. He realized that what he would purpose that he must do quickly. In the eyes of Inspector Winks his guilt was signed, sealed and delivered by his spectacular escape. He could look for no mercy there. If he would find the girl he sought, the girl whose image was already enshrined in his heart, he must not delay another instant.

Again he glanced out of the window. As far as he could judge, no one was looking that way.

Taking a long chance, he pressed out the button and the dressing room was in darkness; the next moment he dropped lightly from the window to the concrete pavement of the alley. Waiting not another moment, he strode forward briskly, looking the few loiterers who noticed him squarely in the eye, casually yet unafraid.

Chatrand was counting on a well known optical illusion—that every one looks vastly different on the street than on the stage. The marvels of make-up, aided by costume and the chiaroscuro of stage lighting, effects such transformations that very often the public fails to recognize theatrical celebrities in the plain setting of the sidewalk. This is the testimony of all who know the stage; it had been a frequent experience with Chatrand and now he was turning it to good advantage.

He passed through the throng around the doors of the theater, altogether unrecognized.

And now, feeling assured of safety, with exultant leapings of his heart not altogether stilled by the austere reign of his mind, he set out completing the task which he had imposed upon himself at such high hazard.

He had satisfied himself that the girl had gone, by some means, into that upper box. Jerry had told him there was an old woman and a paralytic in a wheel chair in that box. Therefore he determined that in that oddly assorted pair of human beings

he would find a clue to the girl. He must look for the old woman pushing the wheel chair.

Across the street from the theater was a line of taxicabs and night owl hacks. The latter would suit his purpose better. Accordingly he stalked across the street and engaged an unshaven, high-hatted and generally bedraggled cabman in conversation.

"When I tell you to, drive slowly down the street, and keep on driving until I tell you to stop!" he ordered. "I may give you some queer directions. There's an extra five in it, if you don't make a mistake!"

"Begorrah, and I'll git the five!" prophesied that native of the County Tyrone, as he dexterously shot out a stiff leg and kicked the door open with his foot.

Chatrand clambered in and sank down gratefully in the concealing shadow of the cab. From where he sat he was absolutely masked by the gloom of the interior, yet he had a perfect view of the brightly lighted sidewalk in front of the theater opposite, with its mouthing crowd, and its flashing electric sign in which his own name sparkled in a thousand brilliants.

Nor had he long to wait.

As he heard in the distant side lanes the shuffling trample of a returning horde, as he chuckled at their disappointment when they found they had been tricked into chasing an innocent stage door man, as his eyes sparkled at the mental picture of the indignation of Inspector Winks, he saw a strange elbowing in the people across the way, the emergence of a singular equipage which presently came into the revealing glare of the electric.

A bent old man was pushing an old-fashioned wheel chair, in which a swathed and bandaged figure slumped, slowly toward the brilliant avenue beyond.

An old man pushing a wheel chair!

Jerry had said an old woman! Jerry was famous for the acuteness of his vision, the exactness of his observation. He had distinctly said an old woman. Yet this was an old man.

Chatrand marvelled at that; wondered if in that change there might not lie something deeper than mere mistake. His heart felt a twinge of misgiving. Suppose that he were wrong after all! What would he do then?

Fiercely he told himself that he could not be wrong; that there was no other way possible for the girl to have gone; that this was the sure clue that would lead him to the suddenly recognized object of his heart's desire.

(Continued on page 60)

Have a Winning Personality —a Month from Now

At my expense let me send you these simple secrets
that will quickly enable you to develop a
a commanding personality

By ARTHUR GOULD

AS though by a touch of magic, yes, in one short month from this very day, you can be the proud possessor of a winning personality. Never mind what you think at present—I am ready to prove it at my expense. I will take all the risk just to convince you that you need not go through life *badly handicapped* by the lack of personality.

If you don't think lack of personality is a handicap then stop and think for a moment of the thousands you pass by without ever noticing them. They are passed by in business and in social life. They lack personal magnetism, they fail to draw others to them, they are seldom noticed at social functions, and they go through life hidden behind their own insignificance. Yet these people can acquire winning personalities, easily, quickly and surely. They don't believe they can—but I am willing to prove it to them—and to YOU.

The Part Personality Plays in Your Success

Supposing for a moment you are in business as an employe. Perhaps you are trained and capable. But of what use is your training if you fail to *convince* others. If you lack personality you create a bad mental impression in those you wish to convince. You fail to attract attention—fail to inspire others—fail to carry conviction all because of a fault you can *quickly remedy*.

When a vacancy is filled the employer picks out the one who has the most dominant personality. In many positions a "good personality" is one of the requirements. Probably you are capable in all other respects but that of "personality."

There are thousands of men and women to-day who have been promoted over the heads of equally clever fellow-workers because they had, along with their other qualifications—PERSONALITY. You know this to be true. You remember the teacher's "pet."

And you may think the same thing applies to business—only there is no sentiment to it; all other things being equal the one with a *good personality gets the preference*

every time. Why let others profit at your expense any longer?

Send No Money—Just the Coupon For Free Proof

To-day, while this most important matter is before you, let me mail you the secret of developing a magnetic personality—ten complete lessons on handy form, all enclosed in a handsome embossed book binder. To send for these simple secrets can easily mean the turning point in your career—just as it has for so many others.

Don't send any money. Just fill in and mail the coupon. Then keep the lessons FIVE DAYS. Read them. Apply some of the simple instructions. Then if you do not clearly see wherein you will benefit mail the lessons back to me. You will be out nothing. If you feel as thousands have done after reading the lessons—that by practicing what they teach you can develop a winning personality—and I say YOU CAN—then send me only \$5.00 and there is nothing else to pay. You risk nothing by sending the coupon. *You can lose heavily by not sending it.*

ARTHUR GOULD

Dept. E, 223 West Erie Street Chicago, Ill.



Send Me Your Name

I have shown thousands of men and women how to develop their personalities, and thereby win business and social success. Let me send you the same material I sent to them. See for yourself at my expense.

Partial Contents of the Ten Lessons

What is a magnetic personality?
Winning Ways
The Secret of Leadership
The Value of Attractive Personality
The Cultivation of Personality
The Knowledge that is Power
The "Awakening of the Will"
Physical Poise and Carriage
The Way to Carry Yourself
The Secret of Grace in Walking
Psychological Effect of Good Carriage
The Way of the Gentleman
The Little Things that Count
How Some People "Queer" Themselves
Lord Chesterfield's Advice
The Value of an Attractive Voice
Making Over One's Voice
The Value of Effective Expression
What Constitutes Strength and Force in Words
The Person Who Is Always Interesting
Good Manners
Advice of the Worldly Wise
Personality Pointers
Reading Personality in the Eyes
How to Acquire the Winning Handshake
The Secret of Obtaining the Confidence of Men
General Advice to Student on How to Develop the Winning Personality

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

ARTHUR GOULD
Dept. E, 223 West Erie St.
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your Ten Lessons on developing a WINNING PERSONALITY at your risk and expense. I agree to return them within five days or remit \$5.00.

Name

Address

City

State

(Continued from page 58)

BRAIN POWER

for October

THREE MEN'S MINDS AND HOW THEY GREW.

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

Some minds will hold all the moonbeams and music you can crowd into them, and others will hold only coal and calico. The difficulty comes in determining which holds what. In this article Mr. Stockbridge sketches the lives of three men who are three distinct mental types and draws some conclusions in favor of mental tests for purposes of vocational guidance.

THE STORY OF AN EASY MARK.

By William C. Lengel

Mr. Lengel writes of that familiar type of man who can accomplish wonders for his friends and practically nothing for himself, who wastes his substance in loans to his friends and is unable to make any material progress in life until he finds the great incentive.

THE ADVANTAGE OF DISADVANTAGES. By Dr. Leo L. Spears

A story from life, about a boy who could neither read nor write at eighteen and had become a practicing chiropractor at twenty-seven.

DETECTING INSANITY

William F. Cox, veteran reporter and lunacy commission expert, relates his experiences in discerning first signs of insanity in persons brought before the New York lunacy commission for examination.

In addition to these, the October issue will contain other features announced elsewhere in this issue.

On Sale September 20th

At All Newsstands

25c the Copy

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION
119 West 40th Street, New York City

"Follow that old man with the wheel chair," he directed the cabman, without thrusting his head beyond the door. He was taking no chances on being recognized now; already Inspector Winks was turning the corner. The cabman, filled with visions of the promised five spot, clucked up his ancient jade and the hack moved slowly down toward the avenue. Inspector Winks probably saw it departing, but of its singular occupant he got no glimpse.

The cabman was no dunce. Without speculating too deeply on the motives of his fare, he felt certain that the gentleman inside wanted to pursue the wheelchair without being detected by the old gentleman who chauffeured it. Accordingly he allowed the horse to saunter in gentle trailing tactics for several blocks down the crowded avenue, then west through a dimly lighted street, with rearing brownstone tenements to right and left, altogether across town until the park that edges the river was reached. There the cabman came to an enforced halt.

The man pushing the wheel chair was descending the incline that led into the park. There the cabman could not follow.

Chatrand paid him the five, and crossed the street at a brisk pace. Once inside the park, however, he moved more discreetly, making no noise against the cemented pavement, but keeping the pair before him well in view. The farther he trailed, however, the more inexplicable became their purpose.

Deeper and deeper they descended, often with great difficulty getting down the rough hewn steps that lead down the steep declivities of the park side. When they came to the bottom rail of the park enclosure, Chatrand felt satisfied the journey was at end. But that was a poor guess.

With constantly increasing haste, and with occasional furtive glances behind which Chatrand easily avoided, the man and his wheel chair found a rough opening in the hillside that led downward to the water edge. The place here was completely deserted; the high rocks jutted out in bold, threatening karns; the trees were moaning and black against the unstarred sky; the lapping of the waters against the shore came distinctly from beyond the railroad tracks.

To Chatrand's amazement, the old man pushing the cart elected to make that perilous descent and actually negotiated it, wheelchair and all, in safety. Once down, he paused only for a moment for breath, and then pushed on relentlessly, bumping across the railroad tracks, and continuing straight on to the black edge of the river.

Creeping behind them, hiding in whatever shelter afforded, Chatrand came to a freight car around which he stole as swiftly as he could. As he reached the edge, and looked around,

he beheld an unbelievable spectacle.

The long journey of the old man and the wheel chair was at an end.

By the very edge of the water he had paused, and stood, his skinny arms outstretched as if asking the blessing of some mephitic goddess upon the act he was there to accomplish.

Then, suddenly, he moved. His long arms came down like the accipital claws of some bird of prey; they caught the quiet burden of the wheel chair in a ferocious clasp and lifted it clear. Under the weight the man swayed drunkenly for a moment, then staggered toward the brink of the river.

He was about to throw the other into the water.

As he realized that, Chatrand sprang from his hiding place, raced across the uneven ground, nearly tripping in his scramble, and with a yell leaped upon the man. Taken completely by surprise, the man yet displayed amazing presence of mind.

With a howl of fright and dismay, he half turned as Chatrand seized him. He squirmed and forced the figure he clutched into the arms of the mind reader. Then he thrust his face nearer to the man who had broken his purpose.

Chatrand gasped with horror at what he saw.

Such terrific and malignant fury as wrinkled that horrid countenance, such distorted proportions of features, such maniacal ugliness of face he had never looked upon.

"Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! You'll rue your meddling!" screamed the creature, and flapping its horrid arms, it gave a mighty leap, seemed to soar like a bat and splashed into the black waters.

The waves closed over him and Chatrand saw him no more.

But the mystic was cold with the eerie sensation of having looked upon something infernal, something inexplicably evil and malign.

There, on the deserted shore, with the mystery of the night, the water and the wind about him, alone with a shrouded burden, he parted the wrappings that enveloped it like a mummy; he drew aside the coverings which overlay the face, and then he peered down.

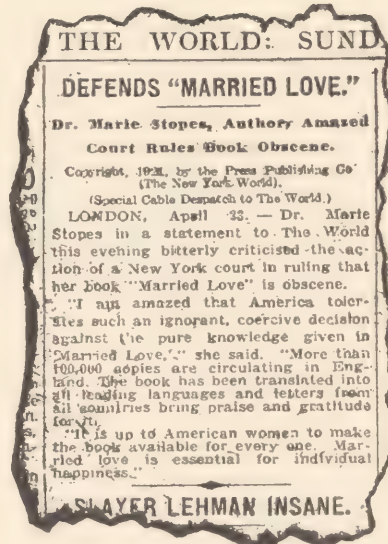
The dramatic moon at that singular instant in Chatrand's life emerged from a vast bank of fleecy cloud and its mild silver bathed the face which the mind-reader's eager hands laid bare.

A pained quick clutch at his heart nearly silenced its beating; a great thickness rose in his throat; a mist was in his eyes.

It was she, the beautiful stranger he had sought, pallid and unconscious—all unknowing of the fate from which he had that moment snatched her!

To be continued in
BRAIN POWER FOR OCTOBER

Now it can be Sold!



THIS is your first opportunity to get a copy of the most remarkable book ever written on the subject of happy married life. Although 100,000 copies have been sold in England alone, the sale of this book until now has been suppressed. But the time has come when the precious knowledge that this book contains should be placed in the hands of every married man and woman. For it tells the secret of true happiness in the married relation and one of America's most prominent clergymen gives a copy of this book to every couple over whom he performs the marriage ceremony.

"Married Love"

By Dr. Marie Carmichael Stopes

has received unqualified endorsement by leading men and women of the world, among whom are—H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, May Sinclair, Havelock Ellis, Margaret Sanger, the Rev. C. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as well as the American Social Hygiene Association.

The Basis of Happiness

It is claimed by leading medical and social authorities that the knowledge contained in "Married Love" will bring happiness to every married person and prevent the scourge of divorce that is now clouding the horizon of American wedded life. "Married Love" replaces ignorance with wisdom, false modesty with confidence, vulgarity with decency, selfishness with consideration, mystery with understanding and passion with respect and love.

Father Stanislaus, St. John, F. C., S. J., says: "I have read 'Married Love' with deep interest. As a piece of thoughtful scientific writing I find it admirable throughout, and it seems to me that your theme could not have been treated in more beautiful or more delicate language, or with a truer ring of sympathy for those who, through ignorance or want of thought, make shipwreck of their married happiness."

Knowledge of Lasting Value

This book will be of lasting value to YOU for it reveals the vital facts that you like thousands of other human beings have wanted to know, but which, thanks to our biased laws, have been kept from you. In its pages you will find information which should be known to every man and woman—but is not—and which may save years of heartache and misery. The author herself says: "In my own marriage I paid such a terrible price for sex ignorance that I feel that knowledge gained at such a price should be placed at the service of humanity."

Everlasting Love

No man or woman who holds precious the love of their mate should permit another day to pass without securing this remarkable book. Love is the most precious thing in life and if you want it to grow and remain permanent you should not stupidly and ignorantly destroy it. The greatest gift in life is the constant and loyal companionship of your mate, and yet what little consideration we give to the nourishment and protection of this holy alliance.

TABLE OF CONTENTS	
The Heart's Desire	Sleep
The Broken Joy	Modesty and Romance
Woman's "Contrariety"	Abstinence
The Fundamental Pulse	Children
Mutual Adjustment	Society
	The Glorious Unfolding

Wedded Happiness Is Yours

Think of the happiness that is sacrificed in exchange for misery because of our ignorance of the fundamental principles so vitally necessary in the intimate relations of married life. "Married Love" tears down the barriers of prudery, custom and medieval ignorance and lets in the pure sunlight of truth and indisputable scientific facts upon which true happiness depends.

Your Opportunity

This is YOUR opportunity! You must make up your mind whether your married happiness and the love you cherish is worth the price of this book. If you fail to secure a copy of "Married Love," you alone are to blame. And you alone will be responsible for

the loss of that great happiness which this powerful masterpiece of educational literature offers to those who are eager to enjoy to the fullest extent the physical relationship of married life.

An Admirable Work

The publishers of "Married Love" sincerely believe that they are performing a great social service by making this book available to the general public. For there is plenty of love outside of marriage, but not enough in marriage, and they who endeavor to intensify Love in Marriage are doing an admirable work.

Price
\$3
NOW

Mail the Coupon NOW

"Married Love" will be sent prepaid anywhere for \$3. The coupon is YOUR opportunity. Use it today!

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Dept. 5ML, 1400 Broadway,
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Enclosed please find \$3 for which send me a copy of "Married Love" by Dr. Stopes, prepaid to the address below:

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TRUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY

Dept. 5ML 1400 Broadway New York City

"Are Beauties Necessarily Brainless?"

Continued from page 35

sprung from the small number of these "idle" classes. And this has been true of every nation in every period of human history.

And in these great families, the backbone of British and Scotch and Irish and Welsh greatness, beautiful women have flourished galore. It has been these upper classes in France, Germany, Austria, and England who have furnished far more than their share of the beauty and brains of these ex-



Marie Antoinette,
Wife of Louis XVI



Left, Madame
Sevigne, Famous
French letter writer



Right, Queen Anne

does it? Mr. Alleyn Ireland in his notable book "Democracy and the Human Equation" has shown that under the "democratic opportunity" from 1800 to 1825 the number of great men springing from the laboring classes has been *only seven per cent.* And, if we come on down to the wide-spread period of democracy and "opportunity for everybody" from 1825 to 1850 the number of great men whose fathers were laborers or craftsmen has dropped to *four per cent.!* I am not arguing against democracy nor in favor of aristocracy as a form of

government. That is not the subject of this discussion. I think we may in time build an aristocracy that will give this much heralded "opportunity," but so far we never have. And,

A majority of all great women of history have been beautiful. Out of a group of fifteen of the most famous women that ever lived nine of them were beauties, according to the standards of their day. Dr. Frederick A. Woods, who has examined every historical portrait of great personages of the past in all the picture galleries of the world, and is the highest living authority on facial beauty, decided that at least nine of this fifteen were beauties. The author and his wife had previously picked out eight of the group which they regarded as being possessed of beauty or else described by their biographers as famous for beauty. Some do not appear beautiful to-day, perhaps, but standards of beauty have changed; the human face itself has also changed, and some allowance should be made for the fact that portrait painting in that day was not so perfect as it is to-day



Maria Theresa;
Empress of Austria



Left, Catherine
II of Russia

Right, Madame
de Maintenon,
Wife of Louis
XIV



Mary Stuart, Queen of
Scots

panding nations. They have not been true to anything like all their immense opportunities, but they furnish more brains than the lower strata of society; and we have already, I think, seen that the upper classes everywhere furnish more than their share of womanly and manly beauty.

If the upper classes have not furnished more brains why is it that out of all the eminent men of human history down to the year 1800 when "democracy" really began, only twelve per cent. have sprung from families of craftsmen or unskilled laboring people.

You might reply that it is because they did not have "opportunity." Very well, then you claim that democracy furnishes that opportunity. I imagined so very fondly myself. But

Josephine,
Wife of Na-
poleon



Left, Cleopatra

I agree with Mr. Ireland that no matter what form of government we ever have nobody is ever satisfied with it. Did you ever find anybody satisfied with any sort of government? I never did. But the point is that every form of gov-

ernment is bound to develop social classes and the abler social classes rise towards the top and the less able marry among themselves and perpetuate their stupidity.

I think Frederick Adams Woods of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has abundantly demonstrated that there is not and never can be an aristocracy that is not an aristocracy of brains and there is not and never can be an aristocracy that is not also an aristocracy of wealth. And there never has been nor will be in my judgment an aristocracy that is not an aristocracy of beauty. Even

grand old democratic Horace Mann, the great teacher of many of America's great men and who did so much to forward universal democratic education, said it was idle to imagine that the worthy, the energetic, the daring, the enterprising, the thrifty, and those endowed with the larger share of mental and moral virtues would permit the wealth of the country to remain in the hands of the idle, the dishonest, the weak and incompetent. And so erect whatsoever "system" you please there will always remain these fundamental differences among men in respect to their intellectual and economic achievements.

And among those who rise we always find a higher percentage of beauty. True there is "prettiness" everywhere and now and then the daughter of some working man comes out as the most beautiful woman in the nation. Just as now and then his son comes out with some grand intellectual discovery or as the savior of his country in time of storm. I am merely contending, I think with all human history as proof, that it is among the upper classes that you find the larger percentage of persons of energy, beauty and brains.

If you wish to test these conclusions go out some Sunday morning and watch one hundred or a thousand working men passing along dressed in their Sunday best. You will find some handsome, well set-up men among them of course. But, you will find very few. Then go to a meeting of your Chamber of Commerce or into one of the leading business men's clubs in any city. I have addressed hundreds of Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs and business men's conventions. I have also addressed many groups of working men. I am not saying that one group is any "better" than the other, but the fact that the upper group economically is far the better looking is as obvious as the proverbial "red flannel shirt on a white cotton clothes line." He who runs may read and he may run as fast as he likes but he cannot escape so outstanding a feature of the human landscape.

Let us turn to another source of easily ascertained evidence that beauty and brains do largely go together. Study the young men and women of America on that solemnly happy occasion when the world is being saved, human history properly interpreted, all the perplexing problems of the present safely and securely settled and the future of man with prophetic certitude foretold—Commencement Day. They represent the *creme de la creme* of America. They are the most intelligent youths in every community. Many reasons are given why boys and girls drop out through the grades, but the chief one is stupidity. There are exceptions, but the main reason why a boy does not go on through the high school is because he can't. The outstanding cause of the terrifying problem of "retardation" is *lack of brains*.

I have talked to hundreds of these classes. They are astonishingly good looking. Among ten "sweet girl graduates" you will nearly always find three to five who are genuinely beautiful. This is a vastly higher ratio than among the general run of women. Then on this great day look about you at the young men and women of the same age who dropped out along through the grades. Well, unless your aesthetic senses have been likewise "retarded" I am perfectly certain you will note an enormous difference in the beauty of the two classes of youths—if a difference so fine, so ethereal, so evanescent, so spiritual as a difference in beauty could be spoken of as "enormous." Indeed it is well-nigh startling.

We must remember that when we are speaking of a "beauty" we are speaking of a human prodigy. It is the same thing as when we speak in the mental field of a "genius." It is the one outstanding human glory. Galton estimated that only one man out of 4000 had those mental qualities which could make him "eminent." But obviously if we could raise the level of human intelligence by ten or twenty or a hundred degrees our ideas of "eminence" and "genius" would go with it. It would still be "that one" whose judgment and ability would outweigh the general theater of human intelligence.

And, just so must we reckon with human beauty when we speak of its superlative examples. There are thousands and millions of intelligent people, but only a few geniuses. There are thousands and millions of good looking, graceful, charming women. But there are among these only a few "beauties." There is only one Agnes Souret in all France. There is only one Rubye de Remer in all America. And if our entire womanhood were as beautiful as the Sourets and Remers we should then simply raise our standards to a still more perfect ideal. And my belief is that these standards could be raised and the whole beauty and intelligence of the population elevated by persistent and intelligent teaching of our children to search for human beauty, excellence and intelligence and to understand and know them when they were found.

But I do not ask you to depend entirely upon my own judgment as to whether or not beautiful men and women are necessarily mollicoddles and fools. Dr. Frederick Adams Woods of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, author of one of the greatest books of our time, "Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty," and Mr. Alleyn Ireland, secretary to the late Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, a world-wide traveller, a professional scholar and student of government have both studied this matter in many lands for the past fifteen years.

They have motored together more than one hundred thousand miles in this country studying the physiognomy and physical and mental

characteristics of the population. They have made it a point to keep count of the ugly and beautiful faces both among men and women. As a test of "upper" and "lower" classes they have used the possession of an automobile as one. Since the writer of this article does not possess even a flivver I think you may the more readily agree with him that on the average people who own automobiles have more brains than people who do not. It is a very good general test of "class."

It is the judgment of these students that through the smaller towns and country the proportion of beautiful women riding in automobiles to those walking is almost five to one. Such careful testimony cannot be lightly rejected. Automobilists simply have more beauty and brains as a general rule than people who, from lack of both and the money which usually accompanies and is the result of both, are compelled to walk.

Neither do we need to depend upon personal judgments. I have reserved to the last what I consider conclusive statistical proof that brains and beauty are in high degree associated. Miss Cora Castle of Columbia University has published in the Archives of Psychology an exhaustive study of the most eminent women that ever lived. She includes 868 in her list. I shall later in these articles study why fifteen or twenty times as many men have achieved fame as women. But Miss Castle by impartial methods has selected a list of twenty women who are the supreme women of human history measured from the standpoint of fame.

Professor J. McKeen Cattell, formerly of Columbia, studied the lives of the one thousand persons, both men and women, who have taken the highest rank in the annals of men. By the standards used by Professor Cattell only thirty-two women have achieved enough fame to gain admission to this list.

I find on comparing Miss Castle's twenty most famous women with Professor Cattell's thirty-two that they have fifteen names in common. Consequently I think we are justified in the conclusion that they have achieved more lasting renown and are probably the ablest of all womankind. They are:

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth of England, Joan of Arc, Madame de Stael, a famous writer of France, George Sand, great French writer, Katherine II of Russia, Madame Sevigne, French letter writer, Madame Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV of France, Maria Theresia, Queen of Hungary-Bohemia, Josephine, wife of Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI of France, Christina of Sweden, Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, Katherine de Medici, Queen of Henry II of France, Queen Anne of England.

Now, I am not able to publish the portraits of all these women nor have I read carefully the memoirs of them all. But from the most casual reading of history, our memories of

their reputations and the many pictures we have seen printed of them Mrs. Wiggam and I marked eight of the fifteen that we would consider beautiful. But I submitted the list to Dr. Woods also. Dr. Woods has studied more portraits of famous people, than probably any man living. Indeed, he is the chief living student of human physiognomy. He instantly remarked, "Well, I imagine I would know any woman on that list if she should walk into the room because I have studied so many portraits of them all." Dr. Woods has not studied prints in books but the original paintings. He immediately checked off nine whom he judged to be beautiful and left one—Maria Theresia of Austria—as doubtful, although he described her countenance as being of a "noble cast."

In running on down through Miss Castle's complete roster of 868 celebrated women I can easily recall myself at least two hundred such as Charlotte Corday, Madame Recamier, Anne the Duchess of Longueville, Hortense and others that were known for beauty or distinguished appearance. Of course ideals of beauty change as Dr. Woods has shown, and this is because the human face itself has changed decidedly in the past few centuries. People ask, "If evolution be true why do we not see it going on now in man?" It is no doubt going on at all times in man with enormous rapidity in every feature of his brain and anatomy. Twenty thousand years from now people will not look nor act nor be at all like they are to-day. There is no doubt they will be a wiser, saner, healthier, more normal and more beautiful race than we are to-day.

Now, no man in his senses expects to find half of all the women he meets remarkably beautiful. Certainly among the commonplace folks one in five would be a high average. But to find that nine out of fifteen of the greatest women of history have also been beautiful is little short of astounding. It shows Dame Nature does not hand beauty to one woman and brains to another but more often gives the same woman both.

Another witness to this outstanding fact of human nature and history, that beauties not only are not of necessity brainless but more than likely to be endowed with brains, is furnished by Havelock Ellis in his great book, which took years of research to prepare, "A Study of British Genius." After studying the biographies of 1030 of the greatest men produced by the British Isles during all the historic period he says, "A very large proportion are referred to as notably handsome, comely, imposing. . . . One feature which is noted as striking and beautiful in a very large proportion of cases . . . is the eyes. It is very frequently found that all descriptions agree . . . in noting an unusual brilliance of the eyes. Thus the eyes of Burns were said to be 'coals of living fire.' Scott said 'they literally glowed';

while of Chatterton's eyes it was said there was 'fire rolling at the bottom of them.' This feature is found among men of genius of all classes."

Everywhere we turn therefore we find that beauty of person and intelligence go pretty generally hand in hand. In a later article I shall show why biologists believe a certain type of aggressive, achieving woman is not beautiful but is somewhat mannish in manner, habit of thought and appearance.

But the *womanly woman of brains* is more likely than not to have beauty and the *womanly woman of beauty* is more likely than not to have brains.

Of course the sad fact remains that men do not recognize beauty in women, nor until recently did they recognize nor believe in their intelligence. Had woman throughout her long struggle not had beauty to aid her appeal along with intelligence, in my judgment that freedom would never have been won.

Again the wandering, gregarious sex instinct of men has no doubt been an element in this failure to conserve and perpetuate the beauty and the intelligence of woman. It is unfortunately true as Brann, the Texas Iconoclast, said before he died fighting, gun in hand, in a street duel because of the freedom and honesty of his opinions: "You can give a man Juno for a wife and Psyche for a mistress and yet he will swim the Hellespont at midnight to kiss a freckle-faced maiden."

But more and more, I believe, as we understand and teach the psychology of sex and parenthood and beauty will men cherish and preserve this most beautiful thing that God has ever made—a beautiful, intelligent woman. For what is the central thing in the appreciation of the beautiful between man and woman? What is that fine ethereal thing we call human beauty? I believe that Professor Knight Dunlap, psychologist of the Johns Hopkins University, in a splendid little book, "Personal Beauty and Race Betterment," has at last pointed it out. Beauty in its myriad forms in human beings is, he maintains, the *outward expression of potential parenthood*. Professor Dunlap enforces this by powerful argument based upon experimental psychology.

If this be true, and I believe it is, then the whole æsthetic sense of man and woman toward each other, the reason we say a woman is beautiful or a man is handsome, is that inner sense as deep as life, as old as evolution, that the outward physical

features are the *visible index of potential life*. They are the index of those inner possibilities of carrying on towards the goal of its desire these undying, ceaseless, turbulent forces of evolution itself. *Beauty, then, in its final analysis is simply nature's flaming banner of her own evolution.*

It is plain then that the very moral, mental and physical destiny of the race depends upon a recognition and conservation of personal human beauty. If the better endowed classes—better endowed with intelligence, beauty and brains—fail to produce as they are now their share of the nation's children, the race will commit suicide not only of body but of its very soul. It was only when the beautiful patrician women of Rome refused to fulfill their high office of motherhood and turned the privilege and duty of begetting the future Romans over to their slaves that the "grandeur that was Rome" soon became but a hopeless memory. "Rome lived as long as there were Romans." So will America live so long as there are Americans.

And, I am not half so much interested in the jewels with which I see these beautiful women on the aristocratic avenues of the world bedeck themselves nor the limousines or Pullmans in which they ride as in the priceless germ cells that they carry within their beautiful bodies, pulsing as they are with all the radiant thrills of abundant motherhood. Those germ cells are the real wealth of the nation; from them come the noble and beautiful offspring that are the only guarantee of the nation's perpetuity and power. That is why the conservation of beauty is as Professor Dunlap has said, "*the problem of the hour*." That is why the teaching of our young people the great lesson of human beauty is the chief and central problem of economics, of art, of education and social reform.

For in the selection by our young people of real and genuine beauty in each other, by selecting, marrying and perpetuating this beauty in the bodies and souls of their children the whole moral and intellectual progress of the race is assured. And with every increase of intelligence and morals there always has and always will go an increase of material wealth, of scientific discovery, of religious and spiritual consecration, of philosophical and critical speculation, of educational conquest, of artistic achievement and all that makes men call a civilization "great" and gives a nation a rank of dignity and influence in the ever dramatic annals of mankind.

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Name

Address

Bliss, Incorporated

(Continued from
page 29)

Pritchard but till she opened her mouth she hadn't the least idea of what to say. "You got that guy's goat for fair, didn't you? Was that because he was twins with himself? I thought you said being incorporated kept folks out of trouble instead of getting them into it?"

Pritchard smiled slowly.

"One case in a million," he said. "I just happened to read there as they came in, that in this state the list of things a corporation may do must be carefully stated in the charter. I surmised loaning money was *not* something old Jopp had thought of when he—"

Cleo Bascome shivered a little. "I guess you're right, at that," she said. "Gee, he gives me the willies, that old fish does. He's down on you now and he'll try to get square. He'll have you fired—or worse."

Pritchard laughed and went to the grilled door.

"He'll be in to see Preble, probably, but don't worry. He can't do anything."

After he had gone, the bookkeeper, Charlie Coombs, came through with a pile of ledgers.

"Say, Charlie," said Cleo suddenly, "what's this about Nollman's girl—about her or her old man? I heard somethin' once—some kind of a yarn—"

Charlie Coombs looked up and shook his head.

"Don't know," he said. "Her father works for Jopp. Has for years. Guess there was some trouble once, and old dingbat got the hooks into him. He looks it. Don't see why he stays there. If it was me, I'd—"

"Yeah. Sure. I'll say you would." She began to arrange the papers on Pritchard's desk.

"So that was it?" she murmured to herself. "Jopp's claws, hey? On her and her old man?" She slipped up on to the desk again and curled her feet up under her skirt. From the recesses of her waist she took a silver case and extracted a powder puff and a stick of gum. "Now, I wonder how?" she murmured, as she used them.

CHAPTER II

PRITCHARD paused on the bank steps, stretching his long figure to inhale the spring air, and then turned up the sidewalk to the left.

A few streets on he came to a two-story brick building with the words "Jopp's Block" cut into a sandstone slab over the central doorway leading to the upstairs offices. To the right of this were the show windows of the furniture store; the nearer half was devoted to a restaurant. Jopp ran them both.

Pritchard scuffed up the three

wooden steps and pushed open the screen door, noting as he did so that the untrimmed hole of yesterday was a full two inches wider and admitting a stream of flies.

The large noisy room was more than comfortably filled and Pritchard found some difficulty in locating a seat. Eventually he wedged himself between a fat plumber and a colored laundress and pulled over a bill of fare. It was headed "Specials for To-day," but every customer knew that "to-day" had been every day for the last month, and, like Pritchard, most of them knew the string of nauseating items by heart.

Pritchard considered it, his lip curling, leaned forward sharply as the fat hands of a waitress rested familiarly on his shoulders, and without turning, barked up his order of crackers and milk. The crackers would be sodden, the milk sour.

As he waited, he leaned back, letting his gaze travel over the room. The greasy, fly-specked menu that he had thrown down in disgust was a sample of the whole establishment—of the muddily soiled red table-cloth, of the warped and dingy silver pieces showing bold areas of yellow brass at the worn places, of the nicked and sticky crockery, of the perspiring and overworked waitresses, who, first and last, were incompetent slatterns and nothing more. The walls of the room had once been swabbed with sickening pea-green from the left-over stocks in Jopp's store. Now they were streaked and faded, and tawdry mottoes in cracked gilt frames plastered them at intervals. Over all was the inevitable stench of cooking and the ceaseless babel of feet, tongues and dishes. For music, summer months brought the drone of flies.

Pritchard lunched there, in spite of all these things, for the same reason that forced dozens of his fellow business men to do likewise; Jopp's restaurant was the only eating place in town. Fairview resorted there in protest and departed in disgust. Fairview despised Jopp and loathed his indifference to all the commandments of restaurant decency, yet it endured him, and ate, as it were, from his hand. Pritchard mulled it over. Why? People in Fairview were worth catering to, and they liked cleanliness and good food. Why did they stand it?

Jopp's natural suspiciousness of human nature showed itself in the restaurant. He had never hired a cashier whom he would trust to handle the meal checks at rush hours, and therefore it was to his lank figure behind the cashier's desk that Pritchard passed his quarter as he went out.

Jopp wore a smile during business hours for much the same reason that he carried his sleek auburn wig. Each was a symbol, and each was a

patent lie, in that it pretended to cover, but did not, a large and blank bare spot—the one of soul, the other of scalp.

Jopp's smirk, slowly fading from the check of Pritchard's predecessor, froze as he caught sight of the young fellow's face. He flushed, and a venomous gibe rose to his lips; but Pritchard, without pausing, nodded and stalked out, slamming the door behind him.

At the curbstone he turned and looked up at the weather-beaten sign over the restaurant door. It read:

"LUTHER W. JOPP, Inc.,
Licensed Victualer."

It was like Jopp, that sign—time and weather-worn, taciturn, devoid of sympathy or human interest, gray, dismal and chilling.

Pritchard grunted and turned up the sidewalk. The ridiculous nerve of the man, and his pretensions to furnish food and drink fit to eat! And the ridiculous helplessness of folks who submitted to it!

Pritchard was still frowning as he passed the middle entrance of the block and turned in at the next door, that of Jopp's furniture store. He made his way down the winding passage between piles of close-packed, smelly furniture till he came to the little bookkeeper's office in the rear.

An old man was sitting on a high stool before a desk, eating his luncheon from a folding metal box. In all essentials, that is, Richard Bliss was old, though his years might have been short of fifty. He was undersized and stooped, his figure seemed to have wasted away and all the vital juices to have been sucked out and dried up from within till what was left was a mere paper-like shard, so white and frail that it seemed as though a wind would make it rustle like a bag, or send it rolling. Across Bliss's face the years had laid a blight. It was the branding of defeat—the look of one who has been knocked down in life's combat, trampled on and pushed one side.

That was the way the town rated old Bliss; but the few who knew him well fancied they caught more than a trace of something else in the quiet dignity of his smile and in the responsiveness of his fine eyes.

Pritchard pulled another stool up to the old man's side and perched on it. His greeting had been a nod and a quick smile and for some moments neither broke the silence. It was evidently a custom of the young bookkeeper's to drop in here after luncheon. The old man pushed his lunch box towards Pritchard's elbow, indicating with the gesture a cluster of ripe strawberries wrapped in oiled paper.

Pritchard took one, and began
(Continued on page 68)

CHAPTER I ACCOUNTING AND BUSINESS

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(Continued from page 66.)

making slow bites of the huge, long-stemmed berry. Bliss's moving of the box had brought into view of both men a photograph leaning against books on a corner of the desk, and their glances crossed as Pritchard smiled at it.

"Mary came in just now," he remarked. "Said her mother wanted me to come down to supper."

Bliss gave him a look of pleasure. "Sure. Of course. Always want you to come, Nollman. Birthday, isn't it?"

Pritchard nodded. "Yes." There was a pause. Pritchard was looking at the old man's luncheon, and in a moment he said, laughing boyishly, "Believe me, it'll seem great to have some of Mrs. Bliss's grub again. You haven't any idea what it's like, boarding with Jopp. Why, I don't suppose you've ever had to go in there in your life, to eat, have you? You can't even imagine how terrible it is!"

Bliss, holding a sandwich half way to his mouth, stopped eating abruptly. A queer, white look had tightened on his face.

"No," he said. "He"—when one of Jopp's employees said "he" that way, he meant the boss—"he wouldn't like it."

Pritchard sat up. "He wouldn't like it! Why not? I was only fooling. I thought it was because you didn't have to; you could get so much better stuff at home—"

Old man Bliss looked down at the desk. With the ink-stained end of his forefinger he began to tease a crumb up and down a crack.

"That was part of the—the bargain," he said in a tired voice, "when he agreed to keep me here. When he—I can't tell you, Pritchard. It's something I promised not to speak of—for Mary's sake, and my wife's. It was a long time ago. I—you see I have had to try not to think of it. He's been so good to me—"

Pritchard thrust into the old man's monotone. "Who has?"

"Mr. Jopp. All the years when he might have—but, anyway, it was a condition when he hired me, that I should never—"

Pritchard snapped off an exclamation.

"You don't mean you bound yourself not to go in there—in the restaurant?"

Bliss nodded. "Yes. Or—" Bliss was looking down, and his voice dropped by degrees lower and still lower. "Or anywhere else where he was, or be seen out in the store here. Just—just—"

"Keep out of sight?" summed up Pritchard. He pulled up a blotter and began to tear little bits from the corner with his long fingers. "That was it? You agreed—"

Bliss nodded. "Yes. That's what he said. 'Keep out of sight. Out of mine, out of everybody's.'"

"That was years ago, wasn't it, that you began to work for him?" went on Pritchard, marking on the blotter.

"Eighteen years, Nollman."

"He made that condition then?"

"Yes. There was a contract—"

"And since then he's dictated to you, and told you where to go and not to go, and—How many raises have you had in twenty years, if you don't mind, Mr. Bliss?"

Bliss hesitated. "Two," he said at last.

"When was the last one?"

"Eight years ago."

"You've asked for another?"

"That was part of the contract—"

"You mean you agreed to take what he gave you and not ask for more?"

The old man nodded and turned away. He went to the dingy window and stood looking out into the stable yard at the rear where, for a quarter of a century his aspect in May had been the hash of raw weeds sprouting up between the unused cobble stones.

Pritchard stepped up and put his arm about the old man's bony shoulders.

"I'm sorry!" he said quickly. "I didn't think, I was so mad. I shouldn't have asked you. It was none of my business, and it—"

Bliss peered up into Pritchard's face. Something gave the gesture a look of simple dignity.

"It's all right," he said. Pritchard felt the old man's fingers fumbling for his hand. "I don't mind your knowing." Then an amazing thing occurred. The thin, bowed shoulders straightened, the chin rose. Bliss's eye met his, flashing, proud and self-confident. In an instant Pritchard had a vision of what the man had been, years back, before this thing had fastened on him. Vigorous, resilient, compelling he had been before Jopp's claws had sunk in. What under Heaven could it have been?

The old man's voice was vivid.

"They say I'm a failure, Nollman. They call me old Bliss, a time-server, a—a pen-monkey. I'm not! I've fought a fight. I've fought and I've won. He thinks I've lost, but I haven't. Every day that he doesn't get what he wants, do what he wants, I win. He's waited twenty years, he's lost them all!"

Bliss laughed. It made Pritchard squirm, some way. It was quavering, senile, in spite of the brave words, and it gave an air of horror to the whole thing. He knew how abjectly the old fellow would wilt if Jopp should appear.

"Yes," prompted Pritchard, infinitely gentle, after a pause. "You said you are winning—"

"It was my wife and Mary he was aiming at—"

Pritchard spoke quickly. "I love Mary, Mr. Bliss. I hope that some time she will—"

Before Pritchard's eyes Bliss's face whitened. He trembled, quivered, back into his shell. His eyes sought the floor. In the moment it came to Pritchard what it all was. Fear! Nothing more! It was a desperate,

haunting fear of something terrible; he had been bearing up, fighting it off, for twenty years; long enough to shred out the soul of any man.

"She doesn't know," Bliss said, wearily again. "She thinks—I shall have to tell you. It will probably make a difference, Nollman."

Pritchard took the old man's hand.

"Nothing will make a difference," he declared vehemently. "I don't want to know. Do you suppose that between you and that scoundrel there can be any question—"

At a slight noise both turned. The gaunt, baggily clothed figure of old Jopp himself, like a buzzard stalking on trousered stilts, occupied the doorway. His wig was grotesquely three cornered as he had twitched it in the hurried throwing off of his hat, and his parchment-yellow cheeks were splashed with red.

"The inference bein'," he took up, "that Bliss is right an' Jopp is wrong, no matter what? He closed the door heavily and advanced, his eyes knifing Pritchard. "This here's the third time I've run afoul o' you, young whelp, in the last hour, an' this one I got you where I want. I ben listenin' out there quite a spell. This ain't the first time you've come here while I was out to confab with that old rascal there, runnin' me down—"

Pritchard's eyes narrowed. He had heard a quick out-breathing, midway of a sigh and groan, and stepped hurriedly between Bliss and Jopp.

"You can omit names, Mr. Jopp," he flung out sharply. "If you have anything to say to me, say it, but leave Mr. Bliss out of it. He—"

Luther Jopp chuckled, holding his head sidewise to rub his long earlobe. Having induced his enemy in a squabble to lose his temper, his own always came back at once.

"Leave old Bliss out?" he sniggered. "Ye can't. It's all about him—and his. You're as clever as all get-out, ain't ye, showin' a bankrupt like George Dale how to squirm out of his honest debts? Now answer me a question. You know this man's gal pretty well, they tell me. Accordin' to all stories you'd like mighty well to marry her—ef she'd hev ye. Mebbe she will. Women is curious. Some ways ye'd make a purty decent husband, too, fer her sort. But how about *your* side o' th' party? Hev ye looked her up? Hev ye asked her why she lives out to th' end o' nowhere, like she does, instid o' in town here? Or why she ain't never been asked to jine th' church guild? Or why—"

"Leave her out!" snapped Pritchard. "Keep your filthy tongue—"

"Hev ye asked her," continued the vicious old man imperturbably, "ef it's because she's afraid of th' talk o' folks about her old man not bein' no better than he'd ought—"

With a snarl, Pritchard sprang at him. The force of the leap beat the old man back against the door and

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 68)

hammered the wind out of him with a gasp. The latch gave way and the door flew open, tumbling them both out on the floor.

Pritchard sprang up, dusting his hands. Jopp sat erect, then clambered slowly to his feet, leaning against the stack of varnished chairs and breathing heavily.

"I'll swear out a warrant for ye!" he wheezed. "Assault an' battery. I'll see ye in jail! I'll—I'll—"

Pritchard stepped around the furious old man and walked down the aisle. He felt vaguely dizzy as if from a heavy blow. The sunlight on the sidewalk was dazzling. He stumbled on a few bewildered steps and then stopped short to think.

CHAPTER III

PRITCHARD'S walk to Richard Bliss's house after the bank closed that afternoon took him more than a mile into the country, out on to a meadow-bordered turnpike that wove graceful curvings in and out among the farms and rustic dwellings.

This road did not pass through Fairview Center, but bending round it by the lake was a sort of trunk highway for automobiles between two distant cities.

Pritchard, trying to cling to the narrow foot path of hard dirt at the edge of the maelstrom, dodged a thousand cars, and at length, in self-defense, took to the gutter. Presently he came to a gravel driveway between tall lilac hedges, leading up to a weatherbeaten cottage buried in trees and gardens at the crest of a quick-rising knoll.

Across the street and a few feet up the walk, Pritchard turned to look back. Beyond the curving road and stone wall, the land fell away in a broad, basining dip of a half mile towards a little valley with a green-edged, sparkling river threading it like a band of silver. Farther back, a fringe of tumbling hills gave background. It was a snatch of perfect landscape, equaled nowhere else in the vicinity, a bit of eternal beauty mortgageable to no one; and so the Bliss, who by no means could afford to, had come out from town and built up there on the knoll to have it always before them.

They had built a low, gray, rambling cottage, as different from the prevailing style of rural architecture as their own idea of beauty was from Jopp's, who had lent them the money. They had planted gardens all around it, and at one side they built a pergola facing the south, over which, as they had anticipated, the grapevines now ran riot, so that the full moon, shining down through the crevices, cast it over, to Mary and young Pritchard, with fairy-like enchantment.

The hedges and the garden and the fruit trees had all flourished luxuriantly in twenty years, so that the little cottage was almost hidden from view by their abundance. The cot-

tage had grown, too; down hill, instead of up, rather frowsy, threadbare, patched and neglected instead of repaired, as a man grows who moves through life forever cramped by poverty and disappointment.

Bliss was fussing over a bed of pansies when Pritchard came in sight, and got up to fall into step beside him. Obviously, he had been waiting.

"I've got to see you, Nollman," he said hurriedly, under his breath. "I've been thinking it over, and I've got to tell you. I haven't said anything to the folks. It's Jopp. He's going to make trouble. If he should take it into his head he could make a lot, Nollman."

Pritchard laughed and slapped old Bliss on the back. "Nonsense! Better forget it. Jopp can't do anything!"

They were in sight of the house now, and Mary came out on the piazza and waved to them. She sang out, "Hello, Nollman," and came running down to meet them. With her arm linked through her father's, she peered round, in front of him, smiling at Pritchard.

Pritchard left the old man's side, went behind them, came up beside Mary and put his arm about her waist. She let it stay without appearing to notice, but the color flooded her cheeks.

They went up the steps into the house. Mary turned to the kitchen and Pritchard went forward to greet the gentle-faced woman who sat in the wheel chair at one side of the neat, threadbare room.

Glancing from Mary Bliss to her mother, one would have immediately accounted for the girl's firm mouth, for the breadth and height of her white forehead, and for the ineffable charm and dignity of her manner.

And as Richard Bliss smiled at his wife and went over to kiss her, and a light shone up through the grayness of his face, illumining it with a momentary flash of tenderness, one perceived the incentive that had kept him, if he were, as he said, fighting a fight, with his face towards the enemy. He passed behind his wife's chair and rolled her to the table.

It is of first importance to the purpose of this narrative to record the fact that Mary Bliss, at eighteen, whatever opinion might be held of her in Fairview, was a finished product in one respect. Her mother's long years of helplessness had early thrown the responsibilities of housekeeping on her.

The few persons who had sat at the Bliss table carried away fadeless memories, and Pritchard, of all of them, was the only one who had been privileged to come again. As he looked alternately at Mary and at her father, the image of Jopp's restaurant, by utter contrast, rose before him. Why was it, he asked himself for the hundredth time, that the scores of people in Fairview waiting to be fed were at the mercy of the old pirate's scandalous monopoly,

while a couple of miles out here, magic incarnate sat on roast chicken, on biscuits, on jam, on hot ginger bread and rhubarb-pie?

Pritchard looked at Mary. He drank in the magic of her—the flags of crimson whipping into her cheeks and out as he looked at her; her eyes deep pools of mystery; the timid, delicious embarrassment of manner. He caught the quick lift and fall of her bosom under the lace of her waist. Her eyes, meeting his as she passed tea, fluttered, then dropped. There was magic in the air.

Bliss, making small talk, interrupted his cogitations. The conversation drifted from one thing to another. It oppressed Pritchard to catch the unconscious deference in Bliss's voice; the tribute of unsuccessful age to conquering youth. Pritchard remembered that his host had something on his mind, to tell him after supper, and the thought threw a pall over the occasion.

It was near the end of the meal that Mary's mother mentioned Jopp. She had just heard of one of his business deals. A farmer named Carter had bought furniture on instalments. Three hundred dollars had been paid on the lease when Carter died. The widow being unable to meet the next payment of ten dollars, Jopp repossessed, allowing her nothing.

"But that isn't all," finished Pritchard. "He sold the stuff again the next week to a dealer in the city for two hundred. It cost him, originally, a hundred and a quarter. So his profit, all over, was just three hundred per cent."

Nothing was said for a minute. Mrs. Bliss laughed and told Mary to get the desert. "I don't see why his name should be such a wet blanket," she protested easily. "We haven't anything to be afraid of from him."

Pritchard looked at her and caught the swift, involuntary glance towards her husband. It flashed over Pritchard how she was lying—and what magnificent nerve she had, this thoroughbred. She was what had kept Bliss up, all these years.

Mary brought the cake and ice cream, flavored with wild strawberries. As she leaned forward to set Pritchard's dish before him, her bare arm by accident brushed a hair's distance from his face. He turned slightly so that his lips touched the warm skin. He felt Mary start. A leaping shock thrilled him. It was as though an exquisite flame ran through every nerve. The minutes from then till they left the table were a maze of pounding senses and bewildered ecstasy, with Mary's flushed loveliness wondrously blurred across the table.

They finished and rose. Bliss tugged Pritchard's elbow and whispered, nodding his head towards the garden. "While Mary does the dishes—"

Pritchard nodded and said, "In a minute, Mr. Bliss." He looked

around for Mary. If anything was to be told, there was one thing he had decided must come first. She had taken a pile of dishes to the kitchen, and there he found her, alone.

"Come out on the piazza a minute, Mary," he whispered.

"I've got to do the dishes," she objected. "After that—"

"Do the dishes afterward," smiled Pritchard. "I won't keep you—long." He looked into her eyes, smiling at the sudden fires of confusion in their usually cool depths. "I want to tell you something."

"Tell me something?" The uptilt in Mary's voice betrayed her; she flushed.

Pritchard grinned. "Sure, tell you something. I'll promise not to ask a single question."

Mary put down her apron. "Well, you'll have to help with the dishes when we come in," she said.

Pritchard lead her on to the long piazza. The moon was overhead and full, a wandering breeze teased honey from a syringa shrub. Down in the valley golden radiance like a glowing haze illumined the blue shadows from the hills over the river. It was unusually still. No automobiles. The only sound was the far off creaking of a buggy with rattly spokes, drawing slowly near over the empty road.

Mary listened. "Isn't it wonderful?" she breathed. Pritchard started to speak. "Hark," she interrupted. "Hear that buggy, way off? It sounds like Jopp's old rattle trap."

Pritchard took her shoulders and turned her around, gently, so that her face was in the moonlight.

"I found out something to-day, Mary," he said irrelevantly.

Mary turned her back and reached up to pull down a vine tendril.

"Yes? What was it?"

"You love me."

Mary whirled. "The idea! I don't! I—"

"I put my arm around you and you let it stay."

"Did you? I don't remember. But that doesn't prove anything. Lots of boys— Besides, my father would have known if I had—"

"I kissed you at supper."

"You didn't!"

"Then why did you start?"

"You—I—"

Pritchard laughed softly.

"You do love me, Mary," he breathed stooping to her hair.

"I—I don't! You haven't any right—" She was still back to him, looking up in the grape vines, and her voice trembled. As he touched her she quivered gently, then stood still. Pritchard laughed again, a laugh that was like a woman's in its softness, its triumph, its devotion.

"Then I love you, Mary," he said softly, turning her round and drawing her to him. "Oh, my dear, you don't know how I love you! All my life, ever since the day I saw you—"

She obeyed willingly, yielding to his touch without hesitation as though she were doing exactly what she had expected to do when she came out, and what she had been waiting

to do all her life. He folded her in his arms and they stood still in the moonlight and the silence, with the scent of honeysuckle all about them and then a whip-poor-will beginning to whistle a long way off. Her arms stole up around Pritchard's neck and he kissed her.

There is nothing in the world so intoxicating, so mysterious to man as the utter, amazing surrender of a lovely woman. For months her aloofness has seemed impregnable, she has tortured him with inconsistencies and contradictions, he has wanted her as a burning man craves water, and she has dangled her loveliness just out of reach. Then, some time, without rhyme or reason, at the necromancy of a triplet of winged words, she sighs and nestles in his arms—his amazed, thunderstruck, clumsy, undeserving, blundering arms.

His! Not the other man's, not his rival's; she is, after this, but—his! And she likes it. She adores it. In fact, she has waited for it—and him—all her life. Could anything be more astonishing?

Mary's soft figure was against his, her heart's quick beating came to him as he held her. Pritchard discovered that her hair was fragrant. The most wonderful fragrance in the world! It is. There is no sweetness to compare with that of hair of the girl who has just whispered that she loves you.

He turned her face up to his again. "Mary—Mary," he said unsteadily. "You wonderful girl! Mine! Always mine! It isn't true, it can't be." He crushed her in his arms. He was feeding a hunger that had starved for months—the hunger for her lips so soft, so wonderful to kiss, for the soft loveliness of her body, so yielding, so unresistingly his.

"Think of all the years we've wasted," he said, "waiting for this, when we might have been so happy."

"Think of how happy we're going to be—always," she whispered back.

"Mary—"

"What?"

"I love you."

He drew her to a seat under the vines and they talked in muted, broken sentences, sentences that did not need to be finished, because this is the time of all in life when thoughts rush to understanding almost without words.

They sketched plans for the future—love's entrancing, air-castled future, just as Mary's mother and father, sitting in exactly the same spot, but on a rough field boulder on the site of the unbuilt cottage, had also planned. At intervals of silence they could hear the carryall with the rattly spoke getting nearer. The tired horse was jog-trotting, as if his driver was impatient to reach his destination. Mary said again, casually, "That does sound like Jopp."

Pritchard responded, absently, "Does it?" and started to speak of something else. The mention of Jopp recalled her father.

"I wish we could get him out of

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there," he pondered. "He's miserably unhappy. Have you ever talked to him about it?"

"Indeed I have! I've talked and talked. He's so queer. I know he hates it, yet he won't think of leaving. He makes the most ridiculous excuses—he's too old to get work anywhere else, and he wouldn't be contented in a new place, anyway—"

"Has he ever suggested," said Pritchard slowly, "that there is any reason for his being—"

"What?"

"Well, afraid—of Jopp? Any hold that the old rascal could have gotten over him?"

"What could there be? What kind of hold, Nollman?" Mary's

voice was full of sudden anxiety.

"Oh, I don't know," said Pritchard. "Nothing, of course. I don't know what I could have been thinking of. Anyway, if anything should come up, of course I could help him to square it." Pritchard chuckled. "I rather imagine Jopp has it in for me.

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I'd like to hand him another one."

Mary looked up, swaying towards him and lifting her lips like a flower in the moonlight. "It's such a comfort to have you, dear," she murmured, "to depend on—"

"Just to depend on?" demanded Pritchard, capturing the offering.

"And to love—Nollman!"

Pritchard kissed her again. Mary tucked her arm inside of his. They were silent for a moment.

"What's that, Nollman?" she asked suddenly startled.

Wheels grated on the driveway, a raucous voice snarled at a horse. Feet scraped, the door bell sounded.

"That is Jopp!" exclaimed Mary. "At this hour! What do you suppose he wants?"

The Stage

(Continued from
page 45)

Carroll McComes, she didn't arouse my sympathetic interest, which is quite a different matter altogether. Miss Lulu Bett, you see, is a drudge in the house of her sister and brother-in-law; physically unattractive, but always complimented on her cooking. Her family is far more appallingly commonplace and monotonous and blind than the folks who lived on Main Street. Only Lulu has vision and Lulu is the drudge—a drudge with a great desire for love.

The change of attitude in the girl from a hopeless Ganymede to a happy bride was what mattered to me. The fact was that Miss Lulu Bett was convinced she could attract no man. Only her cooking mattered. When a man did come along who loved her for herself, she underwent a complete metamorphosis. Her soul was turned inside out—she grew girlish, feminine, with something of the everlasting mystery of woman like a nimbus about her.

This would have been a great play, if Miss Lulu Bett could have made the audience love her the way she made that man love her. But the fact remains—there are literally millions of languishing Lulus in the world who need a normal sex life to make them human.

IN the back of every man's head there is a furtive wish that some morning he could wake up and be surprised to find a beautiful and unknown girl sharing his bedroom. Such occasions are rare. Yet that is exactly what happens in *Just Married*.

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furtive wish is furnished, *Just Married* is the answer.

FARCE fattens on its guffaws, while gentle comedy is content with smiles and occasional chuckles of delight. *Just Married* is farce; *Mr. Pim Passes By* which was given a delightful presentation by the Theater Guild is often pure high comedy of a most ingratiating character. The story of Mr. Pim carries with it a mild comment on a certain type of mind and the chains which hold it prisoner. Conventional habits of thought, imprinted like a mental matrix on the brain, reinforced by generations of ancestors in whose minds the same ideas have been carefully baked, become actual fetters from which a man must be an intellectual Houdini to wiggle out.

What atmosphere could more appropriately surround such a character than the morning room at Marden House, where dwell George Marden, J. P., his wife, Olivia, and their niece, Dinah—the morning room of a most correct English household, responsive to all the traditions of the church, the state and the county? George Marden is so satisfied that all his ancestors were correct, and that he himself is correct, that he objects to the futurist curtains Olivia wishes to hang about, and objects to the futurist artist who is suing for Dinah's hand. And then Mr. Pim passes by. Mr. Pim is a clackering old granddaddy who has forgotten his memory and gets things mixed up. He gets things at Marden House frightfully mixed up. He drumbles out some imaginary reminiscences that convince George and Olivia that her first husband is alive, and in England. This brings out the fact that the supposedly dead husband was once an Australian convict. Does George's mind react to this new condition? Does he put up a fight for Olivia, whom he loves as much as any husband loves his wife? Does

he prepare to make a fight for her? He does not! He can't. His brain won't let him. It doesn't work that way. It buzzes and clicks around the same old revolutions, demanding to know what the church, the state and the county will say. While he pathetically insists that such things don't happen to people like them, he nevertheless resigns Olivia at once and finally. There is nothing else to it. She must go back to the ex-convict resurrector, for the church, the state and the county say that is the correct thing to do, and the Mardens are nothing if not correct. In the midst of this, and sundry arguments about the curtains and the futurist artist's wooing, Mr. Pim passes by again, and discloses that he was mistaken. The dead husband is dead after all—but he died, subsequent to George's marriage to Olivia. Does that relieve George's mind? It does not. He must be married all over again, to satisfy the church, the county and the state. To watch the tortured state of George's mind—and George is a very natural and convincing conventionalist in the plastic art of Kenneth Douglas—is genuinely amusing, but it also is a fairly good laboratory study of a crippled intellect, malformed by church, state and county. Opposed to this is the clever, Damascene intelligence of Olivia, played with that velvety archness and charm which has been the delight of the American stage for so long, in the hands of Laura Hope Crews. Mr. Pim eventually passes by again and this time the exasperating old curmudgeon relieves all doubts by explaining that he was mistaken—it was another man after all. But in the meantime, Olivia has conquered. Her husband was insisting on another marriage—therefore, she made him propose again, and as the price of her acquiescence, she made him accept the futurist curtains for the morning room and the futurist artist for Dinah.

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From Wrestler to Master Builder

(Continued from page 37)

concern on the strength of the fact that he had worked with his brother in odd times and understood the nature of the business quite well. His employers made him a foreman over a gang of men and he got more work out of them than any other foreman the concern had. It was his first experience in leading men and he liked it. Perhaps he liked it most because the men liked him.

At the end of six months he had liquidated the indebtedness he had set out to pay. His week's salary was in his pocket; it was noon of a Saturday, and the general superintendent of the building firm looked at him across the flat-topped desk with serious eyes.

"We are going to lay off all our men," he began bluntly. "I don't know the reason. There are things in the New York building game best not talked about. Anyhow, we are halting all our jobs and the men are to be laid off."

That, by the way, was long before the notorious Brindell had been indicted and the scandals of the metropolitan building trades bared to the gaze of a shocked public.

"But," continued the superintendent, "we are taking care of you, Mr. Nielsen. We want to keep you on our payroll."

Nielsen said nothing. He fingered the roll of bills in his pocket, and the companionable smile that habitually lights his naturally stern and rugged face was gone. Into his cold blue eyes had come the bleak light that gilds the barren landscape of his ancestors. Nielsen was thinking hard.

His debts were paid—those debts he had voluntarily assumed. He was a man. More, he was a leader of men; that he had proved to himself in the last few months. Why should he allow other men to lead him, pay him, give him orders?

Without replying to the nettled and puzzled superintendent, he went out into the front office, where the men were surrendering their pay tags in exchange for their wages. The superintendent had put it up to Nielsen to break the bad news to them, and he set about it with characteristic directness.

"Boys," he called out, "you're all fired! The works are shut down! There's no more work here for you!"

A hush of dismay fell over their boisterous company. Building operations in New York were slowing down all over; it was harder and harder to find work. This was a blow. But Nielsen was not done. In the brief interval between his conversation with the general superintendent and now, he had suddenly determined on an amazing course of action.

"But listen to me," he continued. "How would you like to work for

me? I am going into the building business. I haven't any money, but I've got nerve and I want men with nerve to work with me. I want you to start in next week, but I can't pay you any money next Saturday. I hope to be able to pay you two weeks from now. If I can't do it then, I'll pay you in three weeks and give you ten per cent. interest. Will you do it?"

It was a funny proposition to put to a gang of men, but not so odd coming from Nielsen, and not to be waved lightly aside by any one having foreknowledge of slack times.

The ayes had it. They knew Nielsen; they had had six months of him. They knew he was a hard task master; that he never tolerated sluggards, that he insisted on getting one hundred and one per cent. out of every man. But he was square! He never lied to them! He never quibbled about anything. He knew how to decide. They trusted him absolutely, for they knew he was a master.

Their sudden response, Nielsen himself admits, left him a little dazed at his own audacity. There was still time to retreat. He had hired a gang of men; he had gone into business; yet he hadn't a contract, he hadn't a prospect of a contract; he hadn't a dollar outside of his week's salary in his jeans. Innate caution whispered to him that he was most likely making a fool of himself. But he didn't listen to caution. He was in the building business and there and then he made up his mind to stay in the building business. He had emancipated himself from a boss; he was a free man and he meant to remain free. He had put it strictly up to himself to make good with himself. There was nothing left for him to do but to tell the general superintendent what he had done, to the ghastly astonishment of that incredulous gentleman.

Feeling as if he were stepping on air, Nielsen got the addresses of the workmen he had engaged; warned them to hold themselves in readiness for immediate call, and with the list in his pocket he went out to lunch. Alone he sat there, brooding over his meal, facing the biggest problem of his career. He hadn't any contract; he hadn't any prospect of a contract, but he had engaged a force of men and it was up to him to find work for them to do. That kept repeating itself in his head like a refrain.

Now, Oluf Nielsen is a wide-awake man. His drooping eyelids, his slow speech, the careful and deliberate movements of his body all belie him in that particular. To observe his slow gestures, one would never imagine him in the whirl of flying arms and legs of a wrestling scrimmage. To

hear his slow utterance one would not, perhaps, consider him a sharp observer or a rapid thinker. Yet he is both.

In the last six months he had not worked blindly or unthinkingly. He had caught the atmosphere; he had sensed the conditions in the building trades; he had found out things. He knew there was a ring. He realized there was a trust. Perfectly well he understood that a penniless, unprotected beginner had as promising a chance as a fat rabbit in a den of cobras. Any one he had called into counsel, any faithful friend, would have told him all that, and the more the counsellor knew about the building business, the more emphatic he would have made his warning.

That was why Nielsen called no one into his confidence. He was stubborn enough to believe that old fashioned courage and determination were worth something anywhere. He felt sure that if he were only a little less selfish than the trust, he could beat the trust prices. Hence he thought it over alone; he would allow no one to talk him out of the obstinate conviction that he could win.

Nielsen remembered a job that was about to be let in one of New York's down town offices. It was a remodeling job, and a troublesome one, and he had heard that it was to be a costly one because it would have to be done on Saturday afternoons at the customary staggering charges for overtime. Thus it would be stretched over a period of weeks; a very expensive proposition. As Nielsen considered that, his idea came to him.

He himself here emphasizes the fact that his ambition even now was not fully awakened. It was stirring, but still dozing, drowsy from a long sleep; he was not then, as he is to-day, keenly, alertly alive to the teeming opportunities that are everywhere in life. This was only the beginning.

Leaving his coffee unfinished on the table, he very nearly got out of the restaurant without paying his check, so excited had his new idea made him. With all speed, he hurried to the office building and found the manager, just putting on his hat preparatory to leaving for the week-end. Nielsen cut right to the point. He wanted to know what had been done about that remodeling job.

The manager threw up his hands. Such prices! Such a nuisance! But the owner expected to close the contract for the job on Monday.

"Look here!" demanded Nielsen. "How much have they got to pay for that job?"

"Ten thousand dollars," was the despondent reply.

"And how long will it take to finish it?"

"It will take four weeks, working on Saturday afternoons when all the people are away."

Nielsen did some rapid calculating. "I'll do it for six thousand dollars," he declared, "and if you give me the job, I'll have it done before nine o'clock next Monday morning!"

The manager batted his eyes. "You'll do all this?" he sputtered. "And who in hell are you?"

Nielsen lost no time in telling him who he was. He used the name of his dead brother's firm; recited their reputation for doing jobs right, and argued for half an hour about the absolute practicality of what he proposed doing. Moreover, he sagely insisted that every moment the manager delayed, the more time he was losing.

The manager at length began to realize that Nielsen knew what he was talking about. He agreed to telephone the owner, and luckily got in touch with him without difficulty. There was a lengthy pow-wow. When the manager returned he told Nielsen to go ahead.

Nielsen went. He hired a taxicab and set out to round up his men. Assembling his newly hired gang of men was his first task, but there were many others of equally pressing importance. It was Saturday afternoon and practically every supply house in New York was closing for the half holiday. Moreover he didn't have any money and he didn't have any credit with the supply houses.

"Do one thing at a time," Nielsen counsels. "When you get rid of one thing, the next one never looks so difficult."

So Nielsen went first after his workmen, and in an hour he had located all of them and told them to report for duty within an hour at the building. Tools were also a problem. Some of the men owned tools of their own; others had none. But Nielsen borrowed from this one and that one, telephoned to various friends and managed to borrow a fairly complete equipment of working tools within a fairly short time.

Then he tackled the supply end of the proposition. He knew various men in the business, but none of them very well. Spending half his weekly wage at the behest of the taxi ticker, he scooted all over the business district, chasing after those supplies. It wasn't an easy matter. They knew Mr. Nielsen all right, but not well enough to let him have the goods without the money. And besides, it was Saturday afternoon, and a half holiday and everything else they could object to.

But Nielsen can talk a blue streak when he has to. He told them just what he was about; he explained the entire situation to them; he made them understand that he was going to collect his money immediately and that they wouldn't have to wait a week for their money.

"Thirty days is cash!" he reminded them. "But I'm going to pay you in ten days."

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Then he hurried back to the building and found his gang lined up, waiting for him. He made them a second speech that day.

"Boys," he said, "I've promised to get a remodeling job at this building done by nine o'clock Monday morning. Do you know what that means? It means that we've got to start in now and work all this afternoon, all to-night, all to-morrow morning, all to-morrow afternoon, all to-morrow night, without stopping for meals, sleep or anything else. We're going to stop for a bite to-morrow night and that's all. It's the only way we can get a start. Have you fellows got guts enough to stick with me on that?"

Those fellows had.

They set to work right then and there. Nielsen was their boss, he was the owner of the gang, but he toiled as hard as any man there. He was here and there and the other place, directing, untangling, encouraging, leading—keeping up their spirits and keeping the work going from that first moment forward until the end. The sunshine of that autumn afternoon faded early and the dusk gave way to night and torches; through the long night hours they hacked and hammered, lifted and knocked and banged and riveted and strove against iron and steel. They were still at it when the sun came into the east again on Sunday morning. All day the sun watched them at their work, as they kept at it, unceasingly, goaded, urged forward, encouraged by the unflagging enthusiasm and determination of this wrestler-builder. To its perihelion climbed the sun and looked down with wonder at men who toiled all night without sleep and did not pause at noon for a meal. Westward it sank a second time and with its last look it beheld the gang still at it, with the remodeled walls now assuming form and substance beneath their labors. And with the coming of the second night, Oluf Nielsen sent to a restaurant and ordered sandwiches and coffee for them all.

He told me he would never forget the delicious taste of those sandwiches as long as he lived. One quarter of an hour he allowed them to eat and then back they went, hard at it again, for the time was now growing short. They had to work faster; Nielsen yelled and shouted at them almost continuously; they *must* make good on that promise he had made; it was their first job and they couldn't afford to fall down. The night wore on, and as it waned, the tension grew; the men worked more feverishly; songs with which they had inspired their bodies and their minds now were silent and forgotten; their lips

were tight; their neck muscles taut; their faces wet with perspiration; their eyes blazing with final unconquerable purpose.

And again the sun rose in the east—an astonished sun, more amazed than ever at the dogged pertinacity of these men. But before nine o'clock that bright Monday morning, before the clerks and the stenographers and the small executives who earn their living in the building had come to the front door, the gang was through; the job was done; the addition was up, the alternations were made, the mess was cleaned up, and Oluf Nielsen's word was kept.

During that wild race against time he had been tusseling with many problems. He had been calculating the costs of materials. He had been getting his friends out of their homes, bringing supplies and tools to the scene. He had been in a snarl and tangle with the policeman on the beat because he didn't have a permit to work on Sunday. All the time, hour after hour, he had had fights on his hands, in addition to the supreme necessity of keeping his own men willing and cheerful at their appalling task. But what was a fight? Had Nielsen not made his living for ten years by struggling, gripping, swaying, slipping, clutching—and *holding on*?

What essential difference was there between wrestling and building? In both, one had to struggle—and *hold on*!

Sleepy, tired, exhausted as he should have been, Nielsen realized that with all the force of a discovery. As a matter of fact, he was not sleepy, not tired, not exhausted. Instead, he felt exhilarated; he was deeply thrilled at the intense satisfaction of having got away with a big job. He felt exactly as if he had just tossed Frank Gotch over his head—only a little more so!

He called his weary men together and congratulated them. He bade them go home and get some sleep but to report for work on the same corner Tuesday morning; another job would be ready then, he solemnly promised. He didn't know what that second job was going to be, but he had already made up his mind there was going to be one. He had never felt more anxious to do something, more physically and mentally alive, despite the grueling experience through which he had just come. He hadn't had breakfast, but he didn't care. He had something else to do now, before he thought of breakfast.

He went in search of a printer. A small job printer was just sleepily opening up for business when Nielsen bounced in and ordered envelopes, letter-heads, cards and bill-heads, a thousand of each, to be delivered in one hour. The printer gasped. It couldn't be done. Nielsen argued for ten minutes and the printer finally agreed to have one bill-head and one envelope ready within an hour. The printer made more of a howl over that than Nielsen had

made over getting the big job done over the week-end.

However, when Nielsen finished breakfast, the bill-head and the envelope were waiting. Borrowing the printer's typewriter, he wrote out his first bill—for six thousand dollars. He blinked at his own figures. With this in an envelope, he went back to the building, received the delighted superintendent's congratulations and presented his bill. The superintendent promised an early settlement and the new builder departed.

By the most rudimentary laws of common sense, Nielsen had now but one course left to him—to go home and go to sleep. But, characteristically, he did nothing of the kind.

He called a taxicab and went for a ride.

Not for rest, relaxation or anything like it. He wanted to think, he wanted to plan, for his immediate future, and he knew that the time was then, not later. He couldn't rest until his next step was assured; the kind of rest that he desired, the sleep that comes not alone of accomplishment but of the promise of fresh tasks, was what he needed. He had to think about that next job, first.

So he called a taxi and instructed the driver to cruise through Central Park.

Naturally, at first, he could think only of what he had just done. On an old envelope in his pocket he made a rapid calculation. After he had paid off his men, after all the supply bills were settled, he would have a profit of nine hundred dollars.

He had made nine hundred dollars in three days.

In the sudden flush of pleasure of that realization, which came that Monday morning, three days before he actually received the check, he sat back, he has told me, and asked himself how he had done it.

It wasn't luck. Nielsen was too much of a wrestler to believe in luck. There is a reason, he believes, for everything; the successful man is he who studies causes and determinedly follows them up. What then? Hard work? Yes. Determination? Yes. But what else?

It came to him then that *desire* had played the biggest rôle of all. For the first time he recognized the big driving force behind his motives. When he had *desired* to throw a sneering antagonist over his head, all that rival's weight and strength and agility and skill and resentment were crushed beneath his own desire-driven impulse. Before, in the building business, he had lumbered along rather aimlessly. Suddenly he had desired to be his own master; and that desire had prompted him to hire those discharged workmen. Then he had desired to prove that he could make good to himself and he had thought of a way to find a prospect. He had desired hard enough to attempt the impossible—and he had put it through.

Even at that early stage in the game, Nielsen consciously grasped that principle. It pleased him

mightily because it was evident that he could do anything he wanted to do. Never before had he thought about life in that way. He was still inclined to doubt its truth. He determined to put it to the test.

Now he felt within him an overwhelming desire to prove that the thing he had started he could finish. He had started in the building business when the whole game was on the toboggan; when crooks and grafters owned it bodily, and in three days he had earned nine hundred dollars profit, clear and clean!

All this welled up in him that Monday morning in the taxicab; he had not yet slept; he knew that he must not sleep until his next step was taken.

To his surprise, he found it readily enough. There was a hotel down the street that intended remodeling one side of the building. Nielsen knew that his old firm had bid on the job and he was satisfied that every builder's bid in New York was way over what he could afford to do it for. The ring was omnipotent.

In the back of his head he expected that in the near future, if he got anywhere at all, he would come to grips with that ring. That was inevitable. But he believed he could get a little start before they would notice him, and by the time they got around to him he would be ready for them. In that conclusion he was amply justified by subsequent events. In the meantime, he went after that hotel job.

He got it. He got it because the bids had already been opened and the quoted prices were terrific, and Nielsen told them what he had just done in the office building a few blocks away; blandly referred them to the manager, and after a brief investigation they gave him the contract. Nielsen had grit enough to stay there for two hours and make notes on all the details required; he came away supplied with all the necessary data, agreeing to start work the next morning.

And then he went home and slept.

By that second contract, Nielsen paved the way for the big play which he was soon to make; the play that was definitely to establish his reputation in the city and win him a real fortune within a few bewildering months. Without that second contract he would possibly not have been enabled to swing the startling contract so soon, or to assume the staggering burden that was soon to settle on his broad shoulders. The real test of his desire-force was yet to come; the second contract was its preparation.

Nielsen slept soundly and well, for close on to fifteen hours, but he got up betimes the next morning and met his men with his promise to them fulfilled. The second job was ready for them to start on, and meanwhile Nielsen took a room in the hotel for his office, and in odd moments between directing his men he sat down to figure out what his next job should be.

He determined then and there he would be no piker. He would bother with no more little alteration jobs. He would start right out after the big game and stand or fall by the results he achieved.

Five minutes later he was scribbling on a sheet of note paper, figuring on a job that would approximate at least two hundred thousand dollars!

He had seen a brief notice of the project in the morning papers and had forthwith commenced figuring. He had no cash. He had precious little credit. Only nerve and desire! His fingers fairly danced as they jotted and dashed, divided and multiplied, added and subtracted and then computed profits.

It didn't take him long to figure. One of his axioms is that an honest builder can give an approximate estimate without hours of figuring, if he has any brains. In a very little while, Nielsen had worked out a tentative plan by which he could underbid any man in town on that contract and turn out a better job if he landed it.

The proposition looked good, but Nielsen, daring as are his mental adventures, is not the kind of man to leap hastily at what may later prove an abyss. He looked around him. There was his crew of workmen, hammering and slugging away at the hotel job. Already he had created a foreman out of the most intelligent of his force. Things were going well enough; he could get away and think for himself. He went out and took another taxi ride.

To many that might look like an extravagance, but Nielsen knew it would pay him dividends. He wanted complete isolation to make a survey of the entire problem.

The meter clicked up in the neighborhood of ten dollars before he got out of the taxi. He paid the bill and tucked in a substantial tip for the chauffeur. It had been worth it. In the hours of thought he had visualized his problem clearly; in his mind the building was now erected, towering and beautiful, and step by step he had watched its erection. He knew just what was going to be done. He knew when he had to buy steel and when concrete. He had solved the problem of the mortar and the girders. He knew now how he was going to get the goods, though he had no established credit. He knew how he was going to command the heating and the plumbing; he knew how he was going to get the hardwood floors put down; he knew where and by what means he would secure the lighting installation; he knew by what method he would secure the detailed architectural blue prints; no cash, no capital, nothing but nerve, desire, determination, but with those he knew that it could all be done.

Of course, it was going to require adroit financial manipulation. It was not going to be an easy job. Yet it could be done; Nielsen had worked it out; by careful pampering of Peter he could manage to liquidate his

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indebtedness to the more impatient Paul; and then he could borrow the money right back from Paul to placate the next of the apostles and so on down the line. He figured that with a few thousand dollars advanced now and then from the owners he could swing that contract successfully.

Thus blithely and confidently, Nielsen entered upon the most thrilling contest of his career. Very shortly he was to learn what it means to be utterly and completely up against it.

At first matters moved with almost ridiculous ease. He bid on the contract and with almost too sudden swiftness the award was his. Nielsen didn't take time to wonder about it. He began to lay out the job; they wanted him to start right away and he was agreeable. Already he had called in his architects, who were to get no retainer but more than they were entitled to afterward, because they were willing to take a chance with Nielsen. They were going over the plans, and meanwhile Nielsen went to the owners to get a little advance. It was then he received a staggering surprise.

He learned that the people who were putting up the building had no money to advance him. They intended to mortgage the building after it was up, in order to pay him. If he wanted capital, he would have to get it somewhere else!

Back in his office, while he was still trying to digest this startling news, Nielsen had a caller. It was a representative from the men higher up.

The visitor was bland, suave, ingratiating. He wanted to be on the best of terms with Mr. Nielsen. They had watched his two jobs with considerable interest and thought he really deserved this big contract which was now his. Of course, they realized that Mr. Nielsen had erred in his figures. He must have erred in his figures. Such figures couldn't possibly be right. They had made discreet inquiries and they had learned that the men behind the project were willing to have the bid amended—the capital would come from outsiders anyhow. And in return for that little arrangement, the visitor stood ready to finance the entire enterprise.

"What do you mean, finance?" demanded Nielsen. "Finance a little two hundred thousand dollar job? What are you talking about, man? If that's what you've come here for, you better go back and save time. I'll lend you two hundred thousand dollars any time you need it!"

The glowering visitor departed, mumbling and grumbling to himself. Meanwhile, Nielsen sat down to figure out where he could scrape up a few thousand dollars to begin operations!

Finally he decided to appeal to a friend; a business man with whom his brother had had dealings. Leaving his architects busily engaged, he slipped across the river and laid the proposition before the gentleman.

The gentleman said no. If he had

stopped there, perhaps Nielsen wouldn't have cared. But he didn't stop there. He acted the rôle of a big man, with lots of money, lording it over a fellow who didn't have a dime. He strutted and croaked and advised Nielsen to go back to wrestling. And Nielsen sat there, pale and calm, his jaws set in their most stolid lines, and his blue eyes icy as the fjords of Norway, and to himself he said:

"This man is a piker! I'm going to have more money than he knows is in the world. He's a small potato and doesn't matter. I'm wasting my time."

Get mad at a fellow, advises Nielsen. When he got mad in his wrestling days, he usually won. He doesn't believe in these Pollyanna theories of an even disposition, always sunny and never a storm. Temper, anger, resentment all are power, when used discreetly. Only one must keep a hand on the stick and hold it down hard. A man incapable of active resentment is incapable of success. That is one of Nielsen's theories. He detests mealy mouthed people, too sanctimonious, as he expresses it, "ever to raise hell!"

But he didn't get the money. He had to come back to New York without it; he had to go scouting around, gathering a little here and a little there, on the strength of personal friendship. He had to hunt around for little odd jobs and take on more men, and use the profits from the small jobs to pay his gang on the big job, from which no revenue came until it was done. All sorts of expedients he resorted to, to get the cash. Once he saw a building that was to be wrecked, and on which bids were to be asked. He went out and sold the brick in the building for cash, then went down and bid on the job. He knew he could get the wrecking job, because he made his bid so absurdly low. He made his profit out of selling the brick. In a short time, there was a little stream of cash from smaller jobs coming in, and the big job was fairly under way.

Nielsen was constantly out, selling his courage, his enthusiasm, his unflinching determination, to the supply men from whom he had to get his materials. Trouble was being made for him all the time. One supply house after another was mysteriously alienated, but somehow he always managed to get what he needed. Efforts were constantly made to disorganize his faithful workmen; strike insurance was demanded of him. Week by week passed by. The steel girders he had secured at such cost of argument and promise and persuasion and sometimes downright entreaty, were starkly in place, rearing their naked red and black ribs higher against the sky; the concrete was poured and hardened; step by step, floor by floor the building grew, in spite of troubles with the authorities; in spite of suddenly and unaccountably estranged supply houses; in spite of court injunctions alleging violation of contract, which Nielsen

made a laughing stock in the court room; in spite of undermined foundations, ruined supplies, secret plottings and all the anarchistic, Bolshevistic, devilish plotting that the building ring brazenly carried on; in spite of the handicaps imposed by a few thousand dollars of working capital; in spite of gloom prophesying friends and mocking, sneering enemies; in spite of everything, let me repeat, Nielsen put up that building.

It was a good job, and he did it without capitulating to the most powerful building trade group that ever was organized to tyrannize the helpless and bleed the public. On his own nerve, his own determination, his own desire he put it through.

Way under the other bids, cheaper by a third than the nearest faked and doctored estimate, he was yet able to make an honest profit of many thousands of dollars. His men sang at their work; the supply men knew that he paid in full and promptly; the owners were entirely satisfied. In three months, Nielsen had set his feet on the high-road of success. In fact, in a year's effort, he turned over more than \$500,000.

Oh, rest assured, the gang didn't let up on him. They hounded him at every job he attacked, until the big exposure came that put them permanently out of business and some of their leaders in jail. But while Nielsen was winning his way, they were alive and malignantly active; they threw every monkey wrench they could lay their hands on into every job he landed. But he steadily forged ahead; he outgrew one set of offices after another.

In the little more than a year and a half that he has been in business he has made clear profits big enough to keep him and his folks in comparative luxury for the rest of their lives. Nothing, as he so quietly expresses it, can keep him from making that million dollars. He has his own architects, engineers and draughtsmen working under him. Gradually he is extending his interests to the supply end of the trade, making things he must have for himself instead of buying them from others. He owns motor trucks and lorries for his business and instead of paying big taxi bills he rides in his own car now and does his thinking.

He is unqualifiedly a rapid, brilliant success. I have related his story here because it is at once the essence and the demonstration of his own philosophy.

"Find out what you want most in the world," said Nielsen to me. "Get it clearly in your mind. Have such a capacity for desire that nothing else matters. You've got to plunge in; take the first step now, and then you'll be able to see the second. You can't see them all at once. There is no such thing as a blind alley in life. You can find the way yourself. Make people like you, have your friends, but work out your own salvation. Want a thing—hard! Determine to get it. Then take a chance!"

The Phenomenon of Child Prodigies

(Continued from page 39)

shouted: "Hey, fellers, I've got to go with father for a while; but don't forget when I get back I'm on first base!"

He duly delivered the lecture to the astonishment of everyone who heard it; he even answered all questions fully and satisfactorily; but as soon as he could slip away, William was back at first base, playing

Columbia University, New York City, received a visit in his study one day while conducting some researches into "The Fourth Dimension."

"What are you doing?" asked his friend.

And the professor replied: "I am trying to tell what a world which probably does not exist would look like if it did!" Ten years later he



Mildred Wellerson should be classified as one of the "artistic type." She is a musical prodigy, but, unlike Mozart, she is not in the creative class. Mozart not only could play the harpischord and violin at six years of age, but had begun composing; and at eight he had composed his first symphony

"one old cat" again.

The incident reveals William Sidis as a normal, healthy young American as well as a mental prodigy of the highest order. It also contains the clue to the mysterious manner in which some children become prodigies and others do not.

To appreciate what William did on that memorable day it is first needful to state that "The Fourth Dimension" had its beginning on the very pinnacle of all mathematical science—and goes out soaring above and beyond it.

Professor Cassius J. Keyser, the Adrian Professor of Mathematics at



Esther Kaplan is a "mathematical genius." She is a thirteen-year-old Kansas City schoolgirl and was hailed as "a human adding machine" after establishing a record as a rapid calculator in competition with four different makes of mechanical adding devices, operated by experts. Miss Kaplan solved six problems in addition in 47 seconds, which was less than half the time taken by the most rapid of the machine operators

added: "The reply to my friend no longer represents my convictions. . . . A space of four or more dimensions has every kind of existence that may be ascribed to a space of three dimensions."

Now, here was William Sidis, a rollicking American boy, leaving a pastime which he probably much preferred to go among people

twice, three times or four times as old as he—or even older—to explain the same thing, upon which Professor Keyser had expended years of thought.



Samuel Jungreis is also of the type which Dr. Groszman would label a "mathematical genius." This six-year-old boy, living in New York, is considered a phenomenon because of his remarkable ability to give instantly totals of formidable columns of figures. Psychologists who examined him pronounced his feats

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Yet this, alone, does not give a fair idea of the lad's prodigious achievement. Mathematics first began when a primitive man looked at one object, such as a stone or a tree, and identified it not as a stone or as a tree but as an integer—that is as *one*. It is altogether probable that this identification, which ushered in the birth of numbers, was done by comparing the object with the man's finger, for savage races still "count on their fingers."

How long ago that event was it is impossible to estimate.

However: We do know that the science of mathematics goes back for more than seven thousand years; for the Chaldeans had a method of measuring time which used numbers; and of measuring spaces of ground or the distance between objects; and so did the Egyptians; and then the Greeks took it up.

Through all these intervening centuries, little by little, this science has grown until to-day it can reach out into the fathomless abysses of space uncharted miles from the earth and measure and weigh a remote star!

If we think of a huge bowl filled with milk; and if we give each drop of milk the identity of some man who has aided mathematics to progress with his ideas; and if we think of the *cream of his ideas* rising to the top of the milk, to be skimmed off and preserved, we can get some faint inkling of the growth of mathematics.

Among the countless "drops" would be such names as Plato, Pythagoras, Euclid, Apollonius, Diophantus, Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Euler, Pascal, Lobatschewsky, Boali, Laplace, Lagrange, Gauss, Boole, Cayley, Cantor, Helmholtz, Maxwell and Gibbs—to mention only a few of the more eminent.

The *cream* of all these men's thoughts, therefore, which we know by such names as arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, logarithms, integral and differential calculus, *plus something more*, was carefully tucked away in the mind of William James Sidis, while he was playing baseball with the other non-prodigies.

It is an amazing thing that this boy's mind could not only contain but could *explain* what might be called the *cream of the cream* of mathematics. It is equally astonishing that he had *forgotten all about his lecture* until reminded of it by his father.

Therein lies both the mystery of such a prodigious achievement and the key to the mystery of a true type of child prodigy, such as this lad of eleven.

We usually think of anything which we term "a mystery" as cloaked in a profound and impenetrable secrecy. Nevertheless, any so-called mystery is merely a natural condition not fully comprehended.

Here is our first definite clue to the child prodigy, William Sidis. In many respects he is no mystery at all. He is just like other boys. He had the same kind of body;

he enjoyed the same kind of games.

Going a little further back, we find that William was born into the world in precisely the same way that all other normal children are born; and at the moment of his true birth, he did two things which all normal children invariably do.

He gave a cry and he turned to his mother's breast for food.

The child's first cry comes after it inhales its first breath of air into its lungs and while it exhales it. Not until then has it an independent or *individual* existence.

It is usual to term the baby's act in seeking food as "instinctive," or "automatic," or "subconscious." These terms are grave errors. The child's cry and its search for food and the next act of taking nourishment are all *superconscious* acts. It knows it must breathe to live, although its parents may not know that it knows it; it knows it must have food to continue to live; and these acts, themselves, are fully as remarkable, when viewed in the light of their true significance, as the lecture on "The Fourth Dimension" given by the same child in later years; because if it were not for this function of the *superconscious mind* the child would neither live nor lecture.

We cannot, it is true, behold this superconscious mind save through the effects which it exhibits; but this holds true of anything in the whole world, as well as a child. We never discern *causes*, we constantly observe *effects*.

The same superconscious mind of William Sidis the instant he began an individual existence also began to regulate what we call the "vital functions" of the body. The circulation of the blood, the process of breathing, the process of digestion and the elimination of waste are only a few of the more commonly known of these "vital functions."

William's body (the same as that of any other normal boy or girl) is made up of countless molecules of "matter"; and these, in turn, are composed of islands of atoms, kingdoms of atoms, universes of atoms, each with a special use, each constantly living and dying—in the mysterious weaving and unweaving which we term "growth."

Certain of these atoms have work to do to produce the finger or toenails; others the hair; others the muscular or nervous tissue, and so on. The oversight of the superconscious mind does not stop with merely building; the building must go on correctly. Should anything go wrong within the body (like an attack of colic from improper food) or anything go wrong outside the body (like a misplaced pin irritating the cells and preventing their proper growth) the babe knows this through its superconscious mind; and we may be sure that William Sidis would shout as lustily as any other non-prodigy baby, until the offending situation had been remedied; and for that matter, as lustily as any person of far more mature years.

The function of the superconscious mind also extends to the oversight of a body whose outline shall be continued, as it grows older, without improper changes of form.

This is called "preserving the symmetry" of the body.

How does it happen that William's nose did not grow to be three feet long instead of retaining the same proportion to the rest of his body? Or that one of his ears did not grow as large as a cabbage? Or one of his legs grow ten feet long and the other remain as it was at birth?

Well, none of these things just "happen." The growth is the result of the nourishment and what we call "the Law of Life." It is an effect. There can be no effect without a cause; there can be no cause without an idea; and there can be no idea without intelligence.

That is the sole and only reason that the body of William James Sidis did not grow into a prodigy in the sense of a mis-shapen monster; for the ancient Chinese used to defeat the purpose of the oversight of the superconscious mind by putting babies at a very tender age into a bronze mold so that their bodies *would grow into monstrous shapes*, in order afterward to exhibit the monster as a curiosity.

From this we can see that the baby, William Sidis, like all other normal healthy babies, was a busy baby from the instant he came into the world. The seat of the superconscious mind is in the brain; and the brain is located at the apex of the body, and carefully housed from harm in a bony cavity and connected with a marvelous system of communication with every individual atom of the body which it directs.

The superconscious brain of a baby, in fact, is so very busy at first that it has attention for little else; and that is one reason why a child requires so much sleep during infancy; and also why all people require sleep—for sleep shuts off communication of the superconscious mind with all external things of every kind.

Nevertheless, there are frequent brief periods, at first, and these constantly grow longer and longer, when the avenues to this cunningly hidden superconscious mind are open. The word "avenues" is particularly appropriate, for what we call "the five senses" are really roads along which sensations and ideas travel from the world without to the marvelous brain-universe within.

There are no words in all language to describe fitly the marvels of this human brain. Containing fold on fold of different cells, each containing within itself the capacity to receive and to record impressions, such as sounds, light, taste, smell, touch, it defies analysis and baffles imagination.

Fresh, pure, unsullied and yet possessing a sensitive delicateness which we can only dimly perceive, the brain of William Sidis, like that of any other normal boy or girl, gradually received more and more of the various impressions which were conveyed to it.

Just here begins the true reason why William became a prodigy instead of "an average boy." His father, who, as said, was a professor at Harvard, saw to it that ideas were allowed to travel along the five avenues which should be useful and not useless, as his infant son grew older.

If we were to think of the child's brain (as we really should think of every child's brain) as a vast estate, whose soil was tremendously fertile, and in which a rapid growth could be had for whatever was planted in it, would we not see to it that the beautiful and useful plants found lodgment in this magnificent structure—instead of any chance wandering weeds or brambles?

In soil of such extraordinary fertility something is bound to grow. For the brain, which is the home of the superconscious mind, is under the same law of amelioration or growth as the body is; and, moreover, the same superconscious mind can only feed on whatever nourishment is supplied along the five avenues, the same as the child's body can only acquire nourishment to sustain life through whatever food is supplied to it.

Is it any wonder, then, when Professor Boris Sidis, himself a man of wide education, and of great love for his son, patiently planted the seeds of mathematics in William's superconscious mind by beginning with "teaching him to count" (which was precisely where mathematics began with primitive men uncounted centuries ago) that such soil proved fertile?

Is it any wonder, as the weeds were carefully excluded and the plant-thoughts carefully transplanted from arithmetic to algebra, from algebra to geometry, from geometry to trigonometry, and so on, that William James Sidis, at the age of eleven, found the entire tree of mathematical science which had grown up during the slow centuries thriving vigorously in his superconscious mind?

And, is it any wonder that at the very apex of this mathematical tree, flowering so high that the average man or woman never sees it at all—or even imagines that it exists—that "The Fourth Dimension" idea should burst naturally into full bloom?

Would it not have been "mysterious" if William should have done anything else? For, as said, a true mystery is merely a natural condition not fully understood.

Note this, as well: It was not hard, laborious effort that enabled William to lecture on this extremely occult and little-understood topic. He did it as easily and as naturally and as enthusiastically as he played at "one old cat" baseball. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that "mathematics comes hard," as we say, to the "average child." Certainly it comes hard. Because the ideas of mathematics, beginning with simple integers from 1 to 0 and continuing with their various combinations in arithmetic and on, and on, and on, cannot find room to grow in the average child mind, because the super-

conscious mind is choked with mental weeds and rubbish.

Two ideas cannot occupy the same brain-space any more than two houses can sit on the same plot of ground. It is also proverbial that "men do not pick grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

What, then, does a child prodigy evidence to us?

It proves, beyond any doubt whatever, that most children as well as older persons (for we are all children of varying ages) are not mentally normal, but far below normal. That is to say we go through life profoundly ignorant, with minds usurped by weeds instead of fruits and flowers whose ripening and blossoming would transform this troubled old planet so that no one of the present generation would recognize it at all, any more than a primitive man would be able to understand what was going on all about him, if he were privileged to revisit this planet in the same frame of mind as that in which he first gleefully identified one of his fingers with one of the stones that he picked up ages ago from the bosom of our common mother.

It may be a sad blow to our pride for we are forever boasting of our intelligence; but it is no less the plain, unvarnished truth. We are densely ignorant. We go through life fuming, worrying, chasing phantoms, and our whole Divine legacy of superconscious mind given up to noxious intruders, save, perhaps, for a tiny fraction of its limitless domain still ordering our heart to keep on pumping blood, our lungs to continue to breathe, our bodies to digest the food we eat and eliminate the waste material. And even these, which are among the rudimentary of the functions, we do very imperfectly.

The question naturally arises: "Are not all normal children child prodigies?" And the answer would seem to be: "All normal children contain within the superconscious mind prodigious possibilities." In the case of Edward Rochie Hardy, this possibility evidenced itself in the ability to acquire numerous languages, among them the ancient and extremely difficult Oriental tongues.

There is no hard and fast rule for any child; because, while all children are born in the same way, and their bodies are cast in the same great mold, both their bodies and minds are obviously individual in pattern.

This individuality, beyond all doubt, has also a positive and distinct purpose, for, if all children (aside from the difference in sex) did not possess this mysterious thing we term individuality, the world could get on, very well, with one man and one woman, and without any children at all.

The superconscious mind of a child is capable of prodigious activity at an age much younger than is commonly believed. It can acquire ideas already in the world; it is capable of being taught, and it would seem that this teaching of useful ideas had the added attribute of so stimulating the

superconscious mind that it might even reach out into the Great Unknown and bring back new ideas!

Winifred Sackville Stoner's case is also an illustration of this. She put her new ideas down in writing; and for countless past ages, men (like those few named who notably aided in developing the science of mathematics), have continually been giving the world the marvelous heritage of new ideas, without which existence would become an unspeakably weary, dreary, hopeless treadmill—forever doing the same thing, over and over again.

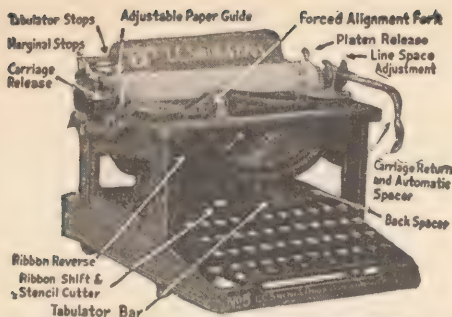
Since we are "all children of a larger growth," the subject of child prodigies would not, strictly speaking, be complete without one other illustration. Elihu Burrit, a blacksmith, while working at his forge and anvil daily, in intervals studied languages as Edward Rochie Hardy studied them while very, very young; and, as a result, he, too, mastered many tongues, among them some of the same difficult and Oriental languages which this child-prodigy imbibed. The illustration is noteworthy because it shows that the superconscious mind is always ready to replace deleterious mental weeds with useful mental-plants, if given an opportunity.

The prevalent impression among many parents that fruitful ideas imply a practical imprisoning of the child-mind, is likewise an error. There is, instead, a substitution. And it has remained for Professor Cassius J. Keyser to add the weight of a mature and marvelously clear idea to prove the statement advanced heretofore that William James Sidis was merely playing when he expounded "The Fourth Dimension."

In the closing words of his matchless lecture on "Mathematics," Professor Keyser says this:

"Science is destined to appear as the child and parent of freedom, blessing the earth without design. Not in the ground of need, not in bent and painful toil, but in the deep-centered play-instinct of the world, in the joyous mood of eternal Being, Science has her origin and root; and her spirit, which is the spirit of genius in moments of elevation, is but a sublimated form of play, the austere and lofty analogue of the kitten playing with the entangled skein, or of the eaglet sporting with the mountain winds."

These examples of child prodigies show how little we comprehend the limitless nature of the superconscious mind which is our common heritage; and how ignorantly and willfully we ignore our latent powers—powers which, if intelligently disciplined, cultivated and exercised even long after we have passed infancy, might elevate blind, struggling, stupid, quarreling, murderous human beings out of their ferment of horrid vexations, doubts and endless apprehensions, to the peace and serenity of innocent and uncontaminated babes with the added attributes of demigods!



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T. R.—The Story of a Great Mind

(Continued from page 17)

as the Colonel sometimes said of his own offspring at Sagamore Hill, for "all hands to run wild." There was in each place the contact with nature and the opportunity for nature study. Even at the early age of seven Theodore Roosevelt was the nature student. His interest in this work, an interest that continued to the time of his death, may be traced first to books in the family library, the contents of which he could but feebly grasp, assisted though he was at times by the devoted Aunt Anna Bulloch, who was his first teacher.

The real study of birds, on whose life and habits he was to become an authority, began at Madison. Birds were followed by mice, and mice by winged and crawling insects. Anything so long as it was alive, or had lived, interested the boy in his intervals of comparative health. Those who have enjoyed his wonderful letters to his children will be interested to know that it was in this period that he developed the habit of illustrating his letters with crudely quaint drawings. These mice and other pets are embalmed in childish letters that have been preserved.

About this time also, there entered into his existence a little girl, Edith Kermit Carew, a chum of his sister, who later was to become the partner for the greater part of his life.

Summers in the country were interrupted in 1869 by a trip to Europe, Theodore with his family celebrating his eleventh birthday in Cologne. The most that can be said of this trip was that the boy found it something of a bore and not to be compared with life at an American country place. Frankly he was homesick when he was not bodily sick. Vienna, Berlin, the Swiss mountains, with all they have to charm the more mature, had little for the small boy. Even Rome, where Pope Leo XIII informally blessed the little American who knelt in salute as he passed, had little more to interest him, though Pompeii had. In the ruined city, as in the Catacombs, there were human skeletons and other relics more important by far to an earnest naturalist, than were paintings or statues of saints.

With all of the nostalgia and asthma suffered in Europe, the trip actually accomplished one of its main objects. If it did not broaden the boy, it did at least strengthen him. The beneficial effects of long tramps, the climbing and the general outdoor life, particularly in Switzerland and Italy, not to mention the slow ocean voyages, were apparent when he returned to 28 East 20th Street in 1870.

They were not less beneficial because the boy knew the purpose and the necessity thereof, for it was about this time that his father put before him the first and the most important

problem in a life that was to be full of grave problems.

"Theodore," he said, "you have the mind, but you haven't the body. Without the body the mind cannot go far. You must make your body. It is hard drudgery to make one's body but I know you will do it."

The possibility of Theodore Roosevelt's going through life an invalid ended there.

"I will make my body," he promised.

The promise involved hard work, but it was kept, first in a gymnasium the elder Roosevelt had set up in the family home. There were horizontal bars, and weights—just such paraphernalia as competent medical experts might advise for the development of a thin, narrow chest and lungs limited in capacity.

It was probably in realization of these days that the Colonel in later years made a characteristic remark to the writer while observing a small boy "chin" himself on an improvised horizontal bar. The "bar" was a tree limb extending over a cellar of a ruined farm house. The lad had climbed the tree and clambered out on the limb where he was proceeding to swing himself.

"That lad will break his neck if he ever falls on those stones," I remarked.

"Don't worry," he replied. "He won't fall. If he does Providence will see that he won't damage himself much. Meantime he's having a lot of fun all unconscious of the danger you see, and likewise unconscious of the fact that he's developing arms and lungs. The risk is slight and is outbalanced by the gain."

In his own case the gain was slow, so slow that he was not able to attend school. It was one of the regrets of his later life that he did not have what he termed "the advantage of the public schools." He did have the advantage of private tutors, chief of them Arthur H. Cutler, under whom he prepared for Harvard, and who later was to found a famous "prep" school; but these did not, in his opinion, equal the advantages to be gained in public school contacts. He not only believed in the public schools, but as in all other things, he practised what he preached, for his own children received their elementary education in the little Cove School of Oyster Bay and, while he was in the White House, the public schools of Washington.

History, and particularly natural history, was the favorite study of the boy. The languages he absorbed after a fashion. Languages were easy to him, but mathematics had no real appeal. The ease with which he acquired tongues other than his own will be explained by experts in such matters on the theory that "he was

caught young." Among his early teachers was a French governess, and his boyhood visits abroad gave him opportunities above the average in these respects.

The second of these trips abroad was made when he was fourteen. As in the earlier trip, an impelling reason for taking the family abroad was the children, for the health of Anna, the eldest, whose experience inspired the founding of the Orthopædic Hospital, like that of Theodore's was poor. A winter on the Nile would, it was thought, be of benefit to both.

About the time of this trip, there was a development that illustrates the advantages of child life to-day over child life of sixty odd years ago. The boy's father had made him a present of a small caliber rifle, the use of which he shared with other boys. He could not understand how it was they could see things to shoot at which to him were invisible. The mystery ended when he found that companions could read letters on a sign he could not see. A report to his father and a visit to an oculist brought the spectacles that were ever afterwards to be as much of him as the famous teeth.

The new glasses opened up new phases and fields of life to the boy, so that at fourteen we find the lad who at ten was bored and homesick in the capitals of Europe, hugely enjoying life in Egypt. On the Nile he shot and collected specimens, tramped marsh and ruined desert places, and had a high old time generally. His health was improved, and the self-imposed task of building his body had begun to work real results. Then, too, he had broadened mentally; he had become more nearly the normal boy to whom all things new are interesting.

The ancient temples and other relics of antiquity appealed to him almost as much as birds. His thoughts, however, were at times of more serious matters. Ordinarily a fourteen year old boy gives small thought to death. Yet in a letter of this period he speaks of Karnak Temple giving rise to "thoughts which cannot be answered until after the great sleep."

Forty years later, sitting on the veranda of Sagamore Hill and gazing over Long Island Sound, Colonel Roosevelt gave voice to much the same thought in a chat with the writer. Then, referring to a verse of Micah, he said it meant that we must realize that there are some things we can never know, and that we should "enter the great blackness smiling and unafraid."

From Egypt the route lay through Jerusalem and the Holy Land, thence back to Europe where, business compelling his return to New York, his father left him with his sisters in Dresden, Germany. There his hosts were one Herr Minckowitz, and his frau, a middle-aged couple whose grown sons were absent at the university, and whose place, in a measure, the young American was welcomed to fill. Herr Minckowitz was

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I am a Chief Draftsman of a well known firm. I know just the kind of training needed by men who get the big salaries. I train you with actual, practical work, the kind that you must be able to do to hold permanent, big paying positions. I give you my individual instructions. I see you through. Correct you. Help you quickly become an expert draftsman and designer.

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What I want is the *right kind* of men. Don't bother about expense. I will give you the working outfit free if you get in at once. I charge a very small fee for training you to be an experienced draftsman. You can pay the small cost as suits you best.

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For Big Book Put your name and address on the coupon and send it to me today. I will send you my new book, "Successful Draftsmanship" and my great special offer. No obligation. Get in line for a big paying position. Getting the book and full particulars of the special offer is the first step.

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BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
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a man of education and high ideals, a participant, like Carl Schurz, friend of Roosevelt, Sr., and Jr., in the revolution of 1848. In this stay, Theodore Roosevelt acquired a knowledge of the German language, as well as an understanding of the German people, their temperament and psychology, that was to serve him well later.

To this stay also may be attributed a certain fondness for things German, a fondness not entirely destroyed by the great war. Prior to that period, and during it, it was the writer's privilege to have been intimately associated with Colonel Roosevelt, and he can testify that Colonel Roosevelt, alone of American public men, appreciated the real position of the men and women of German blood in the United States. When others were fearful of their loyalty, he insisted that the preponderating majority were as loyal to the United States as any man could properly ask or expect another to be.

Wherever he could, he addressed audiences made up largely of men and women of German blood to "give them all that is in me." Invariably, and notably in Milwaukee, the soundness of his theory was demonstrated.

From Germany young Roosevelt returned to New York. For the first time in his fourteen years his health was approaching the normal health of a lad of his years. The asthma was still with him, but he had more strength with which to throw off its recurring attacks. About this time (1872), began his connection with Oyster Bay where, by the waters of Long Island Sound, he now sleeps his last sleep.

Oyster Bay in those days was a farmer-fishing village. As the name implies it was a famous place for bivalves. The railroad had not yet reached that village consisting of a few houses, a small shop or two, the town building and a church. Apple orchards stood on what is now the main business section. The residents were mainly descendants of settlers of pre-revolutionary days from New England. In the main they were well-to-do, but not at all averse to leasing or selling their farms to city folk. This was before the development of the country estate idea in America. Westchester with Long Island were then the vegetable and milk warehouses of New York. Tuxedo was unknown as a great social center. Beverly Farms, Manchester by the Sea—the entire North Shore section of Massachusetts, save Nahant—were yet to become synonymous with wealth. The wealthy, if they went to summer places, went to Long Branch, or Saratoga, Nahant or Newport. Wealthy America was only beginning to learn to play.

At first the elder Roosevelt was a leaser at Oyster Bay, buying what is now famous the world over as Sagamore Hill after finding the place entirely to his liking. Other members of the Roosevelt family also acquired farms until the place became a family center, and the name Roosevelt more

important locally than that of such old settlers as Youngs and Townsend.

From the standpoint of health-seeker, nature lover or father of small children, the farm selected by the elder Roosevelt was ideal. The land, fairly fertile, was rolling and well wooded. The waters of Long Island shore laved its edges. It afforded boating, fishing, bathing and shooting. Little used roads, lined with ancient trees, led everywhere to tempt horseman or pedestrian. There was also an abundance of bird life, while the duck hunter in season found it a paradise.

To the budding naturalist it was an ideal spot. And as may be expected, his collection, begun while he was a small boy, expanded wonderfully. It became more substantial and more scientific. It was during this period that Theodore Roosevelt acquired that knowledge of Long Island bird life that made him to the day of his death the authority par excellence. More than once he confounded smug professors who were sure that certain species did not visit or mate on the island by pointing out or producing specimens.

Not all of the Roosevelt time was spent in nature study. Long Island Sound waters claimed much of it. Older residents recall his fondness for pulling a rather heavy boat in all sorts of weather, the nastier the better. To this may be ascribed much of the depth of chest that is so well remembered. This fondness for rowing he retained to the day of his death. Power boats never appealed to him. Instead he used a long boat, heavier than the dory used by Gloucester fishermen—the sort of boat that because of its weight, most fishermen would pass up.

On his 60th birthday, his last, he recalled to me with flashing eye, how, on the preceding day, he and Mrs. Roosevelt had used this boat to go to Lloyd's Neck, a good pull down the sound, for a little picnic. He had been ill—he was not exactly well then—but he said he had not found the pull harder than in other years or much more difficult.

Serious study of things less appealing than natural history began about this time. Harvard was not far distant and the entrance "exams," stiff enough in all conscience now, were stiffer then. Up to this time, his education had been general rather than specific. Much of it was self educa-

tion with the aid of his father's library. With Mr. Cutler he began pointing directly at Cambridge.

About this time also began his acquaintance with William ("Bill") Sewall, Maine guide, that was to spell a friendship broken only by death. It began when Roosevelt was fifteen with a trip to the Moosehead country. Thereafter he visited Maine in season and out, learning under Sewall, master woodsman, that wood craft that distinguished his hunting trips in many lands. "Bill" Dow, likewise of this Maine country and a nephew of Sewall, was a contributor to this education also. The object of Roosevelt, Sr., in sending the boy to Maine, not the comfortable hunting ground it has since become for city sportsmen, was the much desired health. Sewall has said repeatedly that Roosevelt was an apt pupil, his only difficulty being a tendency to "try to do too much."

"He was," Sewall has said, "a thoroughly likeable lad, looking for no favors and anxious to do his full share in everything—rather different from most rich men's sons in that respect. He was an aristocrat all right—his small hands and feet told you that—but he was a democrat every inch of him."

"Naturally I felt responsible for him, but it was not long before I found I need have no worry about him. His only difficulty was a tendency to over-do. If others, stronger than he, and accustomed to the work, did things, he could not see why he, too, could not do them."

"Usually he did."

By 1876, when he was a few months short of his eighteenth birthday, Mr. Cutler had him ready for the Harvard entrance examinations. He passed readily and in the autumn bade good-bye to Oyster Bay for Cambridge and his first experience in a public school. From now on he was to meet his fellows in mass on a common level, free from the home restraint that until now had ruled.

The health he had sought at his father's command was now his. Mentally he was above the average; he had travelled more than most men do in a life time and he had acquired habits that make student life comparatively easy.

Chief of these was the power of concentration. He could and would devote all energy to whatever he had in hand regardless of whatever might be going on about him, and, if momentarily disturbed, could return quickly and quietly to his work. Also he had the faculty of cleaning up a matter, wherever this was possible, and then swinging to another. This trick of concentration in large measure explains how it was possible for him as President to accomplish the enormous work of that office, yet always find time for social and other work, and have regular hours sacred to the members of his family.

So equipped he passed from the quiet of the family home for the first great adventure into life's broad fields.

The next installment of

T. R.—THE STORY OF A GREAT MIND

*will deal with the period of
Roosevelt's career at Harvard.*

It will appear in

BRAIN POWER,
for October

\$150,000 a Year with a Fountain Pen

(Continued from page 21)

"Did you know any shorthand?" I interrupted.

"Hardly any. I was and am the worst shorthand writer in the world. But I have a memory like a sponge. All I had to do was put down an occasional pot-hook, and it was no trouble to fish the whole dictation out of my memory completely enough to satisfy anybody.

"My employer was a very wonderful man; a Russian Jew. His career has been one of the most remarkable in American industry; and as I watched him at work from day to day, and worked with him, and absorbed his methods of doing things, and his keen standards of judgment, and emulated because I couldn't help it the enormous energy he put into everything he did, he became a sort of business university to me. To that training I owe whatever grasp I have on commercial matters, and particularly on the commercial possibilities of the writing game. I got from him the business viewpoint, and the habit of thinking in business terms of anything I undertake to do—and by the business viewpoint I mean the viewpoint which requires that things be accomplished with precision, and with an exact application of their possible uses. It means getting the utmost results out of one's efforts.

"I work hard, but not a bit harder than many a newspaper man who puts in possibly twelve hours a day, from noon till midnight. The difference in returns lies in the fact that I have rigidly insisted on people paying me what my work is worth. If a man can enable a merchant to sell, with a two-hundred word advertisement, thousands of dollars worth of goods, he is entitled to a share of that return. I maintain that for an advertising man to produce copy of that sort for, say, fifty dollars, or even less, is preposterous. A first rate surgeon doesn't work on that plan. A high class lawyer doesn't. It is only in journalism, which should be one of the highest paid of all the professions, that you find first rate men working for any sop that some hard-headed business man, whose talents are too often wholly acquisitive, may choose to toss him. I am fond of writers. They are my spiritual cronies, so to speak; but I despise the lot of them, if you will not misunderstand me, for the passive way in which they accept such compensation as drifts their way. I know any number of them—brilliant men who are on the treadmill and will always stay on it.

"But to come back to my yarn. . . . One day my boss said to me, 'We

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By Walter Walgrove

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans are at the present time securing freedom from simple, as well as serious, ailments by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and the reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the *New York Times*:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such

poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject: these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in BRAIN POWER.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.—*Adv.*

have decided to start an extensive advertising campaign. I want you to look around and pick me an advertising man. I want a man who can write the very best sort of advertising copy."

"Two days later I came to him. . . . 'I have found you a man,' said I."

"Who is he?"

"Me—myself!" said I.

"Have you ever written any advertisements?" he asked.

"No," I answered; "but I can do it."

"Let me have some samples of what you can do in three days," he said.

"That night I went to my room, tied a wet towel around my head, drank coffee, and worked all night, all the following day, and the next night. Oh, believe me, I didn't just fall into it! When I finished I was about blind with fatigue, but I had finished something like sixty advertisements. I turned them in, and then turned in myself."

"Next day, I had the pleasure of getting a pat on the back. 'What you have done,' said my employer, 'is sufficient to show that you are the man who will write our advertising in the future.'

"And I still write it."

"So I began to write advertising. And my salary was still twenty-five dollars a week. Very shortly it was doubled, but I got restive for more. One day I went to the advertising manager of a New York newspaper, a man I knew fairly well, and told him I thought I ought to be able to make some money writing ads."

"Go around to Such and Such's department store," he said. "They are looking for somebody that can write advertising copy."

"I went. They showed me all around through the store. It was all Greek to me. I didn't know a founce from a ruffle. The further I went the less I liked the looks of it. The thought of all I didn't know sent the chills running races down my spine. When they had finished escorting me around they asked what I wanted in the way of salary."

"I had come to the conclusion that the job was one too many for me, and the best way to get out of the situation gracefully would be to name a prohibitive figure. So I said I wanted five thousand a year—which in those days was, I thought, a stiff little salary. The outcome was the opposite of what I had expected. They said 'All right.'"

"I began work the next Monday, regularly shaking in my shoes. They didn't have any material ready just then for me to work on, so I had to sit around for a while and twiddle my thumbs. That gave me time to think—and to worry. I began to wonder what was coming, and finally convinced myself that they must be cooking something up for me, and that it was time for me to travel. Then and there I decided I was through. I put on my hat and bolted. Never said a word to anybody; simply got up and went away from there."

"I am not a drinking man; but that time I went through the first swinging door I came to, and got on the outside of a couple of highballs. Well, after a bit my courage began to creep out into the open again—its tail still between its legs, but otherwise all right. At four that afternoon I went back; and stayed. Nobody knew I had ever quit."

"That panic was the characteristic blue funk of the beginner. It typifies the mental paralysis that many a good man never gets over."

"From the department store position of which I have been telling, I cut loose before very long. People had approached me with requests that I do some work for them, and I judged that it was time to burn my bridges and start out as a free lance."

"I solicited no clients. In fact I never have solicited one. They knew my work, and when they heard that I was foot-loose, they sent for me. The first approach came from a merchant in a neighboring city, whose advertising I still write."

"I hear you are free to take on outside work," he said, "and I should like to employ your services. I want six columns of newspaper space a week. What compensation would you want?"

"I didn't have the least notion what to charge, but I judged I had better give myself the benefit of the doubt. I had just been reading in a copy of the Outlook how Theodore Roosevelt was getting a dollar a word for his account of his African adventures written for *Scribner's Magazine*. That seemed to me a pretty good cue; and I began to figure on the dollar-a-word basis then and there."

"I'll do you three columns a week at the rate of \$5,000 a year," said I. "Have your regular advertising man do the other three."

"How many clients have you?" he asked.

"Not a one," said I.

"I'll pay you \$2,500 for six columns a week," he said. "Take or leave it."

"I'll take it," I answered. "But in doing so, permit me to make a prophecy. Before the year is up, Mr. Jones, you will come to me; and I will sit in the King's Chair, and you will pay my price."

"He did. In nine months he asked me to go to lunch with him, and offered me a renewal of the contract at \$4,000."

BRAIN POWER wants stories of unusual achievements. Have you a successful story of your own? Have you come in personal contact with successful men or women? We would be glad to have your story if it is unusual or we would be pleased to have you write a story of someone else. It must be unusual; it must hold the interest from the first sentence. We will pay \$100 each for acceptable stories of this nature of proper length.

"Let's make it \$9,000," I suggested.

"Let's," said he. And so we did.

"But I don't take contracts for that price nowadays."

"After that other clients turned up; and now I have as many as I can carry."

"One thing I refuse to do with any client, and that is to work on speculation. I was recently offered a contract that would have meant \$30,000 a year and would have taken, perhaps three hours' work a week. But I turned it down. The reason was that they wanted me to submit, first, five advertisements, for which they were to pay me five thousand dollars—the condition being that if the ads. didn't suit, there would be no further contract. I mention the incident here, not because of the size of the figures involved, but because it illustrates the point I have always insisted on—that a man who is sure his work is right must never be afraid to turn down a piece of money. The whole psychology of the thing changes when a writer submits his work on approval. He is no longer master of the situation. Of course it goes without saying that a man must make his work right, but that is quite different. You will perceive that in my attitude on the writer's rights, so to speak, I'm a bit of a radical. I'm on the side of the down-trodden workingman; and if you think a writer isn't a workingman, just try his game and see."

Here Mr. Fletcher paused. "I guess that's about all I can think of. Anything else?"

"Decidedly," said I. "I want to see some of your work. If I tell about this without an exhibit, it will sound like the novelist whose hero writes a best selling novel that makes him rich in six months, and gets him dined, wined, and married. He doesn't have to exhibit his hero's novel. But this isn't fiction. Somebody is sure to call for Exhibit 'A.'"

He rummaged a moment in a drawer. "Here is some stuff. It's miscellaneous. Look it over."

I did, and I brought some of it away with me. Its reproduction in facsimile elsewhere in this article will give the reader a good idea of the quality of Mr. Fletcher's work and the character of his clientele.

The perusal of the advertisements almost ended the interview, but not quite. "Come out and see my books and things," he suggested. "I've bought a lot of stuff in the last year or two. It might interest you."

So it chanced that on another day I found myself in an apartment up in the eighties, with my attention divided between long shelves of rare and wonderful books and walls hung with marvelous 17th Century velvets and tapestries. But such details do not belong here. What I saw was, for the purpose of this article, interesting evidence of why money may be made up of something other than dollars, and why it may be worth working very hard to obtain.

Education and National Power

(Continued from page 32)

Towner-Sterling Bill. This bill provides for all the reforms needed and enumerated above. Its main provisions are as follows:

1. It creates a Department of Education in the cabinet, and brings together in one department the present Bureau of Education and all other educational activities now in other departments or existing as separate boards.
2. It authorizes an appropriation for the removal of illiteracy to be distributed to states on the basis of the number of native-born illiterates.
3. It authorizes an appropriation for Americanization to be distributed to the states on the basis of the number of foreign-born residents. The money thus distributed is to be used to teach immigrants to speak and read English and to understand and appreciate the Government of the United States and the duties of citizenship.
4. It authorizes an appropriation to level up opportunities in public, elementary and secondary schools, especially rural schools.
5. It authorizes an appropriation for physical education and instruction in the principles of health and sanitation.
6. It authorizes an appropriation for training teachers, both prospective and in service, apportioned in the basis of the number of teachers employed.

Opponents of the bill assert that the creation of a Department of Education will transfer the control of the schools from the states to the nation, that the burden of debt is already so large as to make any additional expense out of the question.

National subvention does not mean Federal control, and opponents who urge this objection either have not taken the trouble to read the bill or are deliberately misrepresenting the facts. It is expressly stated that the Secretary is forbidden to exercise control over the schools within the states. With each separate appropriation there is a provision which reserves this power to the states.

The objection on the score of economy is one that is always urged. Granting the fact that we are already groaning under the weight of Federal taxes, it must be admitted that the nation must make a choice as to its expenditures. We must select those objects for national appropriations which are most needed and most important. There are many millions annually appropriated which have much less justification.

I Teach Piano a Funny Way

So People Told Me When I First Started in 1891. But now after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I am able to make them players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time, at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me *by mail*.

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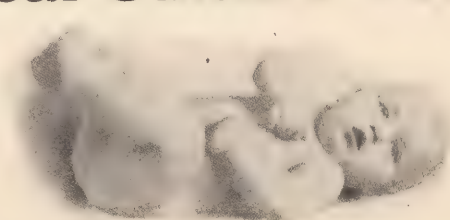


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Can Marriage Build Brain Power?

(Continued from page 25)

great reason to be. But I realize perfectly well that unless we had both been happy; unless we had been continually charmed, each with the companionship of the other, my brains would have had a different history. They might have gone what the poker failures call blooie, as many a married man has gone. They might have turned for relief to some other female. Or, they might have just petrified, and the two of us might have starved to death, slowly and quarrelsomely.

Brain power is developed in happy marriages. How then, can marriages be happy?

I have seen so many fussy homes, I have seen so many divorces that I have thought a great deal about this question. The first secret of successful marriage is genuine mating. Given that, there are certain principles which, if followed, with due consideration to individual modifications, will positively insure happiness of the highest order. I speak as the thoroughly contented husband; as one who has tried these principles and knows that they work.

The first of these is mutuality of interest. The night I was married, J. Y. Brattan, one of the brainiest political writers in this country, came to me and said:

"Boy, let me give you a tip. Pool your interests with your wife and you can't go wrong. Be interested in her sewing, and expect her to take an intelligent interest in the baseball game you went to see. Share every activity that you have—let nothing in your life be absolutely removed from her and insist on being allowed to be interested in everything she does, says, or thinks."

That was a wonderful tip. Just this instant, my wife came to the typewriter table and showed me a new, stuffed hanger for a gown. She wanted to know if I thought it was all right for her new dress. I thought so. That may sound like a trivial incident, but it is hot off the griddle and will show you just what I mean.

The same thought was voiced two thousand years ago when Portia, the wife of Brutus, noticed that he was silent and moody. What he was really up to was figuring how to stick a stiletto into Julius Cæsar. Brutus rebuked her for meddling when she asked him what was wrong. She replied:

"I was married to thee, not to be thy bed-fellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune."

There that good wife voiced the just indignation of thousands and millions of women who have been married since that time. She was

asserting her moral rights, and at the same time touching the most fruitful of all causes of marital unhappiness. Between husband and wife there should be no barriers; no secrets. Unless there is perfect confidence between them the psychic union is cut in twain. In everything there should be partnership; an equal pride and responsibility in the home and in the rack and moil of business. That sweet relationship of perfect understanding can be assured only by entire sharing of everything that life holds. Once establish that as a cardinal principle; once set it unswervingly to work, and life will grow sweeter as the years go by.

But here again there must be a distinction. Perfect confidence must not mean divided authority. I am masculine enough to assert the absolute authority of the head of the house, and the head of the house should wear trousers. A house divided against itself cannot endure, and where there is union there must be authoritative leadership. Complete discussion, in amity, of disputed points, yes! But if a deadlock occurs, then what the husband says goes. That may sound crude, but it exactly conveys my idea. Man is the natural leader in life. Nothing is more tragic than a domineering woman, ruling, as such women always will, more terribly than all thirty of the tyrants that were set over Athens. I take the position that women were fashioned by an inscrutable God to be the inspirers, the ministers, the helpers of mankind. They are not made to be hardy annuals, independent and sufficient unto themselves. God preserve us all from the husbands of successful women! Nine-tenths of successful women are freaks of nature, diverted from their natural destiny, laboring in fields where men could do a better job. I like the clinging vine woman, clasping the sturdy oak of manhood. It is good for a woman to hold a lingering suspicion that her husband is capable of being a brute. He ought to be capable of being a brute—in defense of her. Potentially, in his wife's eyes, every husband should be standing barefoot, clad in a red flannel shirt, and breaking up the family dishes. Nothing in a man seems more admirable to a true woman than just such a possibility—never realized!

But here again let me interpose a word of explanation, lest my expressions be received more seriously than I mean them. Women should serve, but they should not genuflect. A wife is no Ganyমেদে, running her toes off to fill up the golden jorum for Zeus to take a swig. She is fitted by nature to assume certain duties, just

as a man is fitted to perform his own peculiar functions. In each they are carrying out their own manifest destiny. There is no slavishness because of that. It is give and take—which makes me think of the emu.

The emu is an uxorious Australian bird, much resembling an ostrich. The female emu lays the eggs and then quits on the job. The male emu squats on the eggs, hatches them out and assumes all subsequent charge of rearing the little ones, while mamma emu is probably out at a bridge party.

There are human beings just like the emus. The male humans assume a degrading authority in the rearing of the children. There was never any question in my house about who got up in the middle of the night to heat the baby's milk. My wife got up and heated the baby's milk. It simply wasn't my job. But I worked like blue blazes at my own legitimate tasks. All that was simply a part of our sharing and division of responsibility, mutually agreed upon, and it made for harmony. We have never had an argument on such subjects.

An almost equally potent cause of marriage discord is the subject of money. I think the most damnable practice of modern civilization is the lordly method of giving a wife an allowance and making her live up to it. A woman is no pensioner on a man's bounty because she is married to him. He isn't supporting her. She is supporting herself by keeping his house, if it comes down to that. They are partners in the business of marriage and she has, by all the laws of decency and justice, as much right as he has to every last dollar that he earns. More women have been driven to petty deceit with serious consequences, more love has been soured and estranged, more homes have been turned upside down never to be righted by that abominable practice than from any other single cause. A man makes a woman a beggar when he puts her on an allowance—for the allowance is never enough!

My wife and I share our money as we share our meals!

Can you fancy a gentleman telling his wife that she can only have so much of the family food, displayed on the family table? That she must do on an allowance, so much butter, so much meat, so much French pastry, and that all the rest of the food on the table is for him to manage, that what he can't cram down his own gullet, he will put away for some other time when she may be hungry and need it? Yet there is only a difference in degree between him and the man who sits down at the family counting table, appor-

tions so much of the money to the wife and assumes charge of the remainder. We share what we have, my wife and I, and save what we can, after we both have what we think we are entitled to.

Trotting along behind those other two causes of domestic discord, a close and puffing, energetic third, comes mother-in-law. The joke-smiths have done their worst with mother-in-law, but she continues to be a fireside ogress, and not infrequently two ogresses. My wife and I never suffered from the mother-in-law malady, except once. My mother-in-law said I was a seventeen year old fledgling, and she started in to order the arrangements and generally superintend the arrangements of the domesticity for which I was paying the bills. That was the only time I ever climbed into the afore-mentioned red-flannel shirt. I remember breaking a saucer for dramatic emphasis, and my wife kept warning her mother: "Keep quiet mamma; mamma, keep quiet." Mamma has kept quiet ever since. The Comanche Indians call the brave who flouts his mother-in-law, Quana Washosha, which being interpreted, means "valiant man." That was I, that memorable day.

And thus naturally we reach an enormously important factor in marriage—the sexual relationship. Most young people come to marriage in appalling darkness of the subject. Parents are too old-fashioned, too puritanical, too pharisaical to discuss the subject with their children. Sometimes they learn from bitter experience, and lives are wrecked, homes are blasted, minds are broken, spirits annihilated because of the lack of plain, common horse sense; of proper instruction in one of life's great responsibilities. Many a man has gone into a physical decline, has failed in business from declining brain power, has become a spiritual drunkard, resulting from over-indulgence.

Yet, on the other hand, natural connubial mating is not only one of the pearls of great price in life; it is an absolute stimulant to mental vigor. To live a normal sex life is highly important to all our being. Physically it keeps us in good health. Married folks look different from unmarried folks, speaking generally, and the reason is that they live a natural sex existence.

Philosophers have not yet found the font of man's creative powers, but when they do, they will discover that the creative functions of the body are not isolated generative attributes, but are bound up inextricably with our mental and spiritual forces. The sexual relationship, properly observed, is an engine of mental force.

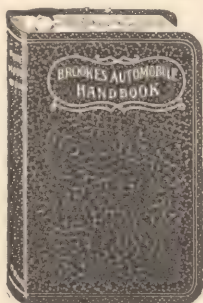
But here the skeptic may intrude a question. Why marry?

One doesn't really have to, so far as the sexual phase is concerned. I appreciate that fact. They blew out the red lights of the Tenderloin, but

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there remains a deeply crimson glow from the Goddess of Liberty to the Jumel Mansion. And, as always, a man may go out, seeking whom he may betray, like Don Juan. He may have a hundred inamoratas—but he'll get no brain power out of any of them. The inconsistent King Solomon also wrote: "Waste not your strength on strange women." He saw an occult law and phrased it in that language. There is no time here to point out the theory of the mystic regarding this; I will drop the metaphysical phase of the sexual relation with the injunctions of all the wise men of all the Eastern philosophies—that the sexual act is an act of creation; that man must redeem what he creates, and that good can only be created where true love exists.

There is so much to say about marriage that I could write a book about it. But I have said too much already. It must be apparent that behind everything I have uttered is

the fundamental basis on which I build—that one must not merely wed, as do the sparrows, but mate as turtle doves. So the problem comes narrowing down to the question: "How can I be sure?"

You can't be anything else but sure. Something jumped up inside my heart the night I first saw my

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little girl. I knew it was love right from the start. There is no other kind of love except love at first sight. Love never comes any other way. All the rest is affection, growing out of propinquity, of sympathy, of anything else—but real mates reach out and clasp hands in the dark.

Moreover, I am persuaded that there is a real mate for every one in the world. Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Before we were married, I found something in a newspaper and read it to my little girl and I have always treasured it since then. It came true in my case; it will come true in yours. I cannot close better than by repeating that quatrain:

"Somewhere she waits to make you win
Your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you
The woman who understands!"

The Rag-Bag Mind

(Continued from
page 31)

tremely varied reading and his knowledge covers an extremely wide range. . . . His field of reading extends from the Police Gazette to experimental medicine. He subscribes to a total of sixty-two periodicals. . . . A great many of these concern electricity and chemistry, but they extend in other directions as far as law reports and medicine. He gets other periodicals occasionally, in addition to the sixty-two on file. He has a bundle of periodicals weighing about forty to fifty pounds sent up to his house twice a week. On top of that I should say he reads two or three books a week.

"He reads the New York Times regularly and several other metropolitan newspapers. Of course he finds the time to read largely by taking it out of his sleep. He reads a great deal of history and travel, some fiction, and some poetry."

Now I find that account of Mr. Edison's reading habits very interesting. It seems the more so when I compare it with an account which a friend once gave me of Theodore Roosevelt's way of reading. My friend chanced to cross the ocean on the same steamship with Mr. Roosevelt, and had the good fortune to know him.

"I noticed on the first day of the trip," he said in relating the experience, "that Mr. Roosevelt had with him a new two-volume history of the Byzantine Empire. He had a volume of it in his hands most of the time on the way over, and when he wasn't talking with somebody he was always dipping into it. I was astonished at the speed with which he went through those two books. Every time I looked at him he seemed

to be turning a page, and by the end of the first day he was, I should say, about a third of the way through the first volume. I found out how he did it. He had acquired the trick of skipping every unimportant word. He leaped from peak to peak all through the book, and only on the important passages did he slow down and go carefully. And yet, when I chanced later to talk with him of the work, he could quote the substance of whole passages, he could use the ideas he had obtained, and the thing was his. It wasn't long afterward that he hurled at certain political gentlemen the term 'Logothetes.' He got the word out of that book, just as he got the word 'muck-raker' from 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

That is to say, he fished it out of the rag-bag.

Apparently Mr. Edison has been convinced of the truth of Carlyle's dictum that the true university is the University of Books, and that he is looking about him for embryo Roosevelts—or shall I say embryo Edisons? What could have been more natural, then, that in determining on a test for the selection of future executives he should have required of them that they be able to give some evidence that they possessed those habits of mind which are so indicative of his own intellectual capacity.

It comes down to this: The test as judged by any normal, average standard, was unfair. No ordinary youth, just out of college could be expected to meet it—but when a young man can do a thing which may not fairly be required of him, then he is presumably an unusual person. And that, I imagine, was just what Mr. Edison was looking for.

One of the reasons why I find myself in sympathy with Mr. Edison's conception of the kind of young men he most wants to gather around him is my own recollection of a certain white-haired old lady—the most highly educated old lady, in some respects, that I have ever known. She is one of the vivid recollections of my boyhood. To the day of her death the thing most in evidence about her was a consuming curiosity about life and all that pertained to the world in which she lived. She was very deaf, and this threw her back on her own resources. She was continually searching for knowledge, "a picker up of learning's crumbs."

I have seen her open her dictionary with the purpose of looking up a word of whose meaning or pronunciation she was in doubt. But it was an even bet that if left to her own devices she would not find it in less than twenty minutes. There was so much to admire and to see on the way to it! She would turn the pages of the ponderous book her eyes passing delightedly from one word to another, snatching at a curious fact here and a more curious fact there, till she had all but forgotten about the word in quest of which she had started. Thus her life was filled to the brim with constant enthusiasms. Her cup ran continually over, and blessed all who knew her with its abundance. Finally, and most significant to my mind, it chanced that among all the sons of men, Theodore Roosevelt was her high and particular hero.

Like attracts like in this world. Suppose we let Mr. Edison alone. His Questionnaire is a call to his own kind.

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If this is the way you feel about your work, you are either in the wrong profession or else you have the wrong job in your present profession. And one of the surest things in the world is that if you don't love your work (yes, positively love it) you will never make good at it in a big way.

"What Is My Right Profession?"

Your *right* profession is the profession that you can put your heart into. You may be in it now, and yet not have a job as big as your possibilities. You may not be in it now; in that case, get into it.

But in either case—whether it be to advance yourself in your present profession, or to prepare yourself for one of those professions named here—this Institute wants to help you.

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Richard Fuchs, Chicago.

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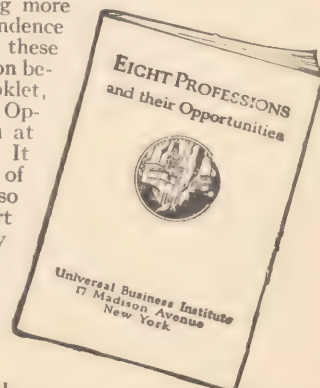
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The Will That Overcomes Physical Handicaps

(Continued from page 48)

early age, in order that he himself might take things easier. Had the boy not been born with genius far beyond the besotted father's power to make or mar, this forcing process might have ruined his career. But at eleven he was a musical prodigy. His father's drunkenness and irresponsibility forced him to assume a leading position in the household, and it is said that from the age of fifteen Ludwig was practically the head of the family, and one of its chief supports.

Beethoven worked tirelessly at his music, and his genius ripened rapidly. At twenty-six, when he was entering upon the very flower of his usefulness, signs of defective hearing began to be noticed.

There can probably be no more terrible physical tragedy in life than the gradual dropping of the pall of deafness over a musician, and especially a composer—one to whom music is meat and drink, and almost all else worth while. Kipling, in "The Light that Failed," has painted a picture of equal poignancy—that of an artist overtaken by blindness. But it is said that deafness causes a greater degree of melancholy in its victim than blindness.

In 1802, six years after the signs of deafness had been first noticed, Beethoven wrote that tragic document addressed to his brothers, which he called his will. It is evident that he did not expect that his spirit could long endure the awful affliction that was creeping over him. The whole document is saturated with pathos and tragedy. He says that those people are unjust who think him pugnacious, stubborn and misanthropic, when for six years he has suffered from an incurable malady, aggravated by incompetent doctors. He delighted in human society, but his enjoyment was interfered with first by his studies and later by his deafness. He adds that the thought of society now fills him with dread, as it makes him realize his loss, not only in music but in all finer interchanges of ideas, and terrifies him lest the cause of his distress appear. When those near him had heard a flute or a singing shepherd and he had heard nothing, he said he was only prevented from taking his life by the thought of his art—he did not want to leave the world until he had brought forth all that he felt was in his power.

There spoke the truly great man. Beethoven's victory over physical infirmity was one of the finest in history. At the very time that he wrote this pathetic document he was engaged in composing his Second Symphony, the most brilliant and triumphant piece he had written up to that time. Thence on to the end of

his life, though his deafness finally became total, he continued his composition. The layman can hardly understand how a man unable to hear a note can write the full orchestration of a piece of music; but the carefully trained and hard-working genius like Beethoven does not need to hear music played to know that it is good. Even after his hearing was totally gone he continued to play the piano, though his friends were often pained when his old pianoforte was badly out of tune, or when, in trying to play pianissimo passages he did not make the notes sound at all.

One of the pathetic touches in his later history is that of the orchestra concert in 1824 when his two greatest works, the Ninth Symphony and the Missa Solemnis, were played. Beethoven stood on the rostrum to indicate the time to the conductor. When the storm of applause broke out at the conclusion of the first piece, he had to be turned around to see the demonstration which he could not hear.

Eminent among the present day artists, is the blind composer, Roland Farley, whose songs are sung by foremost American singers, including Freda Hempel and Anna Case. Mr. Farley dictates while composing at the piano.

The next most terrible calamity that could happen to an artist after the loss of his eyesight would be a paralysis of those deft, sensitive fingers of his right hand. But that is just what happened to Daniel Vierge, one of the greatest illustrators that modern books have known, as well as a painter of rare merit. Vierge was born in Spain in 1851. At the age of sixteen he went to Paris to seek his fortune. While pursuing his art studies he began doing book and magazine illustrating, and this developed into his life's chief work. He illustrated several of Victor Hugo's novels, including "Les Misérables." His industry and capacity for production were amazing. One of his most stupendous works was the illustration of Michelet's twenty-six volume History of France, which contained one thousand of his drawings.

The strain put upon his right arm and hand by these labors was too great. In 1879, while illustrating "Pablo de Segovia," the entire right arm was stricken by paralysis. Vierge's depression over the catastrophe was only momentary. He at once set to work at the difficult task of learning to draw with his left hand. After all, the artist's eye is his chief tool; and if his hand is sufficiently steady and trained to follow the direction of the eye, he is fully equipped. But those of us who have clumsy, inept left hands could hardly

believe that those lubberly fingers could be trained to the precision of touch of a right hand that could draw a line with almost the mathematical accuracy of a delicate instrument. Vierge proved that it can be done. He became a greater artist with his left hand than he had been with his right. If readers could look over my set of "Don Quixote" in four big volumes, illustrated with hundreds of his delicate, cobwebby drawings, they would agree with me that no man ever made better pen drawings with his right hand and few as good.

How many know that Sir Henry Irving, the greatest of English actors, suffered from a defect in his speech which he could never quite conquer? Those who saw and heard him will recall that he spoke very slowly. This was the only way he could conceal his impediment; and just by bringing his indomitable brain and will to bear upon his difficulties he surmounted them and became the greatest actor of his generation.

All movie-goers have at one time or another seen Hobart Bosworth, the blond, brainy, athletic giant who does some of the most artistic acting that is seen on the screen. Less than fifteen years ago Bosworth lay in a room in New York, surrounded by doctors and friends who had fully decided that he was going to die of tuberculosis. He and his wife did not concur in this belief.

Bosworth is a painter as well as an actor. Equipped with a large collection of blank canvasses he and his wife hied them to New Mexico, where they purchased a covered wagon and team, and drove slowly across Arizona to southern California, sleeping out of doors and stopping long enough for Bosworth to paint a picture wherever he wished. When he reached Los Angeles, an exhibition of his pictures elicited high praise, but as he himself says humorously, the financial returns did not justify him in assuming that he could afford to adopt painting as a career. The motion picture business was then just in its infancy; he was offered a position with one of the pioneers in the industry, and has been identified with the films ever since.

The disease had practically ruined one of his lungs before it was checked. Nevertheless, he so built up his body by exercise and outdoor life that he has been able to do some startling athletic stunts in the pictures—daring horseback riding, high diving, swimming in the sea and in the boiling white water of mountain rivers, climbing the sides of ships hand-over-hand on a rope, desperate fights with one or more opponents and long falls down steep mountain-

(Continued on page 94)

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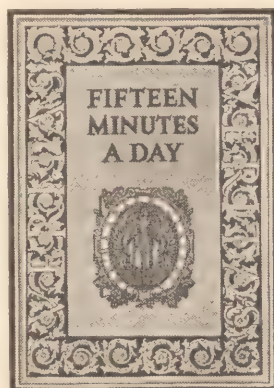
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(Continued from page 92)

sides. Those who saw him as Cortez in the Geraldine Farrar picture, "The Woman God Forgot," where he—clad in full armor and carrying a heavy banner and sword—ran up an almost interminable stairway that ascended a hillside to an Aztec temple, probably wished that their two lungs were as good as his one.

Coming into the realm of literature we find that Homer was blind, as well as John Milton, whose daughter wrote the whole of "Paradise Lost" and other works at his dictation. William Cowper was subject to periodical fits of insanity. In his rational intervals he was fully aware of the horrors of his malady, and while the knowledge caused him great depression at times, yet he did not lose his faith nor his sense of humor, as is evidenced by the fact that he wrote many beautiful hymns—some of which are still sung to-day—as well as "John Gilpin's Ride" which for more than two centuries has been one of the standard humorous poems of the English language.

Alexander Pope, one of England's greatest poets, was frail and sickly, and had such a shortened, twisted body that he was almost a hunchback. This deformity and weakness were, it is said, the result of hard study when he was a child, culminating in a serious illness when he was ten or eleven years old, which warped his body forever. One biographer has said of him that "his life was one long illness." His ailments afflicted his temper to such an extent that he said and wrote many things that were sarcastic and biting; but we are told that these were but the ebullitions of tortured nerves, and that at heart he was kindly, generous and a true friend. He was a hard worker, in spite of his sufferings, and the quality of his work was such that to-day, two centuries after his time, he is, next to Shakespeare, the most quoted poet who has written in the English language.

One of the bravest and cheeriest souls that ever fought its way through life with a frail and pain-racked body was that of the beloved story-teller, Robert Louis Stevenson. He was very fragile in infancy, and at the age of eight he nearly died of an attack of gastric fever, which left a great constitutional weakness behind it. His father was a civil engineer, and desired his son to follow in his footsteps. The boy studied engineering for a while, but it was not congenial, and then he studied law and was even admitted to the bar; but his extreme physical weakness prevented his ever practicing his profession. Again and again he seemed about to collapse, and was sent to travel in France and elsewhere on the Continent.

While in France he had met Mrs. Osborne, the American lady who later became his wife. She returned to her home in California, and in August, 1879, Stevenson heard that she was seriously ill. His funds

were very low, but he crossed the Atlantic in the steerage, and travelled from New York to California in an emigrant train, suffering privations which seriously affected his health. The lady recovered, and in the following May they were married, and lived for a while in a deserted mining camp. They then returned to Europe, and he spent two winters in Switzerland, where he improved in health, but his summers in Scotland promptly undid the work. Meanwhile he was busily turning out that joyous and vivacious literature which will give pleasure to generations yet to come.

In 1884 he had a long illness, when his life was despaired of. It left him prostrated and incapable of work for a long period. He had a short interval of work about a year and a half later, but in the winter of 1886-7 he was very weak again, and his frail being seemed ready to fall apart any day. He spent the winter of 1887-8 in the Adirondacks, and trying to recover some of his lost ground financially, he turned out a prodigious amount of work for so delicate a body. But he was again compelled to seek a more congenial climate. In June, 1888, he sailed from San Francisco and never returned. After cruising among the Pacific Islands he landed at Sydney, Australia, where he had another long illness. In 1890 he returned to Samoa, which he had visited on his cruise; and there, for the last four years of

his life he had better health than he had ever known; but his weak heart tricked him at last, and he died very suddenly in 1894 at the early age of forty-four.

This man, who never in his life knew a day when he could say that he felt entirely well, who was always racked and shaken with pain, was the man who could write, with joyous sincerity:

"This world is so full of a number of things,

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

He was the man who never wrote a line that was sordid or pessimistic, but on the contrary, produced some of the happiest literature ever written; who produced, in the few brief working hours allotted him, a volume of literature that would have done credit to a man long-lived and healthy; and who was noted throughout his life for his sunny disposition and for "the flashing brilliancy of his smile."

La Rochefoucauld said at another time—hyperbolically, to be sure—"Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything and if we had sufficient will we should always have sufficient means." He purposely exaggerated human possibilities, of course, but a study of the lives of these whom we have discussed, as well as of many others, some of whom we perhaps see every day, may well lead us to admit that there is rather more of truth than hyperbole in his remarks.

On the Laziness of Boys

(Continued from page 51)

of motives, and opportunities, for being busy in a variety of ways that are useful to himself and others—mostly to others. God has gifted him with a terrible energy. No adult can withstand him? Surely, like the war-horse in Job, he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, smelling the battle afar off. He has boundless faith in his ability to accomplish the thing he desires. He is made that way; and as he is made so will he grow, if he be let alone—till his enthusiasm, his faith, his impulse to exert his strength, have grown into his very heart, and become a habit in his spiritual and physical life—the habit that keeps men young. And the only leaven needed with it all is the leaven of service, the chance to work for others rather than for himself. Let every man render a tenth of all he has to the Lord, says a wise and ancient law. There is more to that than appears on the surface.

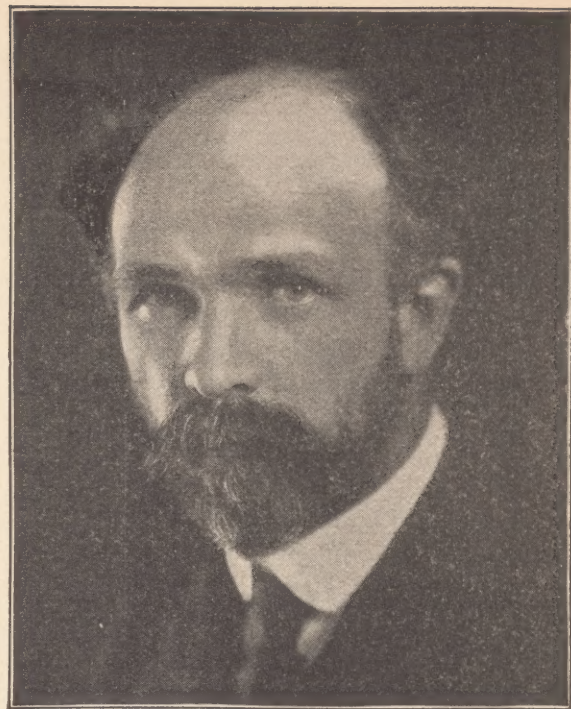
A boy's whole natural drift, I repeat, is toward this, not away from it. But if some clumsy adult, who has forgotten the day when he was a

flower instead of a vegetable, shall dare to thwart that tendency to free activity by the substitution of forced tasks, with no care that they shall call forth a healthy reaction, then inevitably the boy's nature turns and feeds on itself. He acquires a rebellious and destructive hatred of activity, and an appetite for the kind of inactivity which is not repair but simple deterioration, not a process of growth but a breaking down of the moral and physical fiber.

Some boys, of course, have this terrible thing forced upon them, not by meddling adults, but by disease that makes its victims in every respect subnormal. Many come to it by the adenoid and tonsil road. But that is for our sins. Old Mother Nature is Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. She has a law about the sins of the fathers—particularly fathers who neglect the symptoms of adenoids and tonsils. But never did she make boys lazy—loafers in flesh and lag-gards in spirit. She left that to the fools who can't get it through their heads that children are people.

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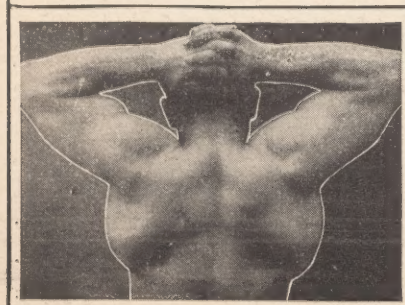
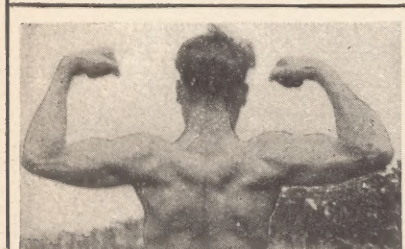
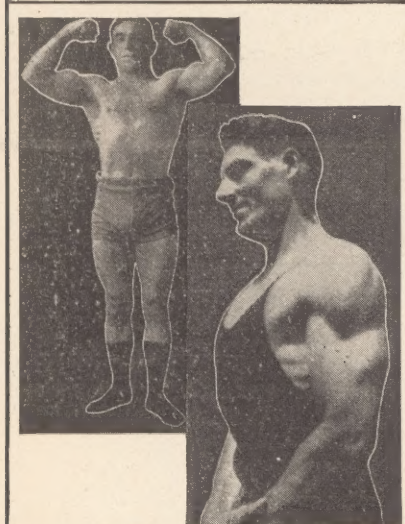
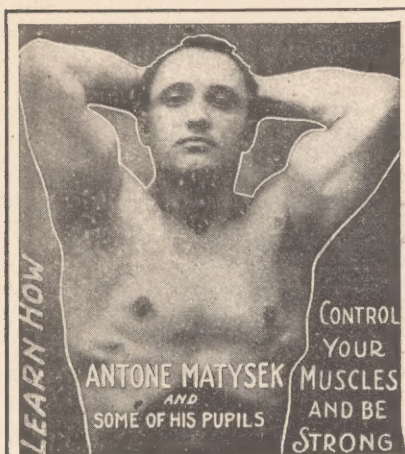
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It Is My Sincere Wish to Assist Every Reader of Brain Power to Get Really Healthy and Strong

For this reason this Muscle Control Course is being offered you NOW at such a trifling price that YOU CAN WELL AFFORD IT. COSTS BUT \$2.00. I guarantee quick results and absolute satisfaction or money back. Come, my friend, when I am reaching out to help you! I will place you on the real road; I will show you the main secret that helped me to get what I longed for and now certainly possess.

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NERVE EXHAUSTION *How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life*

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

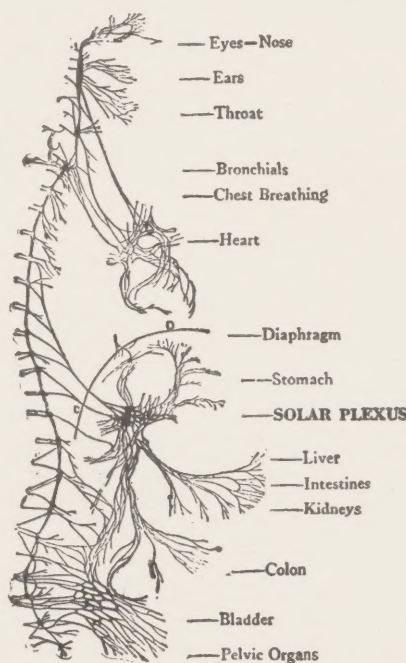
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chafed from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have.

Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent Free upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

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